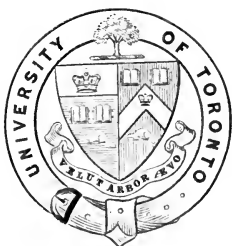




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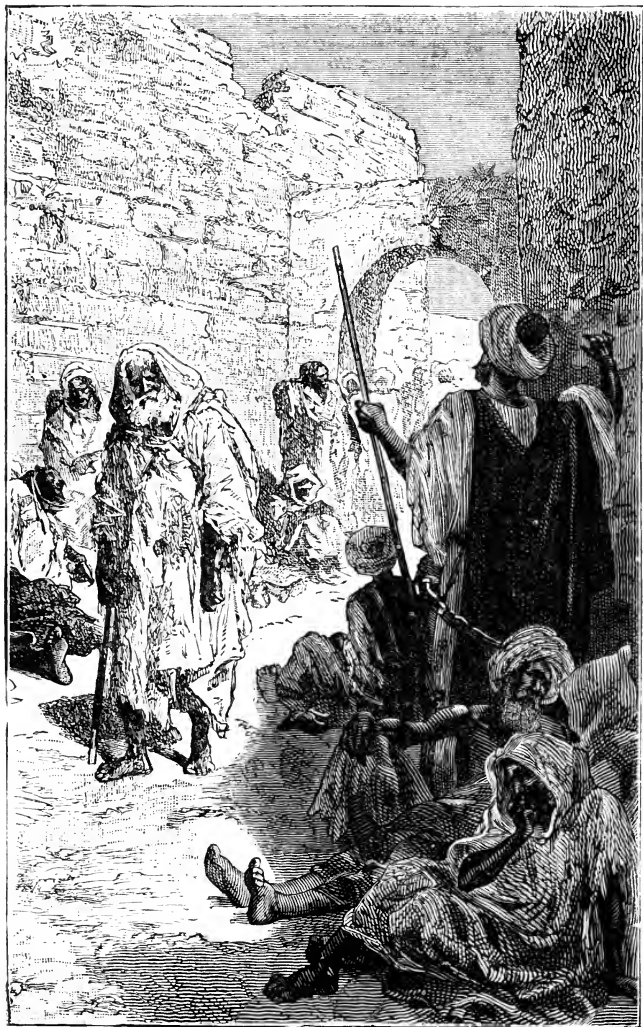


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| " | " | " THE WIDE WEST. |
| " | " | " WOODS AND WILDS. |
| " | " | " THE DEEP. |
| " | " | " THE TINY WORLD. |
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Frontispiece.

IN TANGIERS.

in Tangiers

See Page 266.

107
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CONTENTS.

EGYPT.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. CAIRO	3
II. AT THE PYRAMIDS	19
III. CAIRO BAZAARS	30
IV. AT THE RED SEA	39
V. BY THE DESERT	54

IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

I. WITH EARLY EXPLORERS.—PART I.	63
WITH EARLY EXPLORERS.—PART II.	75
WITH EARLY EXPLORERS.—PART III.	84
II. THE WHALE-FISHERY	101
III. DANGERS OF WHALE-FISHERY	116
IV. A TRIP WITH WHALERS	128

DESERT OF CENTRAL ASIA.

I. DESERT OF CENTRAL ASIA	145
-------------------------------------	-----

CONSTANTINOPLE AND SCUTARI.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. CONSTANTINOPLE AND SCUTARI.	163
II. CONSTANTINOPLE AND SCUTARI (<i>continued</i>)	171

BRAZIL.

I. AT A SUGAR ESTATE	185
II. A BRAZILIAN NIGHT	201

SWITZERLAND.

I. ASCENT OF MONT BLANC	217
II. ASCENT OF MONT BLANC (<i>continued</i>)	228
III. ASCENT OF MONT BLANC (<i>continued</i>)	234

MOROCCO.

I. TANGIERS	253
II. TANGIERS (<i>continued</i>)	261
III. TANGIERS (<i>continued</i>)	274

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

I. SICILY—THE COUNTRY	283
II. MOUNT ETNA	289
III. CYPRUS, RHODES, &c.	300

PERSIA.

I. ACROSS THE DESERT.	311
II. ACROSS THE DESERT (<i>continued</i>)	320

CONTENTS.

vii

IN CANTON.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. STREET SIGHTS.	337
II. STREET SIGHTS (<i>continued</i>)	348

ON THE GABOON.

I. ON THE GABOON	351
----------------------------	-----



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
IN TANGIERS	<i>frontispiece</i>
BURDEN CAMELS	5
POSTURES OF A MUSSULMAN AT PRAYER	6
POSTURES OF A MUSSULMAN AT PRAYER	7
ANCIENT EGYPTIANS	9
CAIRO DONKEY BOY	15
BANKS OF THE NILE	17
THE GREAT PYRAMID	20
STONES OF THE PYRAMIDS	21
PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX	23
MUMMY	27
STONE COFFER	28
CAMEL OF MERCHANT	31
IN THE BAZAAR	33
IN THE DESERT	41
PORT OF SUEZ	43
NILE PLEASURE BOAT	46

	PAGE
CAMELS	55
CAMELS IN SAND-STORM	57
THE POLAR BEAR	65
MOTHER BEAR PLEADING	67
MOTHER BEAR BEWAILING	68
SEAL-FISHER'S ENCOUNTER WITH BEAR	69
ICY CAPE	71
WAY CUT THROUGH THE ICE	77
WINTER QUARTERS	79
LEMMINGS	80
MUSK OXEN	81
ESQUIMO MAN	86
ESQUIMO WOMAN	87
PENGUINS	89
ESQUIMO VILLAGE	93
ESQUIMO DOGS	97
ENTERING A WHALE FIELD	103
SURROUNDED BY ICEBERGS	107
HARPOONING	114
COMING UP TO BREATHE	118
WHALE PROTECTING ITS YOUNG	119
AT ANCHOR AMONG ICEBERGS	124
A SEAL ROCK	131
ICE-BOUND	137
ANCHORED TO THE BERG	141
IN THE DESERT	147
THE MIRAGE	157
A HAMMEL	165
THE MARKET-PLACE	167
CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA	173
WHIRLING DERVISHES	177
PLAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS ENVIRONS	179
THE CEMETERY, SCUTARI	180

	PAGE
AVENUE OF CABBAGE-PALMS	187
ON THE ROAD	188
IN THE SWAMP	189
VULTURES	191
SUGAR-CANES	193
NEGRO AT REST	196
A FIRE-FLY LAMP	203
MEN ATTACKED BY VAMPIRE BATS	206
A TREE-TOAD	209
THE KINKAJOU	211
CHAMOUNY AND MONT BLANC	219
SNOW PLAIN	224
ICE CLIFFS	225
UP THE SNOW SLOPE	226
THE HUT	231
"PEERING HITHER AND THITHER"	236
"THE TOPMOST STEP"	238
ON THE ROAD	241
THE SUMMIT	248
TANGIERS	255
OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD	263
THE BASTINADO	269
A CARAVAN	278
MOUNT ETNA	291
A CRATER	298
THE WATER-GATE	303
RHODES, AND THE TOWER OF ST. NICHOLAS	307
ANCIENT COLOSSUS OF RHODES	310
ALONG THE COAST	313
THE CARAVANSERAI	313
PERSIAN NOBLEMEN	323
"ORIENTAL TOWN"	331
CHINESE JUNK	343

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

xi

	PAGE
UNDERGOING PUNISHMENT	353
ELEPHANT	362
GORILLA	364
A NATIVE VILLAGE	367
AN ENGLISH RESIDENCE	371



EGYPT.





EGYPT.

CHAPTER I.

CAIRO.

“IT is a moighty queer thing entirely, you may depend,” said an Irishman, “to get a railway ticket in Turkish or Arabic, I don’t know which. All I know is, that though I can read Irish, I can’t read them characters—like what a hen would write !”

So we felt with Pat at the railway station of Alexandria, *en route* to Cairo. One’s ideas about Egypt are made somewhat prosaic by a railway. The familiar whistle, with its impatient screech, which has now for years been a sort of European music, does not seem to harmonize with the Pharaohs. All the plastic power of fancy cannot cram Rameses the Great, or a member of any of the ten thousand dynasties, into a first class ; nor realise the possibility of Sennacherib booking himself with his Assyrian staff for Memphis. It is not so, however,

with the Jew, older than either. We saw many of them in the third class, and it seemed a quite natural position for this wandering and immortal tribe, who have had experience of every kind of locomotion, from the time they journeyed from Egypt to Canaan until the present day.

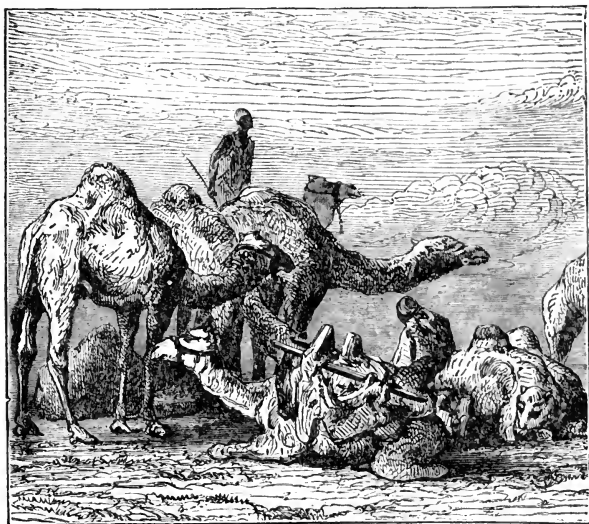
The Delta, as a shoreless ocean of flat rich land, presented no feature to us of greater interest than a similar expanse of cultivated loam in England, Belgium, or anywhere else. But there ever and anon appeared those unmistakable signs of the old East which linked us to the past and belong not to modern Europe, on which we had now turned our backs.

There were, of course, the graceful palms and other trees of Eastern foliage fringing the horizon and reposing in the calm delicious air. There were camels and, strange sight, camels ploughing—a combination which seemed to me as unnatural as a pig in harness ; for though the creature submitted with patient dignity to the drudgery, it had nevertheless the look of an upper servant out of place—an old huntsman or whipper-in of a gallant pack driving a coal-cart.

It was never intended that this great thirstless teetotal abstainer (for days even from water), who can pace with his noiseless feet, as if in thick stockings, through the desert, and encounter sandstorms and every sort of horror, wander among the rocks of Sinai, go a long pilgrimage to Mecca, or enjoy Arabia Felix—it was never intended that he should be reduced to do horse,

donkey, or ox work, with the plough following his little brush of a tail across the Delta. The ox, if for no other reason than the base idolatries occasioned by his ancestors, should alone be doomed to drudgery like this.

But we were told that 800,000 (yes, these are the



BURDEN CAMELS.

figures) of horned cattle and horses had been cut off by murrain in Egypt; and that may account, though I don't believe it fully does, for the transformation of the noble "ship of the desert" into a wretched plough-tug of the Delta.

As we passed along at a slow rate, yet by no means a smooth one, for a rougher railway we never travelled by, we saw other symptoms of a very different life from what we had been accustomed to : such as the brown, dusty, crumbling, poverty-stricken mud villages, built upon mounds of rubbish to keep them out of the inundation,



FIRST AND LAST POSTURES OF A MUSSULMAN AT PRAYER.

with their squalid hovels, whitewashed mosques, and odd-looking inhabitants—male and female ; and the pigeon villages, where those birds are reared in flocks for the market, their nests being clay-pots built into a peculiarly shaped second story with square walls inclining inwards, like the old Egyptian buildings. We also passed half-

naked men, swinging between them, with regular motion, a sort of basket by which they raised water from a ditch on a lower level to one on a higher, which distributed it over the whole field. We also passed water-mills for the same purpose, turned by oxen, camels, or horses; and frequently we passed Mussulmans at their devotions—ay, that is worth our pausing to notice once for all!

How far Mahometans observe the orthodox number of times for devotion (five a day) I do not know; nor yet what proportion the devotional class bears to the indifferent. The fact, however, is patent to every one who travels in the East that prayer is offered up in every place—not in the mosque only, but in the field, on the ship's deck, in the shop, and amidst the confusion and bustle of the railway station.

When one sees for the first time a man in a public place or in the middle of a field suddenly drop down to the ground, one is apt to think that he has been seized by a fit, until the fact dawns, from the regularity of his motions, that he is performing some duty. The worshipper goes about it in the most methodical manner. He spreads his carpet on the ground, if he has one, and then, as sailors would say, takes the bearings of Mecca, towards which he prays.

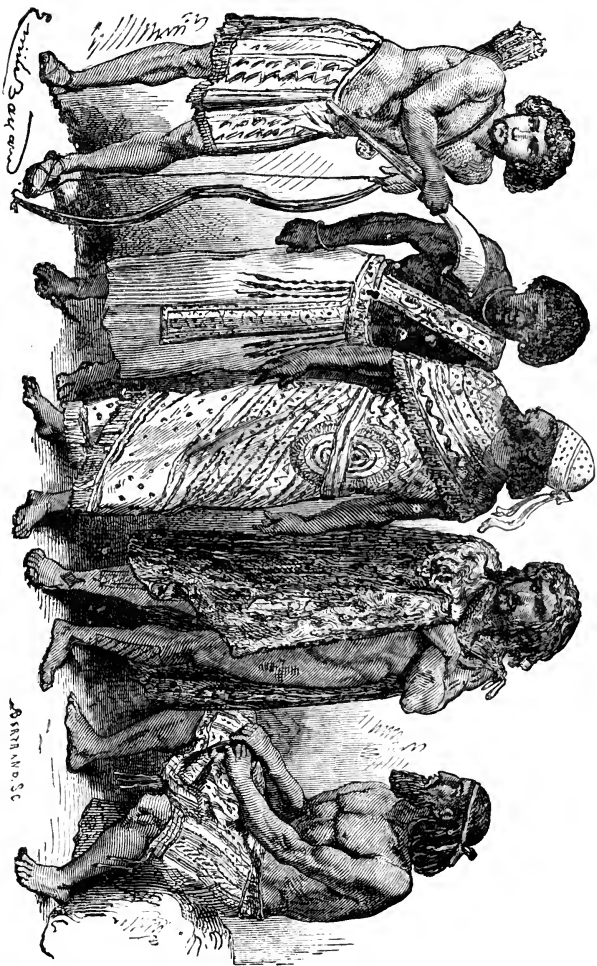
This adjustment of his body, not to speak of his soul, is sometimes not easy, especially on shipboard, when the vessel's course is constantly changing. In such cases he consults his fellow-believers, who will often gather round him; and suggest what in their opinion is the right point

of the compass to which to direct his eyes. This being determined, he first of all, whether on land or on sea, stands upright with eyes open; then, after meditating for a moment, puts a thumb close to each ear, erects his fingers fan-like, and prays in silence.

It is unnecessary to record all his subsequent acts—the bending down and touching the ground with his nose and forehead, the rising up and crossing his hands over his girdle, the kneeling, the sitting upon his heels, the rising up again, *et cetera*. Scrupulous care is taken as to the relationship of one foot to another, of the right hand to the left, as to the exact spot for the forehead and nose to touch the earth, with their distance from the soles of the feet; and many other “bodily exercises.”

The prayers, we were given to understand, are all of a stereotyped form, and consist of confessions, and short sentences acknowledging the greatness and the attributes of Deity, with episodes regarding the authority of Mahomet. What strikes one is the serious, abstracted countenance of the worshipper, which seems to be unaffected by anything taking place around him any more than if he were alone in the desert. It is reckoned a great sin to disturb a man at his devotions.

One of the most reverential worshippers we saw, whose very beard seemed to be an Eastern religion embodied in hair, was an old man on the deck of an Austrian steamer. It was some weeks later in our tour, but we may do honour to the respected devotee now. One of our com-



ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

panions, always full of the "charity which believeth all things," directed my attention to the reverence of the man. We all agreed that this person seemed to be of the true sort, sincere and honest, though ignorant. So when he rose from his knees we were disposed to be very civil to him, and lent him a binocular glass to study the landscape, with which he was greatly delighted. But the good old man stole the glass, and it was only recovered after a search by the steward in his travelling bundle, where it was wrapped up in an old sheepskin. He seemed quite aware of the theft, and skulked off, not without fear of subsequent punishment, which, however, was not inflicted. He was a thorough type of formalism.

But to return to our railway journey. By far the most notable objects we saw before reaching Cairo were two grey triangles rising over some palms to the south, and piercing, wedge-like, the blue sky: they were the Pyramids. We reached Cairo in the evening, in time to enjoy a golden sunset with burnished clouds rising from the horizon of the Delta to the zenith.

To get clear of the railway terminus was by no means easy. The crush of donkey-boys, omnibuses, carriages, and camels, with the crowd of nondescript characters, raised such a storm of sound and such clouds of dust and of doubt, as made the "situation" for a moment bewildering. But once in the hotel, we are again in Europe.

Within the hotel is a handsome dining-hall, and in the stories above there are broad stone-flagged passages or

corridors, which seem to be infinite, and to go round the world; and opening from these corridors are bedrooms numerous enough to accommodate all travellers, with room to spare for mosquitoes and other more permanent lodgers, though these were by no means troublesome.

The verandah at the hotel had its own story to tell, and any man could read it. It is the Isthmus of Suez on a small scale—a traveller's link between India and Europe. Here one meets young lads who have passed their examination at Addiscombe, dressed up *à la mode*, from canvas shoes to cambric-covered hats. They are, upon the whole, nice, clean-looking fellows, with a gentlemanly bearing about them, and an innocent puppyism, pipe included, which ceases in the eye of charity to be offensive on the verge of the real difficulties in life, which one knows they are about to encounter. Who would refuse a pipe or a snuff to a man before his going into battle? But what care these boys for leaving home! "Ain't it jolly?" No! my boys; I know better: "it ain't jolly," but, as you would say, "seedy." In spite of all your pluck, I know you have just written to your fathers or mothers with a tear which you would be ashamed to confess, hating to be thought "muffs." You have forced yourselves to declare, for their sakes, "how very happy you are;" yet you would give worlds to be back again for an hour even at home; and would hug the old dog, and almost kiss the old butler. I'll wager that merry lad with blue eyes and fair hair has written to his sister Charlotte, who is watching for the mail, telling her



CAIRO DONKEY-BOY.

to keep up her heart, for he will very soon be able to return on leave. And he has sent a single line to Jack, telling him that he may have the use of all his bats and guns and fishing-rods, and whatever he has left behind him; for though he had his little tiffs with Jack at home, Jack, in spite of his this or that, seems now perfection in his brother's memory. And the lad also begs to be remembered, in a quiet confidential way, to a certain young lady whom he is ashamed to name, but who he verily believes will never marry another, but wait his return from India! God bless the boys! and bring them out of fever and gun-shot wounds to the old folks at home.

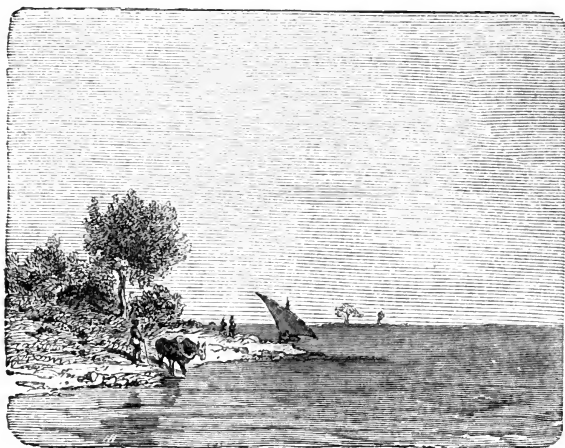
Meeting these fresh boys from the West are worn-out, sallow-complexioned veterans returning from the East. Among them are men whose fame is associated only with the dangers of sport with tigers and wild boars, or with the gaieties of the station.

But just as likely among those quiet-looking gentlemen may be more than one who has governed a province as large as England, and been a king in the East, and been almost worshipped by wild tribes whom he has judged in righteousness and ruled with clemency. And they are returning to a country where old friends, who parted from them full of life and hope, are long ago buried; and they will visit "the old home" no more, for it is in the hands of strangers. There are few nobler gentlemen on earth, after all, than these same "old Indians"!

Along with those are men of cotton and men of iron; men of travel too, who have been poking through every

part of creation, and whose tents are all pitched under the trees opposite the hotel, as they intend to start on a journey to Sinai, or whose boat is ready to proceed to Luxor and the Cataracts.

We have some things to see in Cairo, but we must in the first place “do” the Pyramids, and pay our respects

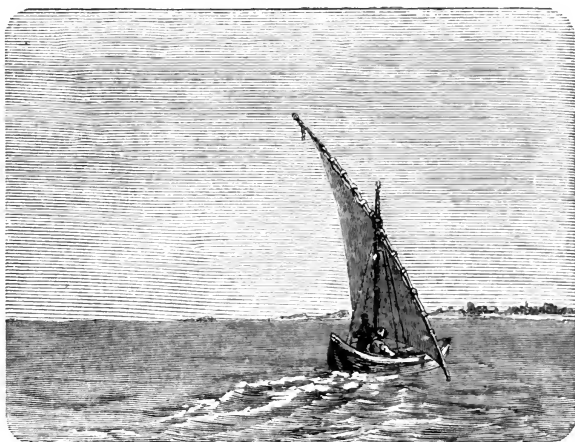


BANKS OF THE NILE.

to these old mysterious piles of stone in the desert which people were wondering at before Abraham was born.

The donkey-boys who gather around your hotel, and seem to be there day and night, make a rush at every stranger who gives any sign of going out to see the sights. The moment one descends the steps, he has a confused impression of a crowd of round black faces,

mixed with asses' heads; while from all sides proceed shouts and screams of "Very fine donkey," "This donkey be Yankee Doodle," "Dan Tucker," "Jem Crow," "Snooks," "Billy Taylor," "Jack and Gill," or some other name suitable to the supposed nationality or taste of the person besieged.



BANKS OF THE NILE.

Mounted on very good donkeys, selected by a nice lad named Hassan, a well-known hanger-on at the hotel, and one of John Bull's "rascals, sir!" we set off for the Pyramids. My donkey was small and strong, but in the saddle I saw nothing of him except his ears. The ride at first is through the scattered suburbs of Cairo. Passing

through these we came to a mound of rubbish which, as I was informed, marked the Babylon of Egypt. We shortly after reached the bank of the old river, which swept swiftly on with its brown muddy-looking water.

The first view of the Nile here was to me singularly enjoyable. Indeed the first view of a great historical river is always most interesting. It is one of those features of a country which is as unchangeable as the mountains, the permanent highway, requiring no repair and incapable of decay. And here was the Nile! Reminiscences began to crowd upon the mind, from Moses to Captain Speke; and one ever and anon wished to convince himself of the fact that this was really the ancient river of history.

After crossing the ferry and traversing a flat plain on the western shore, with villages and groves of palm-trees, we reached at last an open space with nothing between us and the Pyramids. The first thing which strikes one is, not their size, for that cannot be measured by the eye, but the high platform on which they stand. It is about 130 feet above the level of the green flat of the Delta, and in the midst of a pure sandy desert. "I never thought they were among the sand or so high up: did you?" "I thought they would have looked far larger: did not you?" "Where in the world is the Sphinx?" "There she is?" "What! that little round ball rising above the sand?" These are the questions or replies which one hears, if anything be spoken at all, as he moves towards those venerable mounds.



EGYPT.

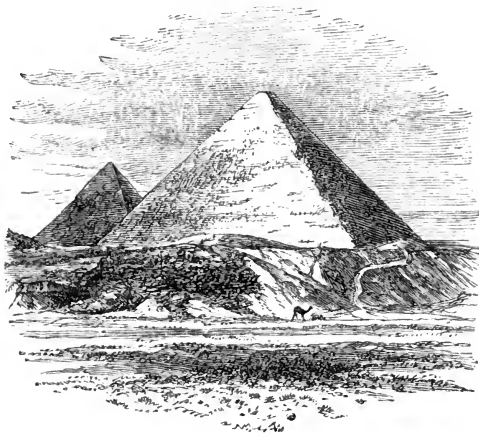
CHAPTER II.

AT THE PYRAMIDS.

WE made for the Sphinx first, and went round and round her. She appeared like a huge boulder, rising out of the sand. I did all in my power to realise the calm majesty, the dignity, serenity, et cetera, of that strange creature's expression; but I gave it up in despair. She seemed to me to be an Egyptian Mrs. Conrady, whom no power could invest with beauty. I envy those who can enjoy her smiles. She may have been a Venus in the days of the patriarchs; but a most gigantic smallpox from the battering rams of Cambyses, or the fierce anger of some invader, has destroyed the smoothness of her skin.

The nearer we approached the Great Pyramid, the more it rose upon us as a revelation of majesty and power. When it was proposed to me to ascend it, I

agreed as a matter of course ; and when one of our party kindly hinted at the difficulty, I looked up to the artificial molehill, and swaggering about my exploits on Highland and Swiss mountains, I expanded my chest, drew myself upright, and pitied the scepticism of my fellow-traveller. The offer of the Arabs to help me up, I rejected with a smile of quiet assurance and contempt.



THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Walking along the base of the structure, which seemed interminable, we got upon the first ledge, and began the ascent. Half-a-dozen bare-armed, lightly-clad, dark-complexioned, white-teethed children of the desert surrounded me—weighing my no small weight with their eyes, and jabbering irreverently in Arabic about it, I believe : but they ended by volunteering their assistance. Their speech

was interlarded with the one word, which constantly occurs, and forms an important portion of the language of Modern Egypt and Canaan—*backsheesh*.

I begged them courteously to leave me : and with an elasticity remarkable to no one but myself I mounted the first step. Having done so, I felt entitled to pause and breathe ; for this first step seemed to be a five-foot wall



STONES OF THE PYRAMIDS.

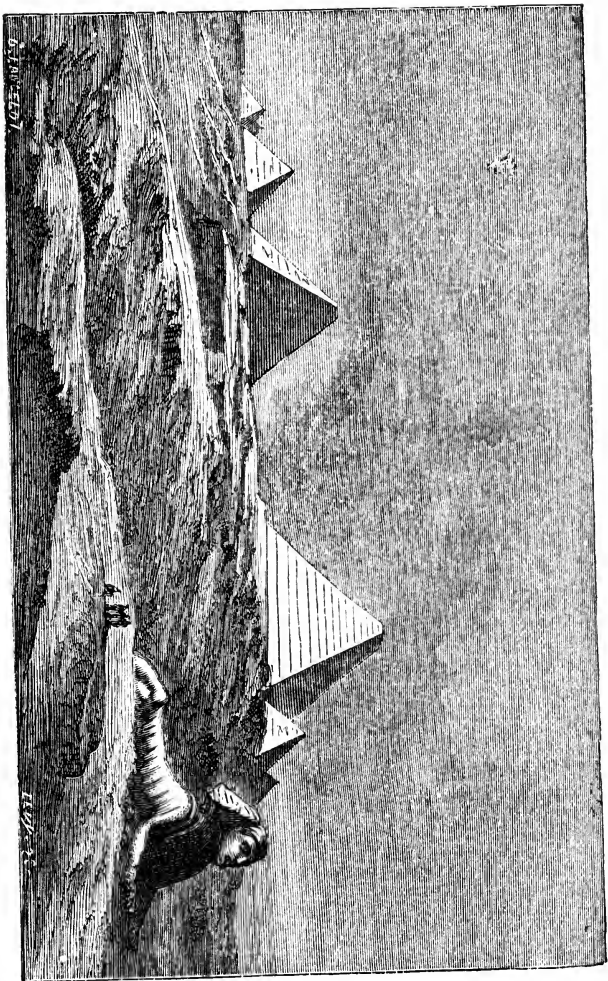
of limestone. To my amazement I found another before me, and another, and another, each of which I climbed, with the assistance, I confess, of the Arabs—two before and three behind—but with a constantly diminishing sense of strength, and an increasing anxiety to know when I should reach those short, easy steps which I had been gazing at from below.

I was told that the steps to the summit were all like those I had passed, but I was also told not to be discouraged thereby, as, by hard work, I should be a good way up in half-an-hour ; and once up, I could rest, so as to be fit for the descent, which after all was the real difficulty ! I gazed up to a series of about 200 stone walls, which, after reaching to an elevation of 120 feet higher than the ball of St. Paul's, were lost at last in the blue sky, and I looked down half-dizzy to the base beneath me.

The next wall above me was somewhere above my chest or chin ! So, meditating upon the vanity of human wishes, upon the inherent excellence of humility, the folly of pride and ambition, I then, in a subdued but firm tone, declared that no arguments with which I was then acquainted would induce me to go a yard higher.

Bidding therefore farewell to my companions, who went up those giant stairs, I begged my clamorous guides, who clung around, to leave me until they returned. The obvious terror of the Arabs was that they would lose their pay ; but I mustered breath enough to say in the blindest manner, " Beloved friends and fellow-labourers ! sons of the desert ! followers of the false prophet ! leave me ! go round the corner. I wish to meditate upon the past : depart ! " And then I emphatically added, "*Backsheesh, backsheesh, backsheesh ! Yes !*"

They seemed to understand the latter part of my address, held up their fingers and responded,



PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX.

“*Backsheesh ? yes !*”

I bowed, “Good !”

They replied, “We are satisfied !” and vanished.

And so they left me some twenty steps up the Pyramid, and looking towards Ethiopia and the sources of the Nile. I was thankful for the repose. One had time to take in the scene in quiet, and to get a whiff from the inexhaustible past in that wondrous spot. The Arabs away, everything was calm as the grave, except for the howls of a wandering jackal that, like a speck, was trotting away over the tawny sand beneath me.

As to what one's thoughts are in such a place, I believe they are very different from those which one would anticipate, or which are suggested by memory in seclusion afterwards. Instead of receiving present impressions, we possibly try to pump up emotions deemed suitable to the occasion. We gaze upon the mountain of stone around us, on the Sphinx at our feet, and on the green valley of the Nile ; we recall early readings about the wonders of the world, of travels in Egypt, and stories of the big Pyramid ; and we ask, “Are we really here ? Are these the things which stirred our hearts long ago ?”

And then trying possibly to gauge the depths of time since these Pyramids were erected, we place historical mile-stones a few centuries apart, putting the first down at the period of the Reformation, then jogging up to the Crusades, the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the Old Testament times, those of Joseph and his brethren, until we reach Abraham. We then look at the big

stones about us and say, "These were placed here long before Abraham!"

Then we begin to ask, "Who built them? what were they built for? and who on earth was Cheops?"

And then possibly some shells in the limestone attract the eye, and we ask, "When were the occupants of these alive?" And we thus get past Adam and Eve, into the infinite cycles of geologists, until at last the chances are that one gets so bewildered and dreamy that he slides into a speculation as to whether the hotel-keeper has packed any soda-water or pale ale for lunch, for it is very hot: or mutters with Byron,

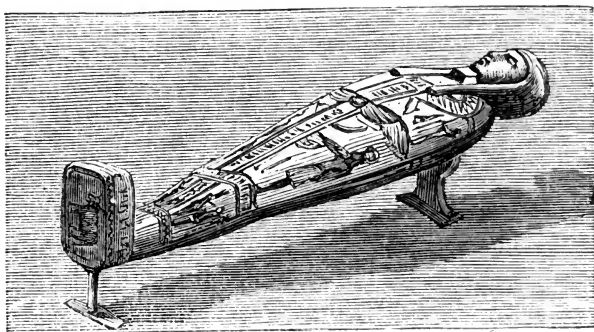
"Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops."

It is, after all, very humiliating to think how a slight pain in foot or head, a disagreeable argument, a hot sun, a stubborn donkey, a scratch on the nose, or some trifle, will affect the whole landscape, however grand. I will back a "corn," or a bad tooth, to destroy the glory of the past or present, and reduce all other thoughts to one burning sensation of intolerable pain! Yet, confessedly, few can escape in such circumstances an awed feeling of vast and unknown antiquity.

Let me inform those whose readings on Egyptian antiquities are not extensive that the steps I have spoken of are not inside, but outside the Pyramid; and that when built these ledges were all covered so as to present a smooth surface of polished marble, which has been

stripped off by sundry Caliphs, and made use of in other buildings.

Let me also remind those who have forgotten their geography, that this big Pyramid is about 480 feet high, and that its base covers thirteen acres, or 62,920 square yards. It is not, however, hollow, but a solid mass of stone, with the exception of one or two small chambers in the interior, reached by passages, opening from one side,



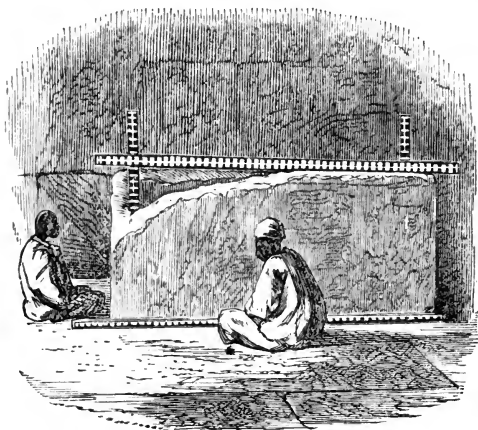
MUMMY.

and widening to a more roomy corridor before reaching the centre, where the celebrated stone coffer lies. As to the use of the Great Pyramid—for there are dozens of smaller ones in the land—that is a question not yet settled.

No event occurred worth recording on our return journey, except the fall of my donkey—if that has any interest to the intelligent public. The event seemed to

be of great personal interest to the worthy animal, and excited in me a certain sense of undignified bewilderment. The transition was sudden and odd, from dreaming about the Pharaohs and the Exodus, to finding one's self lying beside an ass in the mud of the Delta.

The ride to Heliopolis through the country is most



STONE COFFER.

pleasant, with the green fields, palms, acacia, and sycamore-trees, and springs of water and water-mills.

On reaching it, one sees little with the outer eye, except a granite obelisk with sharply cut hieroglyphics, standing in an open space of tilled fields, which are surrounded by mounds and walls of bricks, in which the chopped straw that was mixed with the clay is yet visible.

But Joseph—that noblest of men—married a daughter of the parish minister of Heliopolis.

That obelisk was raised one hundred years before Joseph was born. Near this is shown the tree under which the Virgin reposed on her flight to Egypt with her Son. It was probably planted centuries afterwards. What of that?

Accompanied by our donkey boys, to take charge of their steeds, and belabour or lead them as required—all being under the command of Hassan—we made short expeditions round Cairo. These boys were with us during three days, under a hot sun from morning till evening, running and jabbering along the dusty highway like *fliberty-gibbets*; yet though pressed to eat a portion of our lunch—offered by us from sheer pity for their wants—they steadily refused, simply saying, “Ramadan! Ramadan!” It was the annual Mahometan Fast, and no better proof could be afforded of the strictness with which it is kept by the mass of the people. Their principles are not true, but they are true to their principles. They cannot be blamed for eating with an appetite the moment the sun goes to bed, but must be praised for their self-denial during the day. But I dare say these supple, all-skin-and-whipcord boys, never enjoyed what a voracious Westerner of the same class would call “a blow-out!”



EGYPT.

CHAPTER III.

CAIRO BAZAARS.

LET us to the Bazaars. A walk of a quarter of an hour across the open space before the hotel, and through nameless streets with little interest save to the Franks, brings us into those crowded arcades of merchandise. They are broader, higher, more aristocratic, and richer than those of Alexandria, and are the most picturesque we have seen.

They are partially covered at the top with matting or palm-leaves, to keep out the glare of the sun and to produce coolness. Every trade has its own "location," and birds of a feather here flock together, whether gunsmiths, butchers, coppersmiths, or shoemakers, dealers in soft goods or hardware, pipes or tobacco, horse-gear, groceries, carpets, or confections.

The people who crowd these bazaars, in their various

costumes of many colours, are always a source of intense interest. The balconies are the most striking points in the buildings, as in some cases they almost meet from opposite sides of the streets; but there is an endless variety of quaint tumble-down bits of architecture, with fountains, and gateways shutting in the different quarters;



CAMEL OF MERCHANT.

while the mosques, with their high walls and airy minarets, overlook all.

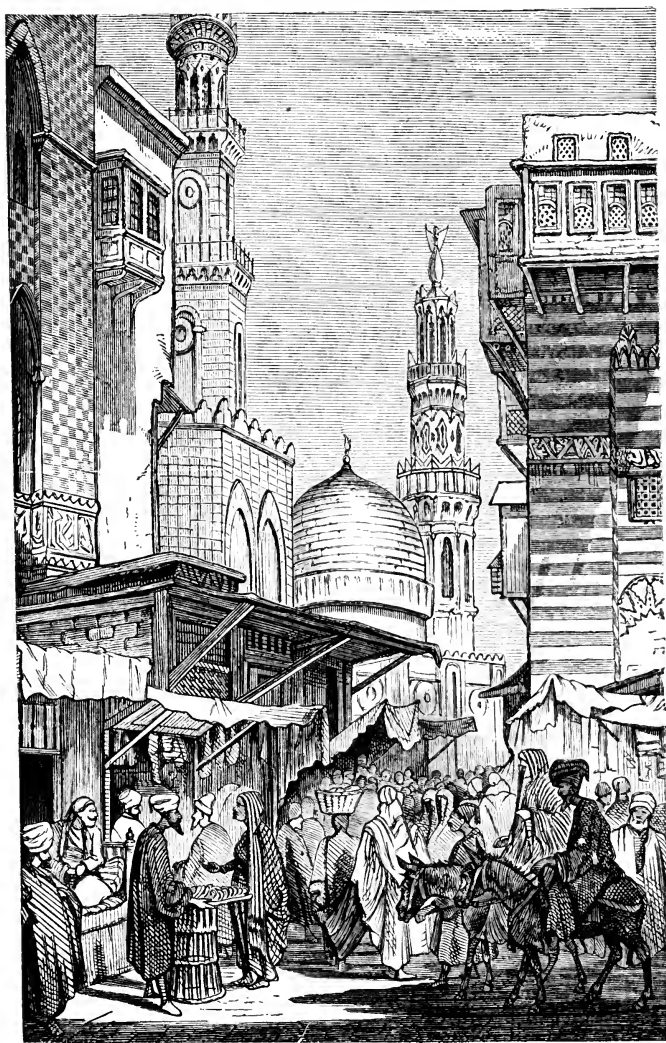
Ever and anon we saw vistas along narrow crowded lanes, and views into back courts and caravanserais, with such groupings of men and camels, merchants and slaves, horses and donkeys, Bedouins and Nubians, mingled with such brilliant colours from Persian carpets and

shawls, such bright lights and sharply-defined shadows, as made every yard in our progress exciting, and tempted us to sit down as often as possible on some bench or shop-front to enjoy the inimitable picturesqueness of the scene.

A great artist once told me that for three days he tried to settle himself in order to paint in the bazaars of Cairo, but his mind always got so distracted with the richness of his subject that he could never compose himself to his work. No sooner did he resolve to paint one bit than he saw another which seemed better, until for a time he gave it up in despair.

We had what I must call the good fortune to see a very characteristic specimen of an Oriental quarrel. It was between a woman and a shopkeeper. The woman was, like most of her sex whom one meets with in Cairo, fat and dumpy, with the usual veil over her face, which allowed however her flashing dark eyes to be seen glaring like those of a tigress. Her nails, which she seemed disposed to bring into immediate use as weapons of offence, were dyed. She had large ear-rings and other ornaments. The cause of her wrath seemed to be the loss of a bracelet, which the shopkeeper appeared to have seized as security for some debt.

But what a picture the two were! They looked into each other's faces, and shouted at the top of their voices without a pause, question and reply being impossible amidst the roar of their vehement indignation. Their rage was not a series of squalls with thunder and light-



IN THE BAZAAR.

ning, but rather the continued scream of the tornado. They hurried off to the police, and thither, with a small crowd of excited partisans, we followed them.

The police, who were smoking their pipes in a divan under a verandah near one of the gates, rose up, and calmly heard the disputants for a time. The woman demonstrated like a maniac, flung her arms around her, pointed to a bracelet, and yelled; the accused, with forefinger close to the woman's face, tried to yell louder; several men and women took each their part, and all spoke and yelled at the same time, while the leading officer in the centre, joining in the chorus, with hands extended to all parties, yelled at the top of his voice. The discord was made up of screeches without a pause, in harsh and guttural, but apparently most emphatic Arabic.

We never saw such a perfect quarrel before, such a thorough exhibition of human passion; yet it was too ludicrous to be horrible, for all this vehemence meant little.

But let us go back to our quiet seat on the bench, and, like "Jock the laird's brother" on the louping-on stone, "glower frae us." There is a strange combination of noise and quiet in the bazaars. Both belong to the East. There are no "cars rattling o'er the stony street," for there are no stones to rattle over. The roadway is hard clay. We are therefore delivered from the loud, grating, harsh European noises of coal-waggon and other vehicles. Here they glide along like sleighs over snow. But the

very absence of the noise of wheels necessitates the use of powerful lungs, to warn the moving mass of danger. Accordingly there is an endless shouting of something like this: "Yemīna!" (to the right); "Shemālek!" (to the left); "Ducharuc!" (thy back); "Regalek!" (thy leg); "Jāmläck!" (thy side);—very much like the cries from one vessel to another of "Starboard!" or "Larboard!" to avoid a collision; while the constant "Hoah!" (look out!) is ever heard as a note of general alarm.

We were astonished at the freshness of the atmosphere, and the absence of all disagreeable smells in these crowded streets. I don't pretend to account for this, or to say how far police regulations, the dry atmosphere, or the dogs have the credit of it.

As to the dogs which throng the streets, they are a great Eastern institution. They are ugly brutes, without any domestic virtues, and without culture or breeding; coarse-skinned, blear-eyed, and scrubby-tailed. They lead an independent public life, owe no allegiance to any master or mistress, not even to an affectionate boy or girl; they have no idea of human companionship, and could not conceive the possibility of enjoying a walk with man or woman, playing with children, mourning a master's absence, or barking wildly on his return home. No tradition has ever reached them of any of their tribe having entered a house, even as a tolerated beggar, far less as a welcome guest or honoured friend.

They are kindly treated by the public, so far as food

goes, yet not as friends, but only as despised wretches, the depth of whose degradation is made to measure the charity of those who deign to show mercy to them. We saw six of them patiently watching a poor man at breakfast. How low must their self-respect have sunk! Alms, when bestowed even generously, are received without any genial wag of the tail. That appendage has no expression in it: its sympathetic affection is gone. Their political organization is loose, though a kind of republic exists among them, made up of confederate states—each state being a particular quarter of the town, and independent of every other. They cannot rise to the idea of *united* states. Thus, if any dog wanders beyond the limit of his own district, he is pursued by the tribe upon which he has presumed to intrude, and is worried until he returns to it, to gnaw his own state bones, consume his own state offal, and be supported by his own niggers.

These four-footed beasts have no home, no kennel, no barrel even, which they can call their own. A rug, a carpet, or even a bed of straw, is an unheard-of luxury. They live day and night in the streets. Miserable creatures! I don't believe the smallest Skye terrier would acknowledge them as belonging to his race, but, proud as a piper, would snarl past them with erect tail.

One evening, when passing through a bazaar, we took a cup, or rather a china thimbleful, of delicious coffee, with its dark grounds as more solid nourishment; and then we had, for a moment, such a glimpse of Eastern life as might, with time and culture, have grown into a

genuine Arabian-night feeling. It was a repetition of the scene in the bazaar of Alexandria formerly described, with the difference of a larger café, a more interested audience, and, above all, the fact that they were listening, as former generations had done, to a person reading aloud, with great gusto, stories of a similar kind to those of "The Thousand and One Nights." It was a pleasant sight, and suggested romantic thoughts of the past of El Kahira and Bagdad.



EGYPT.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE RED SEA.

“**T**ICKETS for Suez!” What a shock does such a request as this, which we made at the Cairo station, give to all our associations with the desert, and the journeyings of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob! But if any one prefer to journey on a camel alongside the railway, he may have one. Dragomen and camel-drivers are always on the *qui vive* to conduct the enterprising traveller to any spot where “the ship of the desert” can sail.

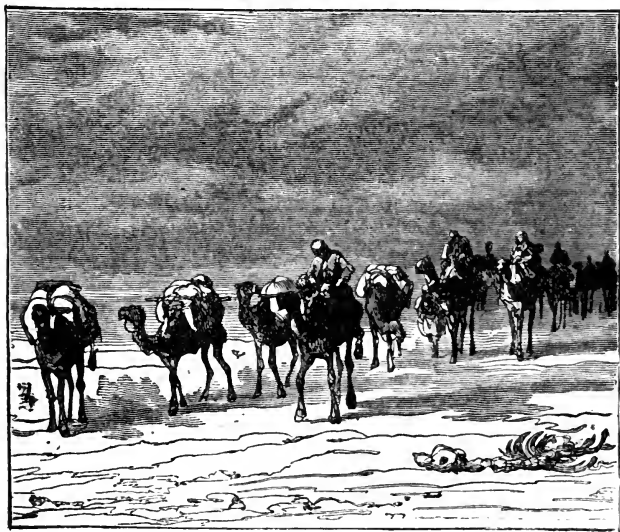
Had time permitted of our choosing between the camel and “first class,” we might probably have chosen the former. As it was, however, we accepted the swifter mode of travel, and booked ourselves for Suez. I am not sure that the Patriarchs, in similar circumstances, would not have done the same. And why not?

No railway associations, however, obtruded themselves upon our notice in our desert journey, except the long moving shadow upon the sand. We seemed to be alone in the wilderness. There were no well-built station-houses, like Swiss cottages, but only wooden huts at great intervals, which stood alone and solitary in the arid waste, without a name to distinguish them from each other in the boundless expanse of sand. They are simply numbered like milestones.

Once out of Cairo, we were in the ocean of sand and desolation, as much as a ship out of Plymouth is in the ocean of green water. We passed across the characteristic flinty ground of the real desert; we saw rolling hills of tawny, almost golden sand, like yellow snowhills drifted and smoothed by the winds, and as if never trodden by the foot of man. We saw troops of light gazelles bounding along with elastic step as they fled in terror from the mysterious monster that rushed snorting towards them from the horizon. We saw in great beauty more than one mirage, fully realising all we had ever heard of its deceptive likeness to large pools or lakes of water, with shores indented by tiny bays and jutting promontories, and with a hazy brightness over them singularly picturesque. We saw streams of loaded camels, with Arabs on foot guiding them, and slowly journeying, as their predecessors had done for thousands of years, along that old route, it may be to Palestine or to Arabia Petræa, or to strange and unknown scenes, or to verdant seas of pasture lands and feeding grounds for goats and

camels, with tents pitched round springs of water—spots to which no vacation tourist has yet penetrated.

And thus the desert was very desert, out and out as it ought to have been, in order to meet the expectations of those more sanguine even than ourselves. On we went,



IN THE DESERT.

thoroughly enjoying the scene, with no feeling of disappointment whatever. We could certainly picture a more ideal mode of passing through that old romantic waste, but it was impossible to picture a more perfect waste than that which we passed through.

I need not say that as we approached the Red Sea, there were many fidgety movements ever and anon towards the window from which we expected to get the first look of the famous gulf.

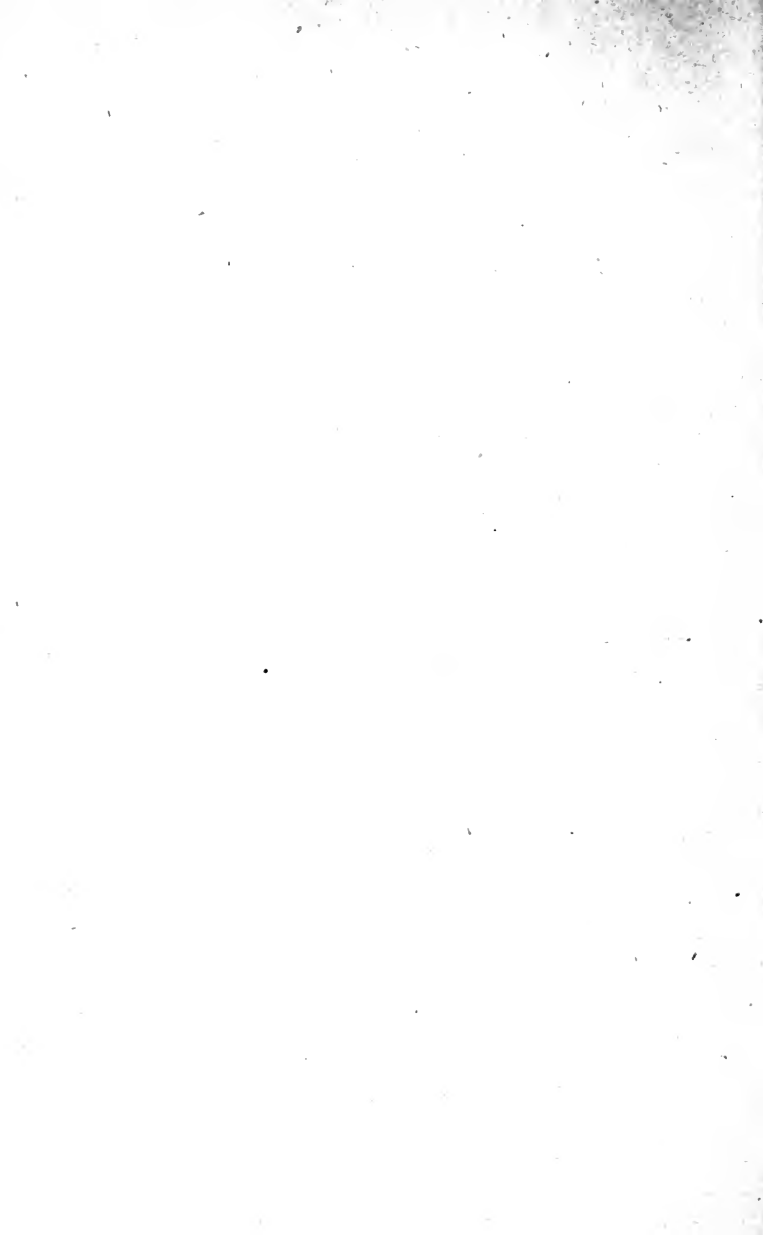
As we neared the end of the desert plateau along which we had been wheeling, more and more of the precipices, several miles off, began to disclose themselves, until at last, when we reached the edge of the plain by which the railway descends to Suez, we saw the Red Sea, and beyond—its grey outline marking to us a new quarter of the world—the shore of the Arabian peninsula, in the centre of which we knew Sinai was seated on his throne !

The hotel at Suez is as comfortable as any in Europe ; and men of a certain time of life, with their “ manifold infirmities,” always, I presume, appreciate civilised accommodation. I can quite conceive, remembering my own ignorant and enthusiastic youth, how a member of the ambitious Alpine Club may sincerely believe that he prefers a bivouac above the clouds on the lee side of a row of stones, with a glacier for his bed-fellow, to a decent bed at three or four shillings a night in a hotel ; or how some stray sheep from the fold of civilised life, who has wandered to every out-of-the-way spot under heaven, should glory in a savage hut, or rude tent, or some other form of uncomfortable shelter in which to “ put up.”

I am not disposed to cross-question such travellers about their feeling in a cold or hot night, or in a wet or



POINT OF SUEZ.



dusty morning. Let me presume that they always awake in their respective abodes with a high sense of their own manliness and pluck, which must be most agreeable to them, and a full reward for all their sufferings; but let them pardon, while they pity, easy-going gentlemen who prefer number 16, or any other, in the corridor of a hotel, with "John," or "Mohammed," to clean their boots, and to call them at a certain hour in the morning.

Such was our felicity at Suez.

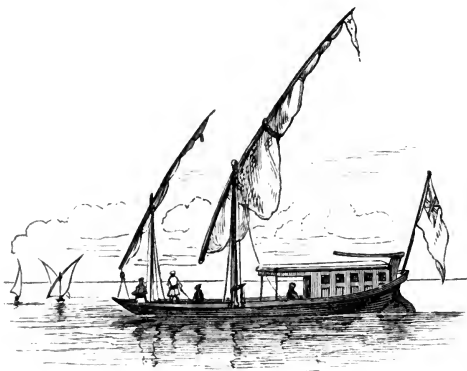
But "ancient founts of inspiration" were not wanting, as we ascended at night to the house-top, and in the deep silence saw the moon which looked down on Moses and the host of Israel pouring its effulgence over the Red Sea; and as we also perceived, afar off, the "everlasting hills" which had witnessed one of the most profoundly interesting events in history.

On the afternoon of our arrival at Suez, having a few hours of daylight, we wished to improve them, not by examining the Israelites' passage of the Red Sea, but by bathing in the Sea itself. So we went from the hotel towards the gulf, and were fully convinced that the town of Suez, in spite of its 8,000 inhabitants, is a place not worth examining; that the bazaars have nothing but what is commonplace in them.

It was a glorious morning when we started at early dawn for "Ayoun Mousa," or the Wells of Moses, some eight miles or so down the Red Sea from Suez, and situated on its eastern shore. The air was fresh and breezy, the sky cloudless and full of subdued light from

the rising sun, whose beams fringed with gold the heights of Jebel Attaka.

Our boat was very roomy, clean, and comfortable, and had a sea-worthy look about her. She was manned by several very civil, intelligent-looking, and active Arabs. We had some difficulty in getting quit of the shoals and into deep water. The crew, walking from bow to stern,



NILE PLEASURE BOAT.

along the gunwale, pushed her onwards with long poles cheering each other (as most of the human race do when engaged in combined physical labour) by singing, if one can dignify by such a term their melancholy chant. Their words, though genuine Arabic, sounded to our ears exactly like "I see a whale, oh!"

We got at last into deep water, and the lateen-sail having been stretched to the breeze, we cheerily bore away for our destination. It was something worth tra-

vesting for, voyaging for, and paying for, to be thus launched on the smooth waters of the Red Sea. The spot is hackneyed to many, but was new and most joyous to us.

We were now on the unbroken track of those scenes of Bible story which had been familiar to us from infancy, and had mingled, during life, with so many of our holiest thoughts and associations. Somewhere near us was the place where "the Church," having been delivered, by the mercy and power of its great King, from heathen bondage, began its marvellous history, as the chief instrument in His hand in giving freedom to the world.

It was impossible for us to avoid recalling the leading events of that drama, the wonders of which Horeb saw the beginning and the ending; the mysterious meeting of Moses with "the angel in the bush;" the "programme," so to speak, then given to him, of all that was to take place in Egypt connected with the Exodus, and which he afterwards rehearsed to the representatives of Israel; the journey of the two old brothers, Moses and Aaron, the former fourscore years, to the court of the mighty Pharaoh at Zoan, that Satanic embodiment of self-will without love; the subsequent dread contest between the kingdoms of the world represented by Pharaoh, and the kingdom of God represented by Moses; the fierce dismissal of Moses by Pharaoh, "Get thee from me; take heed to thyself; see my face no more; for in that day thou seest my face thou shalt die!" with the solemn reply of the old man, alone and solitary save for the presence of his God,

“Thou hast spoken well ; *thou shalt see my face no more!*”

Then followed the gathering of the people in Goshen, after months probably of preparation, during the infliction of the successive plagues ; the awful destruction of the firstborn of Egypt ; the appointment of the Passover, which, in some form or other, by Jew and by Samaritan, has remained until this day ; * until at last they began their march, having first received, as was predicted by Moses, tribute from the kingdom of the heathen, when the hitherto despised slaves were not only permitted to go, but entreated to do so on any terms. Their victory was complete : their supremacy was acknowledged : the enemy was spoiled !

Up to this point the narrative in Exodus is sufficiently clear. But what of the crossing of the Red Sea ?

That the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea on their way to Palestine is, I must be permitted to assert, one of the most certain facts in ancient history, and has ever been embodied in the holy songs, traditions, and memorial ceremonies of the Church of God.

The *facts* are that somewhere or other they were obliged to cross the Red Sea ; that they did so ; that the sea stood up in heaps, or like a wall, on their right hand

* The paschal lamb was eaten (a small portion, a single mouthful probably, by each person) by *the males only above twenty-one years of age* ; and it would not require many lambs for such a sacramental feast, more especially if by “house” is meant, not a habitation, but a family or clan. These and other points in the narrative are very well discussed in “Horeb and Jerusalem.”

and their left, by the power of God exercised at the word of Moses; and that Israel escaped, while the whole Egyptian army was drowned.

Can we nowadays on any good grounds settle where that crossing took place?

Was it the narrow portion of the gulf immediately above or below Suez? I think not. It is not two miles broad, and is so very shallow that at low water it can be crossed by camels. There it is more difficult to account for the destruction of the Egyptian army than for the deliverance of Israel.

Along that western shore there is, as we have said, a range of wild precipices, forming the "Jebel Attaka," which is the "butt end" of the Mokattam hills. This range rises abruptly from the desert in the north, and is from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the shore. It runs for about nine or ten miles along the coast, and, looking at it from the sea, has the form of the accompanying sketch.

Between these wild, rough, broken precipices, impassable by human foot, and the sea, there is a flat plain several miles broad at its northern end (next to Suez), which narrows toward the point, or "Ras Attaka," where, at a spot called by the Arabs, Wady-Edeb, it is of the breadth of from one to two miles.

If the Israelites encamped on the plain marked B, A, the most natural thing in the world would be for Pharaoh—seeing them flanked by precipices to the right, the deep sea to the left, with an amphitheatre of steep bluffs

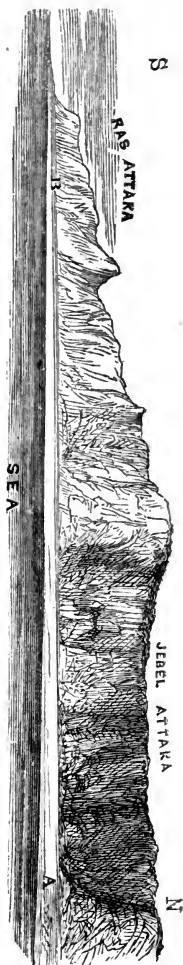
shutting them up to the south—to exclaim, “They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in !”

Forming a *cordon* in their rear, with his 600 war-chariots stretching between the Attaka and the sea, he would there feel secure of his prize, and might say, as Napoleon did of the English at Waterloo, “At last I have them !” Here is the very spot in which they would seem to have been caught in a trap.

In their despair the “children of Israel cried out unto the Lord !” and the Lord delivered them.

How did they escape ? We read that “the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed, and went behind them ; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them : and it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel ; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these : so that the one came not near the other all the night.”

What effect this had on the severa



details of their deliverance, we cannot fully estimate. Then the children of Israel were commanded to go "forward!"—but not necessarily at once across the sea, opposite the north end of Attaka, but to advance towards the "Ras," or point to the south, where the head of the vast column would begin its march from shore to shore—the cloud, like a rear-guard, hindering in the mean time any attack by Pharaoh. We further read—"the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night."

If the divided portion lay between the Ras Attaka and the opposite plain on which the Wells of Moses are situated, the distance, minus the sands left dry, would be about six or seven miles.

As to the *time* which was occupied by the passage, it does not seem quite clear from the narrative that it was one night only.

There is nothing to contradict the supposition that the sea was divided on the morning immediately after the stormy night; that the advanced guard of the host, which lay encamped along the plain north and south, then began from west to east to cross the gulf near the Ras Attaka; that the march of the whole body continued all that day and the succeeding night; so that not until the watch of the second or following morning, when the rear-guard of the Israelites was emerging out of the depths, and the cloud had passed with them to the opposite shore, did Pharaoh^h at last move in pursuit. He must then have marched some miles "into the midst of the sea," as his whole army, attempting to return, was overthrown.

If the Israelites thus crossed, from the "Ras Attaka" (or "Point of Deliverance"), they would emerge on the grand plain immediately opposite, in which the "Wells of Moses" are situated.

Such were the impressions made upon us by the land and the book—when seeing the one, and reading the other on the spot.

The tide had ebbed before we approached the shore near Ayoun Mousa, so the Arabs had to carry us to the dry sand. The trustworthy Ishmaelite to whom I was assigned, strange to say, complained of the burthen that was laid upon him. It was in vain that I hugged him affectionately round the neck, and with all my might too, while he staggered with me in the sand. He seemed insensible to my kindness, and discharged me into Asia with a half grunt, half groan, as if I were a sack of coals. But these Arabs are an ignorant and degraded race!

The walk along the sandy shore excited in us all the feelings of boyish curiosity and eager love of acquisition. Had we seen the shells, which were new and beautiful, lying on cotton in a cabinet, we might have been indifferent to them; but to gather them *in situ*, to pick up small sponges too, to wander free amidst this museum of conchology, and to pocket whatever we fancied, had peculiar fascination about it. I could have wandered along that beach for days, gathering shells, while the crisp waves of the sea rippled over the shallows. It was on the sea-shore what "nutting" is in the woods.

We had to walk for about an hour across an utterly flat, barren, and sandy plain. This may have been the spot on which the Israelites entered from the sea, and where Miriam beat her loud timbrel, and sang that magnificent ode of victory which, like an echo from the Rock of Ages, is repeated in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

The Wells create a small oasis in the desert. Dr. Stanley calls them the Brighton of Suez, inasmuch as its more aristocratic inhabitants take up their abode there during the summer. This gives as melancholy an idea of Suez, as one would have of London if its inhabitants preferred the Isle of Dogs for a summer residence ! The Wells nourish a few gardens, with shrubs and cotton plants, and produce a certain amount of cultivation most pleasing to the eye in this arid waste ; and, if repose be sought for, they must afford it in abundance to those who wish to escape the roar and bustle of Suez.



EGYPT.

CHAPTER V.

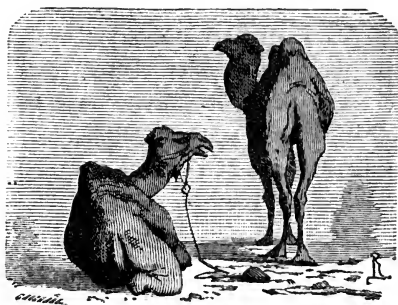
BY THE DESERT.

WHEN crossing the plain to the sea again we met a lanky camel led by his driver, and we resolved, like boys visiting the elephant at a “show,” to have a ride. It would be a new experience, gained on a fitting spot, and would enable any novice of our party, ambitious of the honour, henceforth to exclaim, “I, too, have ridden a camel in the deserts of Arabia !”

So the animal was made to kneel, and in performing the operation he seemed to fold up his legs by a series of joints, as one would fold a foot-rule. The “Djemel” makes it a point of honour, when any burden whatever is laid on his back, to utter sounds which may be intended for Arabic groans, sighs, protests, or welcomes, but are certainly unlike any other sounds proceeding from man or beast. Only an angry lion, trying to roar when suffering

from sore throat, or with a bag of potatoes stuck in his gullet, could approach to the confused, fierce, and guttural ejaculations of the camel. When kneeling for his burden, as well as on other occasions, even when walking quietly along, he suddenly blows out of his mouth what seems to be his stomach, to air it, just as a boy blows a soap-bubble from a short tobacco-pipe.

Amidst the gurgling growls of my kneeling friend, I got



CAMELS.

mounted, and was told to hold hard, and take care! There was every need for the caution. The brute rose, not as I expected on his forelegs first, but on his hind, or rather on only their half—as if on hind elbows. This motion throws the rider forward, when suddenly the animal elevates himself on his knees, and, as one naturally bends forward to prepare for the last rise in the same direction, he hitches up the other half of his legs

behind, and then as suddenly repeats the same experiment with his legs before, until, shaken and bewildered, one is thankful to find himself at rest high above the sands of the desert, rather than prostrate upon them, among the camel's feet. Then began that noiseless tread, with the soft spongy feet, which, however, is more remarkable in its silence on the stony streets than on the shifting sand. The rocking motion, when yielded to, was not unpleasant.

I cannot part from Arabia, and my first and last camel ride on its plains, without expressing my admiration for that old animal which is often abused by travellers, and which fills some people, as I have heard them say, with feelings of disgust. I will not affirm that the creature commands immediate admiration, but I think he inspires immediate respect. The expression of his soft, heavy, dreamy eye, tells its own tale of meek submission and patient endurance ever since travelling began in these deserts. The "Djemel" appears to be wholly passive—without doubt or fear, emotions or opinions of any kind—to be in all things a willing slave to destiny. He has none of the dash and brilliancy of the horse—that looking about with erect neck, fiery eye, cocked ears, and inflated nostrils—that readiness to dash along a racecourse, follow the hounds across country, or charge the enemy—none of that decision of will and self-conscious pride which demand, as a right, to be stroked, patted, pampered, by lords and ladies.

The poor "Djemel" bends his neck, and with a halter

CAMPERS IN SAND-STORM.



round his long nose, and several hundredweight on his back, paces patiently along from the Nile to the Euphrates. Where on earth, or rather on sea, can we find a ship so adapted for such a voyage as his over those boundless oceans of desert sand? Is the "Djemel" thirsty? He has recourse to his gutta-percha cistern, which holds as much water as will last a week, or, as some say, ten days even, if necessary. Is he hungry? Give him a few handfuls of dried beans, it is enough; chopped straw is a luxury. He will gladly crunch with his sharp grinders the prickly thorns and shrubs in his path, to which hard Scotch thistles are as soft down. And when all fails, the poor fellow will absorb his own fat hump! If the land-storm blows with furnace heat, he will close his small nostrils, pack up his ears, and then his long defleshed legs will stride after his swanlike neck through suffocating dust; and, having done his duty, he will mumble his guttural, and leave, perhaps, his bleached skeleton to be a landmark in the waste, for the guidance of future travellers.

Sincerely grateful for our day's out, we reached Cairo at night, and so secured another day to see a few sights, and especially the mosques, ere we left the "City of Victory."

In its interior, the mosque always struck me as a most impressive place of worship. No statues or pictures are permitted in it; and no seats of any kind are required for people who prefer the floor, which is invariably matted or carpeted, thus giving it, to a European, an air

of comfort. Almost the only sign of furniture in it is a pulpit or two from which the people are addressed occasionally by the Moolah. The mosque is always open I believe, and is seldom without some worshippers, while at stated times during the day it is well attended. The utmost decorum and reverence are everywhere visible ; no hum of voices is heard, nor even footsteps, nor is there anything visible which can distract or arrest the attention of the worshippers.

People of every class scatter themselves throughout the vast area, each man selecting a spot for himself where he can kneel towards the "Mirhab," or niche which indicates the direction of Mecca, and seems as much absorbed in his duty as if he were in a desert island. Some are seen sitting cross-legged, and engaged in grave conversation ; while others walk soberly up and down. The whole service, judging of it only by what one sees, gives the impression of worship to an unseen God, which must, when first established, have presented a remarkable contrast to that which at Luxor or Karnac once reigned supreme, with a Bull or Beetle for its God !

IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

CHAPTER I.

WITH EARLY EXPLORERS.—PART. I.

PARRY'S expedition to Lancaster Sound consisted of the *Hecla*, 375 tons, and a crew of fifty-eight men ; with the *Griper*, gun-brig, 180 tons, and thirty-six men, commanded by Lieutenant Liddon. The vessels were adapted in strength to the Arctic seas. They left the Nore on the 11th of May, 1819, and were for some time impeded by unfavourable weather. On the 15th of June, they unexpectedly saw land, which proved to be Cape Farewell, the most southern point of Greenland, though at a very considerable distance. The ships were rapidly beset with ice, and so blocked in as to be quite immovable.

During this period of inaction, the officers and men

occupied themselves in various ways. Observations were made on the dip and variations of the needle, and lunar distances were calculated. Those of the expedition less skilled or less careful, or maybe having a more practical turn, set fox-traps, or enticed white bears with herrings to within rifle-range, and got some sport out of it, and flesh to boot.

The white bear is by no means a contemptible foe—it is a beast worthy of lead or steel—although its size has been greatly exaggerated by the old navigators; it is a very formidable creature, of great strength and considerable cunning. One or two anecdotes will illustrate this.

Captain Cook, of the *Archangel*, of Lynn, being near the coast of Spitzbergen, landed, accompanied by his surgeon and mate. While traversing the shore, the captain was unexpectedly attacked by a bear, which seized him in an instant between its paws. At this awful crisis, when a moment's hesitation would have been fatal, he called to his companion to fire, who, with admirable resolution and steadiness, discharged his piece as directed, and providentially shot the bear through the head. The captain, by this prompt assistance, was preserved from being torn to pieces, or hugged to death.

More recently, Captain Hawkins, of the *Everthorpe*, of Hull, when in Davis's Straits, seeing a very large bear, took a boat and pushed off in pursuit of it. On reaching it, the captain struck it with a lance in the breast; and while in the act of recovering his weapon for another blow, the enraged animal sprang up, seized him by the

thigh, and threw him over its head into the water.



THE POLAR BEAR.

Happily, it did not repeat the attack, but exerted itself to escape. As the attention of every one was now

directed to the captain, the bear was allowed to swim away without further molestation.

In another instance, some Polar voyagers having taken from the boats all the provisions, and placed them on the ice, which pressed them in on all sides, and filled them with alarm for the safety of their vessel, they secured shelter for themselves with their sails, and appointed one of the men as sentinel. About midnight, three bears came towards the boats, when the sentinel suddenly gave the alarm, shouting, "Three bears!—three!"

The voyagers immediately ran forth from their shelter, with their muskets, which had been charged with small shot to kill birds; but, not having time to reload, they discharged their pieces at the bears. It was well for them that the bears were thus slightly wounded, as it made them retire to a sufficient distance to allow them to recharge their muskets; which being done, they killed one bear, and the others fled. The bears returned about two hours afterwards; but, hearing a noise as they were approaching the boats, they finally departed.

But whatever the bears' feelings towards the man with the gun, the mother bear at least is much attached to her young. The illustrations show her pleading with a sailor with levelled gun for the lives of her pets, and when her plea has proved of no avail and they are shot, bewailing their fate in long-continued wailings of distress.

Always on the watch for animals sleeping on the ice, the bears endeavour by stratagem to approach them un-

observed ; for, on the smallest disturbance, the animals dart through holes in the ice, which they always take care to be near, and thus evade pursuit. " One sunshiny day," says Beechey, " a walrus, of nine or ten feet in length, rose in a pool of water, and, after looking around him,



MOTHER BEAR PLEADING.

drew his greasy carcass upon the ice, where he rolled about for a time, and at length laid himself down to sleep. A bear, which had probably been observing his movements, crawled carefully upon the ice, on the opposite side of the pool, and began to roll about also, but apparently more with design than amusement, as he pro-

gressively lessened the distance that intervened between himself and his prey. The walrus, suspicious of his advances, drew himself up, preparatory to a precipitate retreat into the water, in case of a nearer acquaintance with his playful but treacherous visitor—on which the



MOTHER BEAR BEWAILING.

bear was instantly motionless, as if in the act of sleep ; but, after a time, began to lick his paws, and clean himself, and occasionally to encroach a little more upon his intended prey. But even this artifice did not succeed. The wary walrus was far too cunning to allow himself to be entrapped, and suddenly plunged into the pool ; which

the bear no sooner observed, than he threw off all disguise, rushed towards the spot, and followed him in an instant into the water, where, perhaps, he was disappointed of his meal." Similar stories are told of the seals, which, like the walruses, are generally on their guard against the white bears. They will sometimes



SEAL-FISHERS HUNTING ON THE ICE.

steal stealthily up to the Esquimo when he is capturing the seal, when sharp encounters end variously, but the Esquimo is generally the victor.

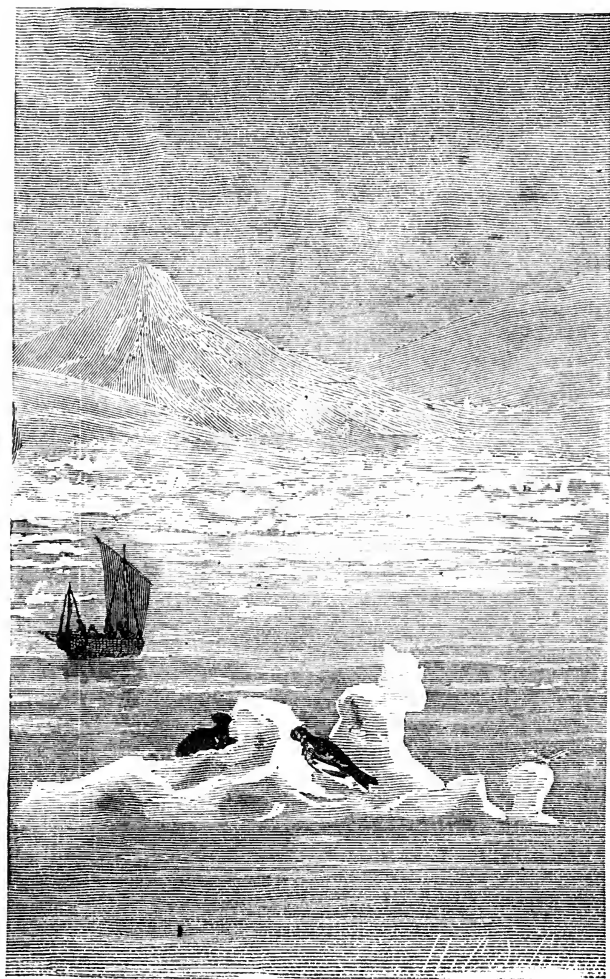
But to pursue the narrative of Parry's voyage.

On the 30th of June the ice slackened, and, after eight hours of incessant labour, both ships were got out into the open sea. A few days after, a supply of fresh water was

obtained from an iceberg; and the sailors shook from the ropes and rigging extraordinary quantities of congealed fog. At length, on the 1st of August, the expedition reached Lancaster Sound.

The strongest interest was manifested both by officers and men. Parry felt that this was the point which was to test the object of the expedition. Ross had maintained the existence of the Croker Mountains; Parry was of an entirely different opinion. To settle the matter was the main object of the voyage. Reports, all more or less favourable, were constantly passed down from the crow's-nest to the quarter-deck. The weather was quite clear, and the ships sailed in perfect safety through the night. Towards morning all anxiety as to the alleged chain of mountains was at an end; for the two shores were still forty miles apart, at a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the channel. Evidently the Croker Mountains had no existence.

Various reasons now led the navigators to think that they had passed the region of straits and inlets, and were on the expanse of the Polar Basin; and they hoped that nothing would impede their progress to Icy Cape, the western boundary of America. Appearances arose, however, to excite apprehension, and particularly when a line of continuous ice appeared on the south, proving to be joined to a compact and impregnable body of floes, which completely joined the western point of Maxwell Bay. They had, therefore, immediately to draw back, lest they should be embayed in the ice, on the edge of which



ICY CAPE.



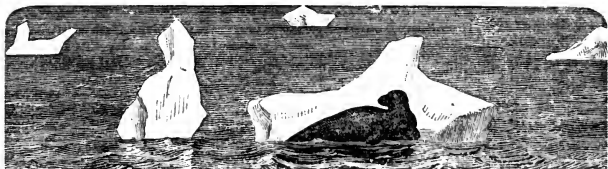
a violent surf was then beating. Seeing, to the south, an open sea, with a dark water sky, Parry, hoping it might lead to an open passage in a lower latitude, steered in the direction, but found himself at the mouth of a great inlet, some thirty miles in width, and to which there was no visible termination.

The western coast being much obstructed by ice, the explorers turned their course to the east, and coasted along a broad, open channel, the shores of which were barren and desolate, without a sign of life. Here the irregularity of the compass was very perplexing; it became weak and uncertain—indicating an approach to the magnetic pole. They pursued their course, however, for more than one hundred and twenty miles, when they approached a headland, to which they gave the name of Cape Kater; to the inlet, which Parry suspected led into Hudson's Bay, he gave the name of Prince Regent.

To the north, after various deviations, another extensive inlet was discovered from the main channel, to which Parry gave the name of Wellington; and, at a small island called Byam Martin, they concluded, from some experiments, that they had passed the magnetic meridian. It was not without the utmost difficulty that they now proceeded; but at last they reached an island, which they christened Melville. It was the largest island they had yet discovered.

On the 4th of September, Parry had the satisfaction of announcing to his men that they had reached 110° west longitude, and had thereby become entitled to the reward

of £5,000 promised by the British Government to the first ship's crew that should reach that meridian. Encouraged by this success, they pressed on with redoubled energy; but their course was speedily checked by a heavy and impenetrable floe of ice.



IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

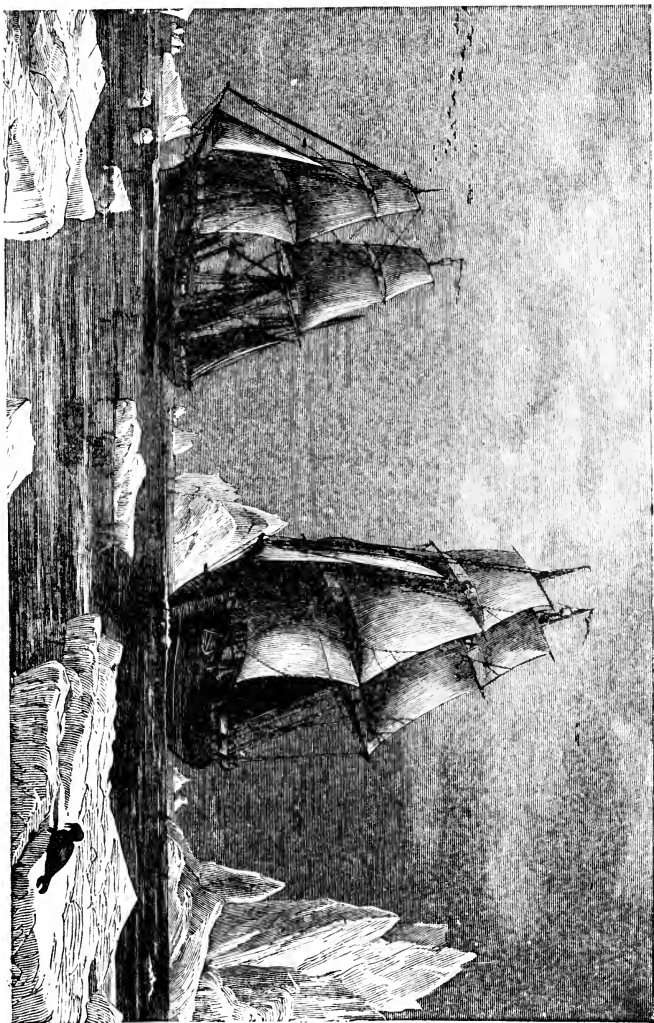
WITH EARLY EXPLORERS.—PART II.

AFTER struggling against the ice-floes, in the hope of effecting a passage, for nearly a fortnight, Parry was at last convinced that nothing more dare be attempted at that time, as a single hour's calm weather would effectually enclose them in the ice. Their only course was to return to Melville Island, and this was accomplished with great difficulty. For two miles they had to cut their way through an ice-floe. For this purpose the sailors marked, with boarding-pikes, two parallel lines, at the distance of something more than the breadth of the larger ship. They then, in the first place, sawed along the track marked out; then, by cross-sawings, detached large pieces, which were separated diagonally, in order to be floated out, and sometimes boat-sails

were fastened to them, to take advantage of a favourable breeze.

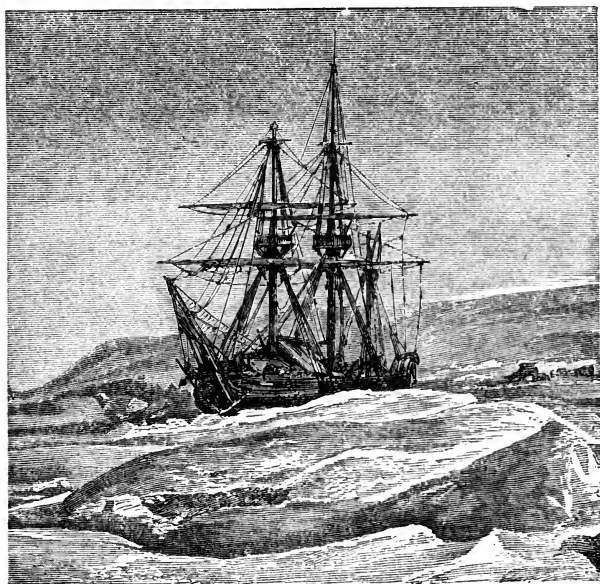
At Melville, Parry resolved to winter. The place was well chosen. There was an abundance of fresh water, plenty of trout and grouse, to say nothing of lemmings, reindeer, and musk-ox. So, with botanising, fishing, and shooting, there was a sufficiency of entertainment, and capital sport—sport which possessed the advantage of providing a plentiful supply of excellent fresh food. It was expected that the sportsmen should shoot and angle for the good of all; and although those who brought in provisions were allowed, by previous arrangement, to take a certain extra portion, the result of a day's sport, on the whole, was for the public benefit. The vessels were unrigged and banked up with snow; and then, work and sport being ended, and the long wintry night coming on, it was debated how they should spend their time.

Never was man so fertile of resources as Parry. There was little prospect, if he were there, that time would hang heavy on their hands, or that their idle hands would get into mischief. He set up a school, which was very well attended; published a weekly newspaper, under the title of *The North-Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*; and started a theatre, where men and officers thoroughly enjoyed themselves, with the thermometer at freezing-point or zero. At Christmas, Parry himself produced a piece, appropriate, encouraging, and exciting. It was called *The North-West Passage Discovered; or, the Voyage Finished*. It is the fashion, in these times, to present



MAKING WAY THROUGH THE ICE.

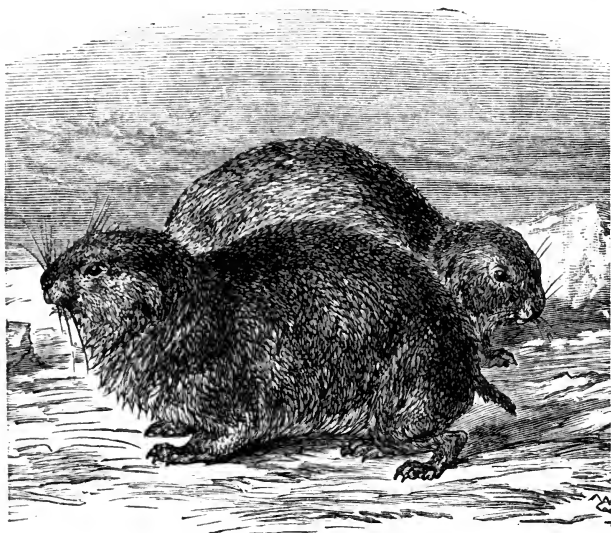
intense realism on the stage. In the Arctic theatre, when an Arctic piece was presented, the realism was excessive, and called forth unbounded applause—real sailors, real ships, real ice-blocks, and a real Arctic temperature.



WINTER QUARTERS.

One February night, the observatory and store-house caught fire, and the men rushed out, without considering the inclemency of the weather and preparing for it. The consequences were several very severe frost-bites. There was nothing but dry snow to extinguish the flames, and

this was scarcely of any avail in preserving the light structure of wood and canvas which had been run up; but the perseverance of the men triumphed. Parry says that the appearance which their faces presented at the fire was very curious, almost every nose and chest having



LEMMINGS.

become quite white with frost-bites in five minutes after being exposed to the weather; so that it was deemed necessary for the medical gentlemen, together with some others appointed to assist them, to go round while the men were working at the fire, and to rub with snow the parts affected, in order to restore animation.

Throughout the winter, the officers every day took a walk of two or three hours; but they never proceeded farther than a mile, lest they should be overtaken by a snow-drift. Exercise was also enforced upon the men, who, when prevented by the weather from leaving the



MUSK OXEN.

vessel, were made to keep time while they ran round the deck to the music of an organ.

Altogether, the health of the crew and officers was excellent. Special caution was exercised with regard to scurvy—an alarming disease in the Arctic regions. It appears that one great cause of this is the use of improper

food, and other carelessness ; in fact, that the evil chiefly arises from preventible causes. It is worth while to notice, in this place, the testimony of Scoresby as to the use of stimulants in the Arctic regions. He says : “ Whenever I have had occasion to expose myself to severe cold, I have found that the more I am heated, the longer I can resist the cold without inconvenience. The warmth produced by simple fluids, such as tea or soup, is preferable to that occasioned by spirits. After the liberal use of tea, I have often sustained cold at ten degrees at the mast-head, for several hours, without uneasiness.”

Towards the end of July, the ice began to break up, and the vessels no longer remained

“ As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

On the 2nd of August, by a sudden movement not uncommon in those regions, the whole mass broke up and floated out, and the explorers had the wide sea before them. Intent on continuing their investigations, they immediately set about renewing their voyage ; but they had not proceeded far in the direction of Behring's Straits, before the surface of the ocean presented a compact and impenetrable mass of ice ; and they were therefore compelled to return home.

Their reception in England was everything that could be desired. A great advance had been made in Polar investigation ; there was every reason to believe that

more than half the North-west Passage had been discovered; the prize for reaching a given meridian had been won; and the ships' crews had been kept in comfort and tolerable health, through all the horrors of an Arctic winter.



IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

WITH EARLY EXPLORERS.—PART III.

PARRY had not long to wait for another expedition ; in 1821—he had only returned in 1820—he was appointed to the command of two ships, the *Fury* and the *Hecla*, and sailed for Hudson's Bay. Parry had been so far baffled amid the bays and inlets of Lancaster Sound, that he resolved to coast North America ; and he looked for a passage to the north of Hudson's Bay. But the weather was fearfully bad, and the winter early ; so that at Winter Island, as they called it, in the mouth of Lyon Inlet, the ships were frozen in ; and Parry betook himself immediately to making the seamen and officers comfortable. There they were visited by the Esquimo, ready to buy, ready to sell.

It is impossible to describe the shouts, yells, and

laughter of the savages, or the confusion that existed for two or three hours. The females were at first very shy, and unwilling to come on the ice, but bartered everything from their boats. This timidity, however, soon wore off; and they, in the end, became as noisy and boisterous as the men. It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more ugly or disgusting than the countenances of the old women, who had inflamed eyes, wrinkled skin, black teeth, and, in fact, such a forbidding set of features as scarcely could be called human; to which might be added their dress, which was such as gave them the appearance of aged ourang-outangs.

In order to amuse our new acquaintances as much as possible, the fiddler was sent on the ice, where he instantly found a most delighted set of dancers, of whom some of the women kept pretty good time. Their only figure consisted in stamping and jumping with all their might. Our musician, who was a lively fellow, soon caught the infection, and began cutting capers also. In a short time, every one on the floe—officers, men, and savages—were dancing together, and exhibited one of the most extraordinary sights I ever witnessed. One of our seamen, of a fresh, ruddy complexion, excited the admiration of all the young females, who patted his face, and danced around him wherever he went.

The exertion of dancing so exhilarated the Esquimo, that they had the appearance of being boisterously drunk, and played many extraordinary pranks. Amongst others, it was a favourite joke to run slyly behind the

seamen, and, shouting loudly in one ear, to give at the same time a very smart slap on the other. While looking on, I was sharply saluted in this manner, and, of course,



POLAR BEARS.

was quite startled, to the great amusement of the bystanders: our cook, who was a most active and unwearied jumper, became so great a favourite that every

one boxed his ears so soundly as to oblige the poor man to retire from such boisterous marks of approbation.

Amongst other sports, some of the Esquimo, rather roughly, but with great good humour, challenged our



ESQUIMO WOMEN AND CHILD.

people to wrestle. One man, in particular, who had thrown several of his countrymen, attacked an officer of a very strong make; but the poor savage was instantly thrown, and with no very easy fall; yet, although every one was laughing at him, he bore it with exemplary good

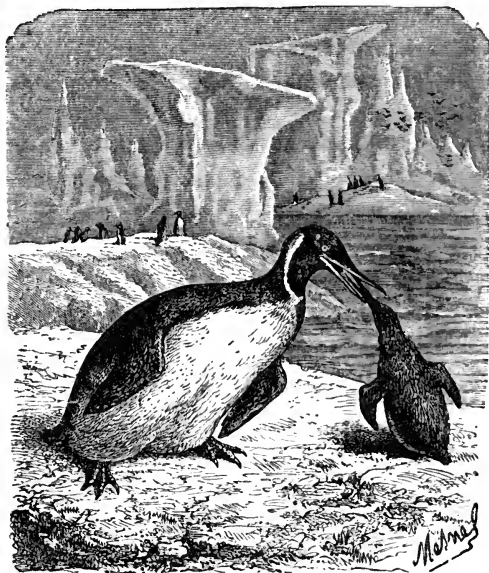
humour. The same officer afforded us much diversion by teaching a large party of women to bow, courtesy, shake hands, turn their toes out, and perform sundry other polite accomplishments; the whole party, master and pupils, preserving the strictest gravity.

Towards midnight all our men, except the watch on deck, turned into their beds; and the fatigued and hungry Esquimo returned to their boats to take their supper, which consisted of lumps of raw flesh and blubber of seals, birds, entrails, &c.; licking their fingers with great zest, and with knives or fingers scraping the blood and grease which ran down their chins into their mouths.

On reaching the entrance of Fox's Channel, and in view of Southampton Island, Captain Parry resolved on sailing up the inlet; and on coming to an opening to the westward, a large and beautiful bay, he gave it the name of the Duke of York. Still pursuing his voyage, though the passage was incumbered by ice and darkened by fogs, he reached Republic Bay, from which he had hoped to find an outlet; in this he was disappointed, although he closely examined the coast-line with boats. The coast had been hitherto unexplored—indeed, a large portion of it was entirely unknown.

Entering an inlet, to which the name of Gore was given, they found grass and moss, which contrasted strongly with the usual icy desolation. Several butterflies, also, and penguins were observed; and some of the crew went ashore to gather what game they could for

the supply of the general table. Sailing onward, the explorers were entangled in a labyrinth of small islands, from which they found it difficult to escape. Once more driven on by a strong northerly wind, they soon found



PENGUINS

themselves precisely where they had been a month before. On reaching the northern coast, Parry explored a large inlet, to which he gave the name of Captain Lynn; also a smaller one, which he called after Lieutenant Hoppner;

connecting these with Gore Inlet, he completed his description of the coast.

By this time the winter had set in, and the explorers found it was impossible to proceed. Various pieces of ice-drift had cemented into one great and dangerous mass, which threatened every hour to crush the vessels. The navigators determined on sawing their way into a floe of ice, and making the best of their winter-quarters.

Early in February, they were visited by a party of Esquimo, and a little traffic was carried on. The strangers were invited to visit their habitations, though, as yet, they were invisible. But on being led to a hole in the snow, and directed to place themselves on their hands and knees, they crept through a long, winding passage, and arrived at a hall with a dome-shaped roof, whence doors opened into three apartments, each one occupied by a family.

The materials and structure of these abodes were very singular. Snow was carved into slabs of about two feet long and six inches thick, and these were so cleverly put together as to form a series of structures resembling cupolas, rising about seven feet above the ground, and being from fourteen to sixteen feet in diameter. A plate of ice in the roof served as a window, and readily admitted the light. It was not long, however, before filth and smoke rendered these chambers very disagreeable to the senses of a European.

The Esquimo villages appeared at first like a cluster

of hillocks amid the snow, but successive falls filled up the vacuities, and rendered the surface almost smooth. On a thaw advancing, the ceilings begin to drip; and after vain attempts to render it weather-proof, the inhabitants betake themselves to a more durable lodgment. A lamp is suspended in each room; moss forms the wick; and it is fed by the oil of the seal or the walrus, and serves as the light and fire of the snow dwelling. A bench formed of snow placed round the chamber, and covered with skins, is the seat of the household.

Parry found the Esquimo to be very well informed of the seas and coasts, and they were most willing to furnish any information they had. A woman, named Iliglieck, was of great service; taking a pencil, she drew, with comparative accuracy, a large portion of the coast-line; this gave the explorers confidence in all that she stated. She indicated the extreme limit of Melville Peninsula; her pencil then, taking a westerly course, described a strait, which gradually widened into an immense expanse of water, apparently an ocean.

Pursuing their voyage as soon as it was practicable, the explorers were exposed to imminent peril by the ice-floes, and witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of the meeting of two floes, the concussion being so violent as to fling vast masses of ice into the air, to the height of fifty or sixty feet.

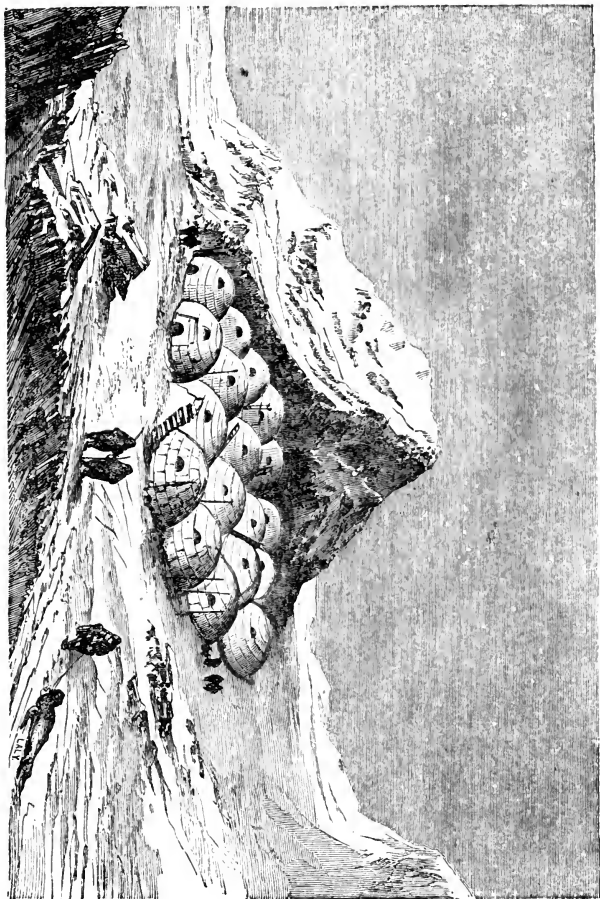
Gradually the stern aspect of winter changed to that of summer; on the shores they could see the wild deer and

birds of various kinds, while Arctic plants clothed the apparently barren rocks, and all nature put on a very gay aspect. The explorers were affected by the scene, and all was hopefulness and good humour; they were encouraged to believe that Iliglieck was right, and that they had but to sail around to enter the Polar Sea. They discovered the island of Igloskik, to which she had drawn their special attention, as marking the entrance to the strait; but a formidable barrier was in their way,—a broad sheet of ice extending, unbroken, from shore to shore.

Nothing daunted, Parry, with a party of six, made a journey over the frozen barrier, and, ascending a bold cape, saw plainly what he took to be the Polar Sea. Soon after his return to his ship, the ice began to disappear, a fresh breeze sprang up, and they were carried rapidly forward. But a fresh disappointment awaited them—they found the summer drifts crowding the channel; and, though the snow was soft, and, under press of canvas, they literally forced their way for several hundred yards, their progress was at last completely stopped, and the ships were immovable for the season.

Their only method of observation was now by land-journeys, and these were under very difficult circumstances. That the Polar Sea lay beyond, Parry had no doubt; and, could he have remained until the following summer, he had every confidence in effecting an entry. The appearance of scurvy, however, and the shortness of provisions, made it imperative for him to return, much to his regret, and that of the brave fellows who shared

ESQUIMO VILLAGE.



his trials and toils ; but the course was inevitable ; and so, sawing their way first, and combating their way afterwards, through the ice-fields and drifts, they reached the open seas, and arrived in England on the 10th of October, 1823.

We may here introduce some account of the Esquimo dogs,—dogs famous in their way as those of St. Bernard.

The dogs of the Esquimo should not pass unnoticed. This variety of the canine race is characterised by a firm and muscular figure, thick furry hair, and bushy tail, curled gracefully over the back. Its size is about that of the mastiff ; its voice, at least in its native climate, is not a bark, but a long, melancholy howl ; when, however, it is brought to England, and associates with others of its kindred, it soon follows their example.

There is a remarkable adaptation on the part of this creature to the service of the people whose country is one of boundless deserts of snow, whose winter endures for three-fourths of the year, and whose climate has an intensity of cold which description can scarcely convey. As a race inhabiting the Arctic regions of the American continent, and the adjacent islands, and being dependent for their subsistence and clothing on the produce of the chase, the Esquimo look to their dogs for assistance in the pursuit of the seal, the bear, or the reindeer. Nor is this all ; they yoke them to heavily laden sledges, which, with untiring patience, these animals will often draw fifty or sixty miles a day.

When drawing a sledge, the dogs have a simple harness

of deer or seal-skin going round the neck by one bight, and another for each of the fore-legs, with a single thong leading over the back, and attached to the sledge as a trace. Though they appear, at first sight, to be huddled together without regard to regularity, considerable attention is, in fact, paid to their arrangement ; particularly in the selection of a dog of peculiar spirit and sagacity, who is allowed, by a longer trace, to precede the rest as a leader ; and to whom, in turning to the right or left, the driver usually addresses himself. This choice is made without regard to age or sex ; and the rest of the dogs take precedence according to their training or sagacity, the least effective being put nearest the sledge.

The leader is usually from eighteen to twenty feet from the fore-part of the sledge, and the hindmost dog is about half that distance ; so that, when ten or twelve are running together, several are nearly abreast of each other. The driver sits quite low, on the fore-part of the sledge, with his feet overhanging the snow, on one side, and having in his hand a whip, of which the handle, made of wood, bone, or whalebone, is eighteen inches, and the lash as many feet, in length. The part of the thong next the handle is plaited a little way down, to stiffen it and give it a spring, on which much of its use depends ; and that which composes the lash is chewed by the women, to make it flexible in frosty weather.

The men acquire from their youth considerable expertness in the use of this whip, the lash of which is left to trail along the ground, by the side of the sledge ; and

with which, at pleasure, they can inflict on any dog a very sharp blow. Though the dogs are kept in training entirely by the fear of the whip—and, indeed, without it would soon have their own way—its immediate effect



ESQUIMO DOGS.

is always detrimental to the draught of the sledge; for not only does the individual that is struck draw back and slacken his trace, but generally turns upon his next neighbour; and this, passing on to the next, occasions a

general divergency, accompanied by the usual yelping and showing of the teeth. The dogs then come together again by degrees, and the draught of the sledge is accelerated; but even at the best of times, by this rude mode of draught, the traces of one-third of the dogs form an angle of thirty or forty degrees on each side of the direction in which the sledge is advancing. Another great inconvenience attending the Esquimo method of putting the dogs to, besides that of not employing their strength to the best advantage, is the constant entanglement of the traces, by the dogs repeatedly doubling under from side to side, to avoid the whip; so that, after running a few miles, the traces always require to be taken off and cleaned.

In directing the sledge, the whip acts no very essential part; the driver for this purpose using certain words, as the carters do with us, to make the dogs turn to the right or to the left. To these a good leader attends with admirable precision, especially if his own name be repeated at the time; looking behind over his shoulder with great earnestness, as if listening to the directions of the driver. On a beaten track, or even where a single foot or sledge mark is occasionally discernible, there is not the slightest trouble in guiding the dogs; for even in the darkest night, and in the heaviest snow-drift, there is little or no danger of their losing their road, the leader keeping his nose near the ground, and directing the rest with wonderful sagacity. When, however, there is no beaten track, the best driver amongst them makes a very

circuitous course, as all the Esquimo roads plainly show ; these generally occupying an extent of six miles, when, with a horse or sledge, the journey would scarcely have amounted to five. On rough ground, as among hummocks of ice, the sledge would be frequently overturned or altogether stopped, if the driver did not repeatedly get off, and, by lifting or drawing it to one side, steer clear of those accidents. At all times, indeed, except on a smooth and well-made road, he is constantly thus employed with his feet, which, together with his never-ceasing vociferations and frequent use of the whip, renders the driving of one of the vehicles by no means a pleasant or easy task. When the driver wishes to stop the sledge, he calls out, "*Wo, voo,*" exactly as our carters do ; but the attention paid to this command depends altogether upon his ability to enforce it. If the weight is small, and the journey homeward, the dogs are not to be thus delayed ; the driver is therefore obliged to dig his heels into the snow to obstruct their progress, and, having thus succeeded in stopping them, he stands up with one leg before the foremost cross-piece of the sledge, till, by means of laying the whip over each dog's head, he has made them lie down. He then takes care not to quit his position, so that, should the dogs set off, he is thrown upon his sledge, instead of being left behind by them.

With "good sleighing," six or seven dogs will draw from eight to ten hundredweight, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, for several hours together. With a smaller load, they will run ten miles an hour ; and are,

in fact, almost unmanageable. To the women, who nurse them when ill, and treat them with greater kindness than the men, they are affectionate in the highest degree ; and though from the men they receive little except blows and rough treatment, they are still faithful and enduring.

It is only necessary to add, that these dogs are undaunted in combat. They will fasten eagerly on the most ferocious bear ; discover a seal-hole by the smell at a great distance ; and, even while yoked to a sledge, in which the hunter is seated, they will chase the reindeer with so much energy, as to bring the prey within reach of the unerring bow. In one instance only do they show the influence of fear : of the wolf they have an instinctive terror, which manifests itself, on his approach, in a loud and long-continued howl.



IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

CHAPTER II.

THE WHALE-FISHERY.

WITH the object of reviving the Greenland fishery, the British Government, in 1672, remitted all dues on Greenland importations—it granted free trade; but, although several efforts were made to take advantage of these favourable circumstances, the lost ground could not be recovered, and the Dutchmen reaped a golden harvest among the ice and snow. There were no better sailors afloat in those days than the amphibious Dutchmen; they possessed all the hardy endurance so essential to success; they had but recently established themselves as an independent republic,—in doing this, the great North Sea had been their chief friend; we were no match for them in the Greenland fishery; they had swept the sea of us there-

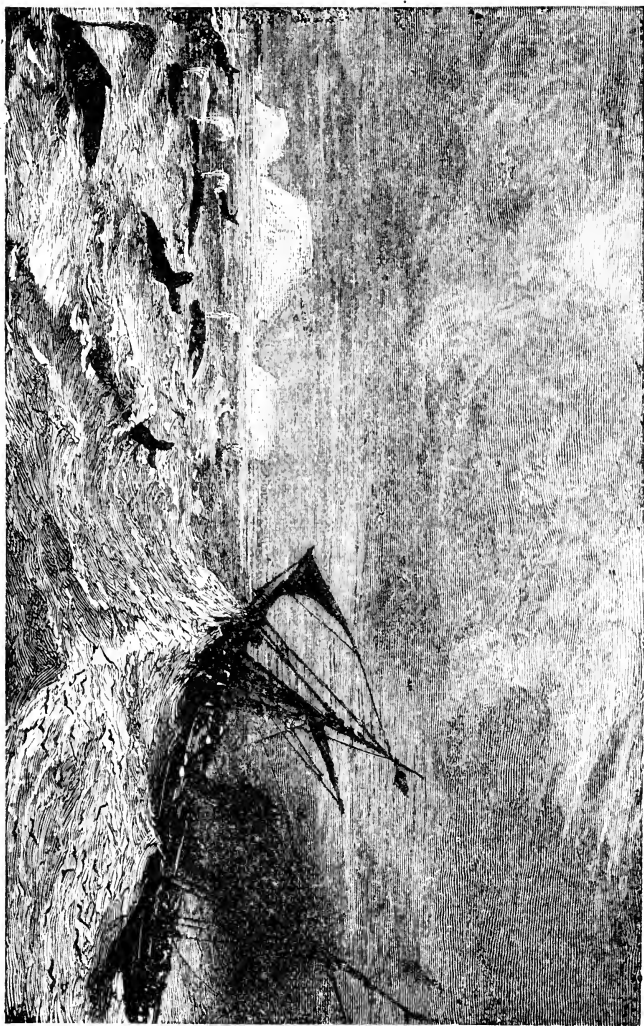
at all events, as they threatened to do altogether, despite our boast to the contrary.

In 1733, a bounty of twenty shillings a ton was granted by the British Government to ships engaging in the Greenland trade. This bounty was increased to forty shillings. The Scotch were the first to engage in the trade, and in their hands it steadily began to revive. As the trade revived, the bounty was reduced, the object for which it had been granted being fully answered. The old Spitzbergen fisheries were once again in British hands, and the Greenland fisheries, and those of Davis's Straits, were actively carried on. The Dutchmen lost ground. The whale trade was drifting from them to us; instead of selling to us oil and whalebone, they became our customers; and finally they gave up the fishery,—only a few wandering vessels with Dutch colours were to be seen,—and the trade was yielded to British and American enterprise.

“The whale—that sea beast
* * * which God, of all His works,
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream,”

has been, indeed, the pioneer of Arctic discovery. When nothing but the hope of gain induced men to visit the northern waters, the whalers, in pursuit of their prey, kept alive some interest in the frozen deep. The men who have conducted the whale-fishery have been keenly observant, and to them, as we have already had occasion to remark, are we indebted for a very large proportion of our information respecting the Arctic seas.

ENTERING A WHALE FIELD.



And here a few words about the whale and the whale-fishery may not be out of place. An ordinary Greenland whale is between fifty and sixty feet in length, and weighs seventy tons. The razor-back whales—so called from a horny protuberance along the back—are, indeed, much larger, and some of them attain the length of 100 feet. The most peculiar part of the Greenland whale is its head. Although it has both upper and lower jaws, it has no teeth, but in their room two fringes, each consisting of a series of blades of an elastic substance, covered on their interior edges with hair, attached to the upper gum. This is what is commonly called whalebone. These blades, of which there are upwards of 300, serve as a sieve or net, into which the whale takes its prey and drains off the water. As the whale proceeds through the water, with distended jaws, even the smallest creatures are caught in this natural net, and thus a meal is provided for the monster. The mouth of the whale is about six or eight feet in width.

There is an interesting fact connected with the food of the Greenland whale, namely, that they abound in what are known as the olive waters of the Greenland sea, on account of the incalculable number of animalculæ, or medusæ, which occupy about a fourth of that sea, or 20,000 square miles. The whale cannot derive any direct subsistence from the animalculæ; but these form the food of other minute creatures, which then support others, until at length animals are produced of such size as to afford a morsel for their mighty devourers. Mr. Scoresby

estimated that two square miles of these waters contained 23,888,000,000,000,000 animalculæ; and, as this number is beyond the range of human conception, he illustrated it by observing that eighty persons would have been employed since the creation in counting it.

In the early days of the whale-fishery, when it was chiefly carried on in the bays, and at the margin of the frozen seas, the vessels used were comparatively slight. Now, however, when the ships push into the very heart of the ice, they are constructed with great care and strength. The parts exposed to concussion with the ice are secured with double and even treble timbers, fortified externally with iron plates, and internally with stanchions and cross-bars, so disposed as to cause any extraordinary pressure on one part to be supported by the whole fabric.

Most of the whale ships are vessels of from 300 to 400 tons burden. They are amply provided with every necessary for the fishery, as well as for the comfort of the men. One of the most important things is, that the ship should be well fortified, and that she should be so rigged as to admit of rapid and easy manœuvring.

When the vessel is really entering on the fishing-grounds, the *crow's-nest* has to be set up. The *crow's-nest* is a cylindrical frame, about four and a half feet high, and two and a half in diameter, covered with canvas, open at the top, and having a planked bottom, with a trap-hole left in it, by which the nest is entered. It is fixed to the top-gallant mast-head, and is intended to screen the person looking out from the fatal effects of a

northern blast. It is provided with a seat, and a recess to hold telescopes, a speaking-trumpet, a rifle, ammunition, signal-flags, and a movable screen, which can be shifted round the top to keep the wind from the observer's head, which, of course, must be kept above the canvas when he is on the look out. The rifle, or fowling-piece, is provided in case the look-out man should observe a narwhal, which might escape the notice of those on deck, or which could not be hit from that low level.

The look out is of the utmost importance, and the captain of the ship constantly occupies the crow's-nest, when the vessel is passing through cross ice, or when there is any apprehension of danger. On ordinary occasions, the mates take their turn, and pass several hours in that lofty situation, perhaps with a north-easterly wind blowing hard, and the thermometer fifteen degrees below freezing-point. If any danger assail, the captain goes at once to the crow's-nest, and first of all scans the ship's intended course; with the telescope constantly at his eye, connecting the intricate leads together. To take a bad lead when passing across Baffin's Bay would be often attended with the loss of ship or voyage.

Captain Penny informs us, that in the season of 1838, while in command of the ship *Neptune*, he had to remain thirty-six hours in the crow's-nest; a continuous watch, broken only by descending for ten minutes to get a cup of hot tea. The glass was never from his eye for more than five minutes at a time.

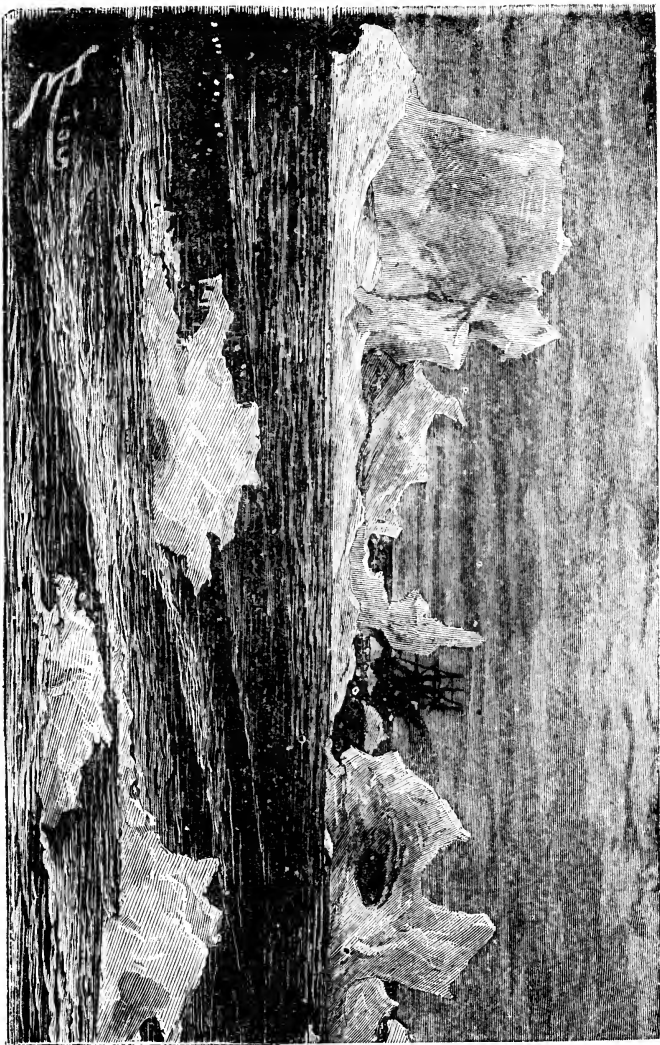
In 1863, Captain Penny, then in command of the *Queen*,

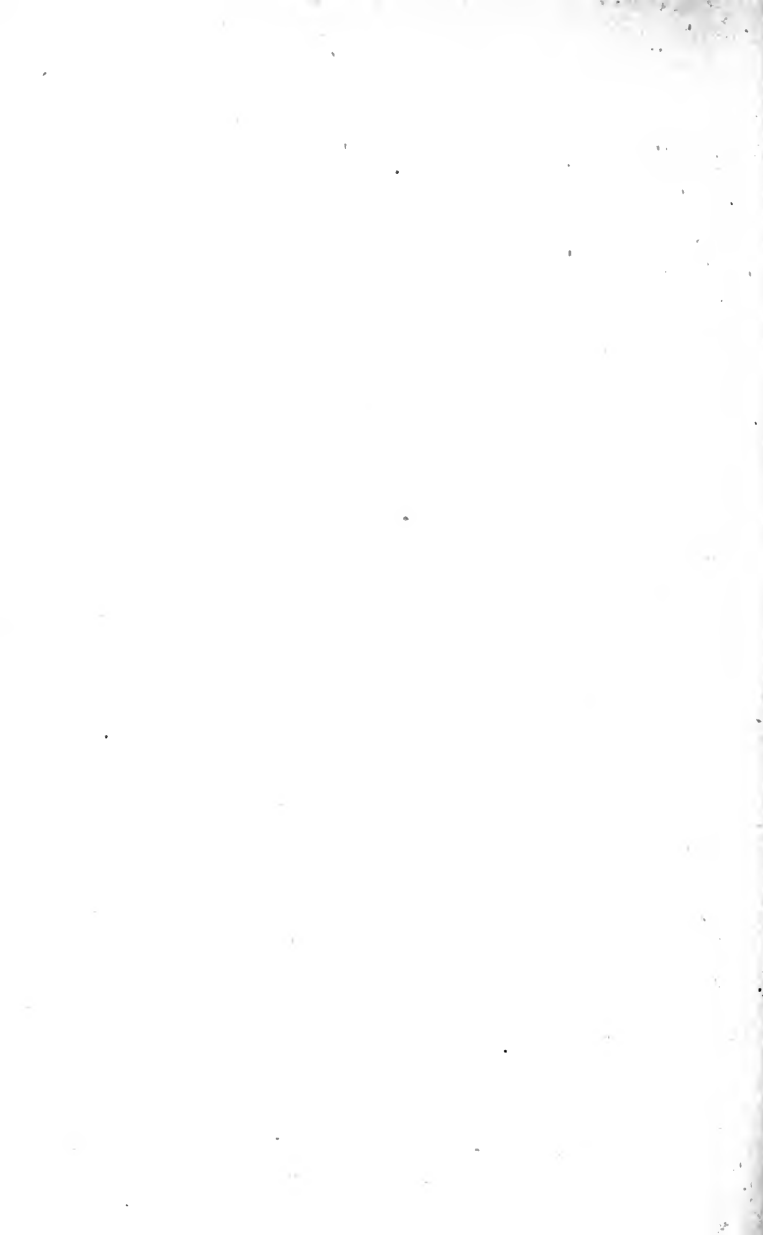
and having Mrs. Penny on board, passed up Hudson's Straits, with the object of reaching the north end of Southampton Island. He found Fox's Channel much hampered with ice, and had to pass into Hudson's Bay, with a view to gain the same end by Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome. Adverse winds delayed the voyage, and it was long before they reached the Welcome. The captain had been up all night, carrying the ship near Marble Island—memorable as the scene of Knight's disastrous shipwreck. At daylight, the captain called the mate to the mast-head, the ship running rapidly along the land, and instructed him to keep a hand in the boat, with the deep-sea lead forward, the line made fast at twenty fathoms, and to continue heaving it; also, to stand on the seat of the crow's-nest, and to keep a steady look out for shoal-water. The bottom was to be seen at ten fathoms.

Captain Penny had not been below more than an hour; the ship was in fifteen-feet water, on the south side of Chesterfield Inlet. The sound of danger brought the captain on deck, and in a few seconds he got her clear, the keel scraping the bottom, close in the neighbourhood of Munck's disastrous winter-quarters; where, out of a crew of sixty-four, two only remained alive, besides himself.

Early frost overtook the *Queen*, and Penny had to retrace his course along the south end of Southampton Island, almost keeping to the crow's-nest night and day, the compass being of no use. Having again reached the Savage group, they passed through a strait in the middle

SURROUNDED BY ICEBERGS.





of this cluster. No vessel had done this since the days of Queen Elizabeth; when the gallant Frobisher, with his fleet, in search of gold, may have done it. A bold, almost perpendicular, block of granite rose, on the north side, to the height of eight hundred feet; the water washed close in shore, and was about five miles wide; the tide rushing at the rate of about six miles an hour to the north, right in the teeth of the wind.

Having, in the course of the day, passed across Frobisher's Strait, the captain said to Mrs. Penny that he would just go to the mast-head and take a look, and be down in half an hour. But escape from the crow's-nest was not so easy. When he looked round, he saw that the bergs and broken pieces of berg were dangerously numerous, and it was coming on to blow a gale, attended with cross sea; so that soon the ship was running amid the bergs at the rate of nine knots an hour, with the sea one sheet of foam. Nearly all the officers on board were new men, strange to the captain's voice—they could not easily catch the word; and Mrs. Penny stood all through that long and dreadful night, passing the word of command, when an instant's delay might have been hopeless destruction. It was seven in the morning before the captain left the mast-head.

These incidents convey to us the best idea of the real use of the crow's-nest. Everything depends on the quickness and endurance of the captain—swift to see danger, swift to time his command and to govern his ship, as a good horseman guides his steed.

The whale-ships usually leave this country in time to reach the Shetland Islands early in April; there they make up their complement of hands, receive their final equipment of stores, take down all but the essential appendages of the masts and rigging, and set up the crow's-nest. They then proceed to their place of destination; generally through Davis's Straits, to Baffin's Bay. In these high latitudes, whales are found in large numbers; but the great prevalence of ice-mountains and bergs renders the fishing in the bay very perilous.

A Greenland ship, besides a master and surgeon, generally carries a crew of forty or fifty men, comprising the mates, harpooners, boat-steerers, line-managers, carpenters, coopers, &c. On arriving in the latitude where fish are expected, the boats are got in readiness for immediate use, and every preparation is made for action.

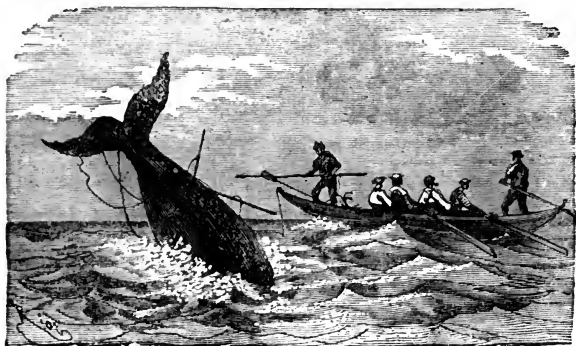
The boats are arranged three on each side, and slung from the davits, so that any one or all can be lowered in a minute, on a signal being given that a whale is in sight. The whale-boat is from twenty-four to thirty feet in length; it is built to unite the properties of being easily managed, and rowed with speed; and yet to endure considerable strain and heavy seas. A boat's crew consists of seven or nine men, and carries from seven to eight hundredweight of whale-lines and implements. The boats are broad in proportion, to resist the efforts of the whale when diving, which would otherwise drag them under water; an accident, notwithstanding, of no uncommon occurrence.

Each boat, when equipped for use, is provided with two harpoons, six or eight lances, and five or seven oars ; a small flag, to be set up at the stern when a whale is struck ; a tail-knife, about three feet long, used for cutting the fins of a dead whale ; a rest, on which the harpoon is laid, to be ready for instant service ; an axe, to sever the line, if necessary ; a small bucket for bailing the boat, and holding water to wet the running line, to prevent the friction from setting the boat on fire ; a grapnel, a boat-hook, a snow-shovel, and a few other articles. The largest boats are all furnished with a small windlass, fixed across the thwarts, for the purpose of winding up the line which has been carried out by a whale, after the animal is killed. Sometimes a harpoon-gun, for discharging the weapon from, is used : this being a short gun, mounted on a swivel, near the bow of the boat ; but it is by no means generally used, even in the best-appointed vessels.

The harpoon is prepared for use by having a piece of rope eight or nine yards long spliced round the shank, the swelling of which, made to receive the handle or stock, keeps the rope from slipping off. The other end of this rope is made fast to the stock, which, being put into the shank with sufficient firmness to retain its place during the cast, is nevertheless shaken out by the motions of the wounded whale. The object of this arrangement is, that the hold of the barbed harpoon may not be endangered by the motions of a long lever like the stock ; and this latter, by being fastened to the harpoon, helps

to indicate the situation of the whale beneath the water, as it floats on the surface.

Every harpoon is stamped with the name of the ship, that, in case the whale gets away, and the harpoon is recovered by some other vessel, the right of ownership may be determined. After these preliminaries, the points and barbs are cleaned and sharpened, and the harpoon is covered with canvas or oiled paper, to preserve it, till it



HARPOONING.

is put into the boat and attached to the line for immediate use. A weapon thus prepared is said to be spanned in.

The whale-lines are made of the best hemp, and in the most careful manner. They are about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and are in lengths of a hundred and twenty fathoms; six of which, spliced together, are put on board; each boat making a total length of 4,320

yards. The harpoon being attached at one end, the rest of the line is coiled with the utmost regularity in the compartments of the boat; and the end is provided with an eye or loop, to allow of another length being added on from another boat, if necessary.

A blubber-spade is provided, for detaching the blubber from the body of the animal; and every ship is provided with several sizes and forms of these spades. A spur is fixed by the men on the soles of their shoes, to prevent them slipping when standing on the whale. A machine was invented some years ago for cutting the blubber into small pieces, for packing in casks. Crossed sets of knives being worked backwards and forwards, mince up the masses put in at the top of the chest; a canvas funnel, leading down into the hold, is hooked on to the bottom, and, being put to the bung-hole of each cask in succession, the pieces fall in.

When a whale is struck, the flag already mentioned is hoisted at the stern of the boat, as a signal to those in the ship. The watch cries out, stamping on the deck, to arouse those below, "A fall! a fall!" (Dutch, *Val*, expressing the haste with which the sailors threw themselves into the boats.) On this notice, the men do not stop even to dress; but, with their clothes under their arms, tumble into the boat just as they are, managing to dress as well as they can in the intervals of rowing the boat.



IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

CHAPTER III.

DANGERS OF WHALE-FISHERY.

WHEN compared with the perils of the whale-fishery, all other sport seems child's play. A whale, indeed, may be captured and killed in little more than a quarter of an hour; but the contest has been known to last for forty or fifty hours. Scoresby relates an extraordinary case of a whale struck by one of the harpooners belonging to his ship, the *Resolution*, of Whitby, which, after a long chase, broke off, and took with it a boat and twenty-eight lines, the united length of which was 6,728 yards, or upwards of three English miles and three-quarters. The value of the property thus lost was above £150 sterling, and the weight of the lines above thirty-five hundredweight. They soon, however, again got sight of the animal

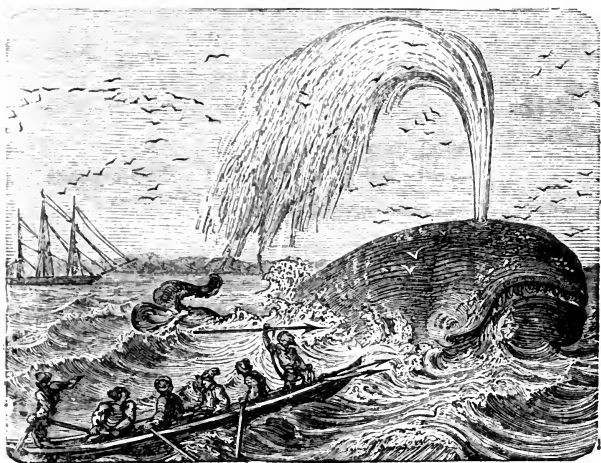
nearly two miles off, and immediately re-engaged in the pursuit.

They came up with it, by great exertions, about nine miles from the place where it was first struck. The attack was renewed. One of the harpooners made a blunder; the creature saw the boat, took the alarm, and fled. It was now thought that it would be seen no more; but, after chasing it nearly a mile, it rose near one of the boats, and was at once harpooned. In a few minutes, two more harpoons entered its back; and lances were plied against it with great courage and determination. Exhausted by his amazing efforts to escape, it at last yielded passively to its fate, and died without a struggle.

The period during which a wounded whale can remain under water has been variously estimated. From five-and-twenty to thirty minutes seems a fair average. Then, pressed by the necessity of respiration, he appears above, often at a considerable distance from the spot where he went down, and in a state of great exhaustion. The exhaustion is ascribed to the severe pressure which the whale has endured when placed beneath a column of water 700 or 800 fathoms deep. Knowing that the whale must reappear, the boats pull off in various directions, that one at least may be within a *start*, as it is called—a distance of 200 yards—at the point of the whale's rising, at which distance they can easily reach and pierce him before he has taken breath enough to enable him again to sink.

On his reappearance, the boats pull towards him as

rapidly as possible, and a general attack is made with lances, every hand striking as deep as he can, and as near as possible to some vital part. Blood and oil spurt out and tinge the water for a wide range, sprinkling the crews, and sometimes drenching them. As the battle continues, the whale gets more and more exhausted; as



COMING UP TO BREATHE.

death approaches, he generally makes a convulsive effort to escape, rearing his tail high in the air, lashing the water with it, and sometimes striking a boat; but at last the struggle is over, and, powerless to move, the huge monster lies on his side or back and quietly expires. Swiftly two holes are made in the whale's tail, ropes run

through and attached to the boat, and then the prize is borne off triumphantly to the ship.

Speaking of the maternal affection of the whale, Captain Scoresby says: "When the young whale is struck, its mother joins it at the surface of the water, whenever it has occasion to rise for respiration; encourages it to swim off; assists its flight by taking it under her fin; and seldom deserts it while life remains. She is then dangerous to approach, but affords frequent opportunities for attack. She loses all regard for her own safety, in anxiety for the preservation of her young; dashes through the midst of her enemies; despises the danger that threatens her; and even voluntarily remains with her offspring after various attacks on herself from the harpoons of the fishers. In June, 1811, one of my harpooners struck a sucker, with the hope of its leading to the capture of the mother. Presently she rose close by the 'fast boat;' and, seizing the young one, dragged about a hundred fathoms of line out of the boat with remarkable force and velocity. Again she rose to the surface; darted furiously to and fro; frequently stopped short, or suddenly changed her direction, and gave every possible intimation of extreme agony. For a length of time she continued thus to act, though closely pursued by the boats; and, inspired with courage and resolution by her concern for her offspring, seemed regardless of the danger which surrounded her. At length, one of the boats approached so near that a harpoon was hove at her. It hit, but did not attach itself. A second harpoon

was struck—this also failed to penetrate; but a third was more effectual and held. Still she did not attempt to escape, but allowed other boats to approach; so that, in a few minutes, three more harpoons were fastened; and in the course of an hour afterwards she was killed.”

Adventures with whales are not the only adventures of the whaler. Often has he to face danger from icebergs, such as the following:—

For ten days we had fine weather and light winds, but a southerly gale sprung up, and drove us to the northward, and I then found out what it was to be at sea. After the gale had lasted a week, the wind came round from the northward, and bitterly cold it was. We then stood on rather farther to the north than the usual track, I believe.

It was night, and blowing fresh. The sky was overcast, and there was no moon, so that darkness was on the face of the deep—not total darkness, it must be understood, for that is seldom known at sea. I was in the middle watch—from midnight to four o’clock—and had been on deck about half an hour, when the look-out forward sang out, ‘Ship ahead! starboard—hard a-starboard!’

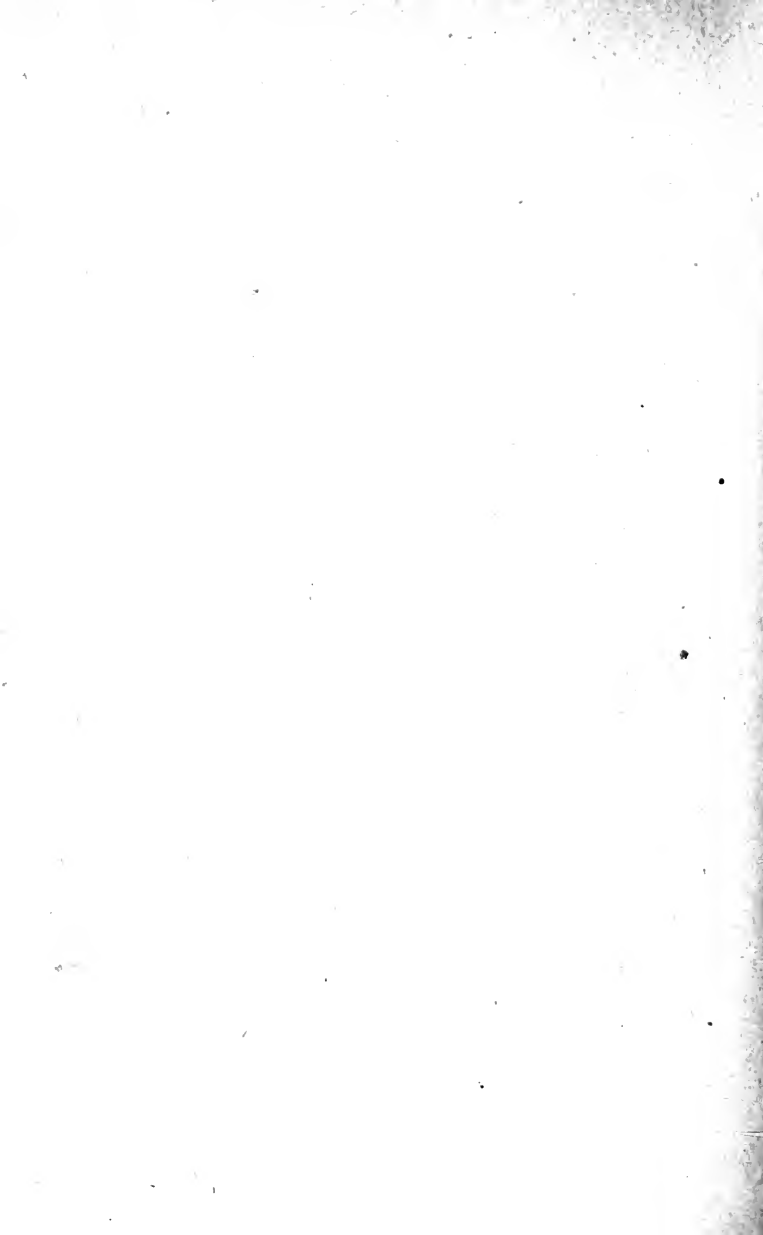
These words made the second mate, who had the watch, jump into the weather-rigging.

‘A ship!’ he exclaimed. ‘An iceberg it is, rather; and all hands wear ship,’ he shouted, in a tone which showed there was not a moment to lose.

The watch sprung to the braces and bow-lines, while



WHALE PROTECTING ITS YOUNG.



the rest of the crew tumbled up from below, and the captain and other officers rushed out of their cabins. The helm was kept up, and the yards swung round, and the ship's head turned towards the direction whence we had come. The captain glanced his eye round, and then ordered the courses to be brailed up, and the main-top-sail to be backed, so as to lay the ship to. I soon discovered the cause of these manœuvres; for, before the ship wore round, I perceived close to us a towering mass, with a refulgent appearance, which the look-out man had taken for the white sails of a ship, but which proved in reality to be a vast iceberg; and attached to it, and extending a considerable distance to leeward, was a field, or very extensive floe, of ice, against which the ship would have run, had it not been discovered in time, and would, in all probability, instantly have gone down, with every one on board.

In consequence of the extreme darkness, it was dangerous to sail either way; for it was impossible to say what other floes, or smaller cakes of ice, might be in the neighbourhood—and we might probably be on them before they could be seen. We therefore remained hove-to. As it was, I could not see the floe till it was pointed out to me by one of the crew.

When daylight broke the next morning, the dangerous position in which the ship was placed was seen. On every side of us appeared large floes of ice, with several icebergs floating, like mountains on a plain, among them; while the only opening through which we

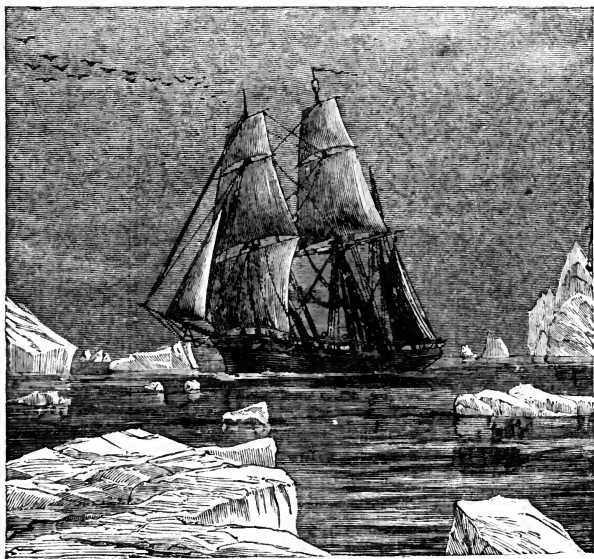
could escape was a narrow passage to the north-east, through which we must have come. What made our position the more perilous was, that the vast masses of ice were approaching nearer and nearer to each other; so that we had not a moment to lose, if we would effect our escape.

As the light increased, we saw, at the distance of three miles to the westward, another ship, in a far worse predicament than we were, inasmuch as she was completely surrounded by ice, though she still floated in a sort of basin. The winds held to the northward, so that we could stand clear out of the passage, should it remain open long enough. She, by this time, had discovered her own perilous condition, as we perceived that she had hoisted a signal of distress, and we heard the guns she was firing to call our attention to her; but regard to our own safety compelled us to disregard them until we had ourselves got clear of the ice.

It was very dreadful to watch the stranger, and to feel that we could render her no assistance. All hands were at the braces, ready to trim the sails, should the wind head us; for, in that case, we should have to beat out of the channel, which was every instant growing narrower and narrower. The captain stood at the weather-gangway, conning the ship. When he saw the ice closing in on us, he ordered every stitch of canvas the ship would carry to be set on her, in hopes of carrying her out before this should occur. It was a chance whether or not we should be nipped. However, I was

not so much occupied with our own danger as not to keep an eye on the stranger, and to feel deep interest in her fate.

I was in the mizen-top, and, as I possessed a spy-glass, I could see clearly all that occurred. The water on which she floated was nearly smooth, though covered



AMONG ICEBERGS.

with foam, caused by the masses of ice as they approached each other. I looked; she had but a few fathoms of water on either side of her. As yet she floated unharmed. The peril was great; but the direction of the ice might change, and she might yet be free.

Still, on it came with terrific force, and I fancied that I could hear the edges grinding and crushing together.

The ice closed on the ill-fated ship. She was probably as totally unprepared to resist its pressure as we were. At first I thought that it lifted her bodily up; but it was not so, I suspect: she was too deep in the water for that. Her sides were crushed in, her stout timbers were rent into a thousand fragments, her tall masts tottered and fell, though still attached to the hull. For an instant I concluded that the ice must have separated, or, perhaps, the edges broken with the force of the concussion; for, as I gazed, the wrecked mass of hull and spars and canvas seemed drawn suddenly downward with irresistible force, and a few fragments, which had been hurled by the force of the concussion to a distance, were all that remained of the hapless vessel. Not a soul of her crew could have had time to escape to the ice.

I looked anxiously; not a speck could be seen stirring near the spot. Such, thought I, may be the fate of the four hundred and forty human beings on board this ship, ere many minutes are over.

I believe I was the only person on board who witnessed the catastrophe. Most of the emigrants were below; and the few who were on deck were, with the crew, watching our own progress. Still narrower grew the passage. Some of the parts we had passed through were already closed. The wind, fortunately, held fair; and though it contributed to drive the ice faster in upon us, it yet favoured our escape. The ship flew through

the water at a great rate, heeling over to her ports; but though, at times, it seemed as if the masts would go over the sides, still the captain held on. A minute's delay might prove our destruction.

Every one held his breath as the width of the passage decreased, though we had but a short distance more to make good before we should be free.

I must confess that all the time I did not myself feel any sense of fear. I thought it was a danger more to be apprehended for others than for myself. At length a shout from the deck reached my ears, and, looking round, I saw that we were on the outside of the floe. We were just in time; for the instant after the ice met, and the passage through which we had come was completely closed up. The order was now given to keep the helm up and to square away the yards, and, with a flowing sheet, we ran down the edge of the ice for upwards of three miles before we were clear of it.

Only then did people begin to inquire what had become of the ship we had lately seen. I gave my account, but few expressed any great commiseration for the fate of those who were lost. Our captain had had enough of ice, so he steered a course to get as fast as possible into more southern latitudes.



IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

CHAPTER IV.

A TRIP WITH WHALERS.

AS male of the *Traveller*, of Peterhead, Mr. Penny urged the captain (Captain Simpson) to proceed up Barrow Strait, having only procured half a cargo at Pond's-Bay fishery. They were lying becalmed, twenty-five miles off Navy-Board Inlet; the sea was like a mirror. Penny asked to be allowed to go with three boats, and had them provisioned and ready, when the master declared it was too great a distance. However, at breakfast, he got him to consent, and was off in a moment. After a long, weary pull of six hours, they reached Cape Hay, the east head of the islet, and heard a noise like a distant waterfall. Landing to see if they could discover what it was, a shoal of whales was seen

coming round the point of the inlet, not half a mile away. Keeping the boat's head well out, being alongside of a large piece of ground-ice, at the end of a quarter of an hour up came the shoal of whales, about twenty yards from them. The gun was ready, and just as they were approaching—not two fathoms from the boat's bow—the foremost whale caught sight of the boat, and took fright. Penny favoured him with a harpoon, but the spade of the weapon broke off. The shoal of whales was in confusion, and the wounded whale, with the harpoon in its head, floundered up the inlet, and Penny's boat went after it. When they opened up the inlet, the sight they beheld far exceeded anything they had ever before witnessed. It was perfectly bewildering, and defies description; there were immense shoals of whales, white whales, sea-horses, seals, and bears. Penny's boat was alone, the companion boats having gone after the frightened shoal of whales.

A large piece of ground-ice lay before Penny, and hard by a whale, apparently asleep on the water, sluing round and round. He thought she would make an easy capture, and was about to dart his harpoon into her body, when she lifted her tail, gave the whole crew a right good shower-bath, smashed one of their oars, and went down. They tried her with a harpoon under water, but she escaped. She had been watching the boat's approach, but was, perhaps, unwilling to disturb herself until she knew its business.

A group of whales at the land-ice caught the whalers'

attention, and within ten minutes they were fast to a fine specimen; but there was no companion boat in sight. With his feet firmly planted, and the line smoking with the friction as it ran out, Penny called to the men :

“ Water the lines, or they’ll be on fire ! ”

The creature was swift and powerful, and the run on the line was frightful. It stopped; she appeared, and then was off again with a second harpoon in her, and three-quarters of a mile of line. Then she blew blood. They cut the line, made it fast to an ice-floe, and went after her to tow her down to where they had fastened the line; but a strong current out of Navy-Board Inlet carried her off the floe, and they left her and returned to their lines, and ascertained, to their chagrin, that a loose fish had been playing the mischief with them.

The other two boats had followed down Barrow’s Strait after the fugitive whales, and here was Penny and his boat’s crew, with hundreds of whales round them, and but little chance of capture; so that it was necessary to return to the ship. A fresh breeze had sprung up and brought the ship in, but too much to the leeward to enter the inlet; it bore down Barrow’s Strait, and in two days got a-fishing in good earnest. Just in the height of their great success a gale came on, and they were caught in the face of the ice. Having some four whales to put into the casks, they did so; but so heavy were the strokes the ship got from the ice, that it made the casks jump in the hold, and the men too. After sixteen hours of this work, they contrived to warp the vessel outside of the broken

A SEAL ROCK.



ice or pack, where four other whales lay ready to be flinched.

Sixteen hours' work, and then to work the ship out of the ice, was no light work, and we may be sure the men were pretty well done up. A short time only elapsed before another shoal of whales appeared, and the work had to be renewed.

"What's to be done now, William?" was the inquiry put to Mr. Penny.

"Kill whales, sir, while we can keep one eye open," was the prompt answer.

The boats were off at once, and soon fast to a whale. The captain got aboard, and hove the ship off as it began to blow a strong breeze, with sleet and snow. The boat's crew managed to kill five whales. Two died at the bottom, with seven lines out; and just as they had another close to the surface, the harpoon drew, and she was lost. Another played the same game. The boats were then called in; and as the crew began to haul in the lines, what with fatigue and the blinding drift, human nature could stand it no longer, and the men fell asleep at their work. Penny went from man to man, shaking them up, and urging them to get the whales aboard; but this they could not do, so they moored the fish to the ice, and went on board. They were so done up with want of sleep, that they dropped down while hauling in the lines. "When we were at dinner," Mr. Penny says, "I fell fast asleep with the spoon in my hand."

A good spell of sleep made every one concerned ready

for work again; but the weather was boisterous, and only at the risk of life was an attempt made—an attempt obliged to be abandoned—to get the whales aboard. Suddenly, after long and weary waiting, a cry was raised, “Ship in shore!” The cry was like an electric shock, and the alarm was well founded. They saw, too late, that the *True Love*, of Hull, had taken possession of their whales, their two boats, and seven lines attached to a harpoon. The sight was not a pleasant one, and Mr. Penny was most anxious to shove off with five boats’ crews, and claim the fish that it had cost so much to capture. He felt assured that the officers of the *True Love* would return their prize, if the affair were explained, and if it were shown that the whales and boats were not abandoned, but were being watched from the ship. If the crew of the *True Love* would not yield to reasonable arguments, they might be compelled to yield to those of force; but the captain would not hear of this plan.

They had only to reach along the land-ice up Barrow’s Strait as far as Admiralty Inlet, a distance of from forty to fifty miles, to find thousands of whales. Having killed nine at a fall, the loose ice set in, and forced them into a much worse position than before at Navy-Board Inlet, and the old *Traveller* had to take her chance; but, having a good strip of ice outside her, she lay pretty comfortable. One of the whales was carried away by the ice. Penny, along with another, was dispatched to pick it up. Having launched their two boats over the loose, broken pieces of ice, off they set under double-reefed

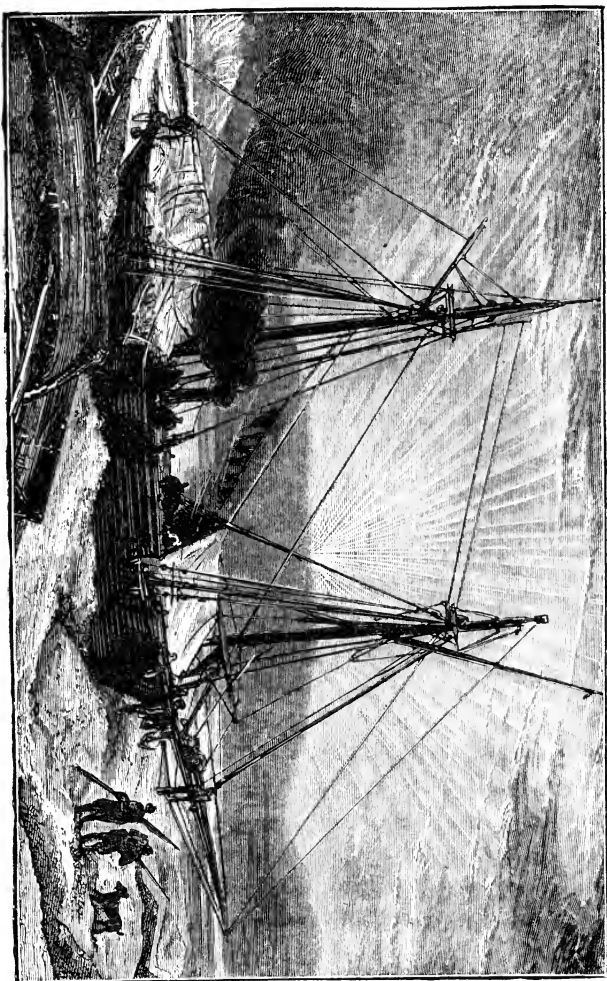
canvas, picked up two whales, broke their line with the heavy surge, and nearly capsized their boats. Whenever they got fast to the whales, they set full sail; but the current was running so strong out of the inlet, that it carried the whales to windward even with the two boats in tow. A vessel passing at this time, they pulled on board to ask the captain to give them a tow with his ship down to the floe-edges. He kindly consented, and towed them within half a line of the ice; but all their efforts were ineffectual in securing their prize. The weather was awful, and, after a near chance of destruction, they were forced to abandon the whales, and lose thereby six hours' labour.

Few occupations give more room for good-tempered patience, for often the most laborious work continued for many long hours ends in nothing.

Penny and his men had driven down to Durban Head, when several whales were seen; and he in his boat, with three other boats, was dispatched to see what he could do. "As all the boats were pulling too close to me," says Penny,—“it was against orders—I stopped and told them to take a berth off one another, as we came in shore. I, of course, being last now, had just reached the little rock off the north point of Durban Island (not having a gun with me), when a fish rose close in shore of us; we allowed her to pass; then a long pull and a strong pull, and we reached her tail. She heard our boat, and her tail began to slip ahead. I hove my harpoon, while the whale turned short round Durban Island,

flying as only a whale can fly, turning into every bight of land, never going down, we at her very tail, with our inside oars ready to pull the boat off any sloping point; at such a rate did she fly, that the sailors were for cutting the line, as the waves were often over their heads. For seven miles she kept her course, and then turned right round and dipped; then she came up to breathe a little; and just as I had hauled up to put a lance in, she was off again, now right for the ship, a distance of ten miles. Two boats' crews were kept to finish the chase. One of our boats pulling off with his jack flying, the master was off to the mast-head, and, as soon as he got into the crow's-nest, he called out to us to cast at the whale. We made our boats fast to the fish, she running at a frightful pace; there seemed no prospect of her stopping, and two miles farther would take us to the ice. But an ensign was run up to recall the boats, and the guns fired; and after running us over two more miles, we lost our whale, having held her fast for ten hours."

Mr. Penny says that, on the same night, the *Juno*, of Leith, with a cargo of thirty-six whales, was wrecked. The captain had given orders, if any ice was seen during the night while he was abed, not to attempt to wear the ship. A piece was seen on the lee bow; the officer of the watch put up the helm and squared his main-yard, while contrary instructions were given by another officer; the consequence was—the ice drifting rapidly—that the ship ran right into it, and stove in her bow. The concussion was so great as to break down the bulk-head; the



ICE-BOUND



blubber came in contact with the fire, and she was in a blaze. At the same time the *Dee*, of Aberdeen, having some whales alongside lying at the land-floe, the loose ice drifted them clear of their prize, and the shocks of the swell were so great, that it seemed every moment as if the vessel must go to pieces. A boat's crew was left to look after the whales, and the *Dee's* double-reefed topsail being set, with the help of hands sent from other vessels, she was got off, and the strong current carried her free of the ice. Sometimes a whole winter is past in an ice-field which closes too gradually to break, yet so closely as to fix the ship beyond all power of removal.

When, on that awful night, the storm moderated, some forty dead whales were to be seen drifting away with the heavy ice-pack. Mr. Penny was very anxious to complete the cargo, seeing so many whales almost within reach; but the risk appears to have been too great. "The gale," he says, "continued up Barrow's Straits, broke up the ice, and the whales disappeared through Admiralty Inlet into the Gulf of Boothia, and we had to take our course along the west side of Davis's Straits to Exeter Bay, a still more dangerous fishery, which is conducted by leaving the ship."

The promptitude with which the whaler has to deal with his prize finds constant practice among the floating ice which infests the whaling seas. "Ice ahead!" is as stirring a sound as "A fall! a fall!" One night, Mr. Penny says, the alarm of ice was given.

"I jumped up on the fore rigging, and saw one line of broken water close under our lee.

"Square the main-top-sail! Up helm! Down fore-sail! Call all hands!'

"There was no time for ceremony; the ship was on the face of a pack. The master was a sleepy-headed man, but this time he required no second summons.

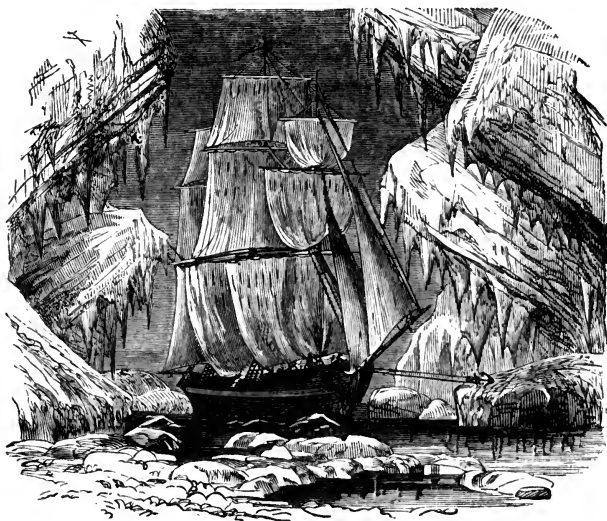
"My God! we must take it, sir. She has no room to wear.' His eyes were not quite open yet. 'If she comes broadside on that heavy ice, she is wrecked between those two pieces. There, now! steadily, I say; wear her, for the life of you! Shift the helm only when I tell you!'

"The next moment the ship entered between the two pieces of heavy ice. To have struck upon either was certain destruction. Aloft the men shook out all reefs; she came in contact with a mass of ice right ahead, which shook every timber; the men were pitched about, the masts were bending under press of sail.

"The second mate was dispatched to the line-room. Up he came in a hurry to report that ice was in the line-room. Down I went and asked him to come down and show me where it was. In one half-hour she had forged ahead through as much ice as formed a natural break-water, and, for the time, was saved. The pumps were set to work; she sucked; and one long, loud cheer went up in thanks to God for His great mercy.

"We were then about thirty miles off the Cape of God's Mercy, having forged some seven miles through

the pack; and for two days we drove before the gale. At last it moderated, and hauled to the westward. The vessel was very heavily laden, and there was still great risk, and preparations were being made to lighten the ship, when a cry was raised,



ANCHORED TO THE BERG.

“ ‘ Land on the lee bow ! ’ ”

“ Sure enough, there was an immense iceberg.

“ ‘ Down fore-sail ! Up helm ! ’ ”

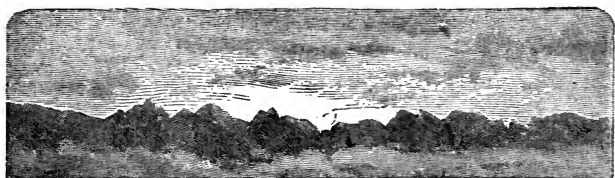
Mr. Penny went to the captain, and suggested that, if they could get hold of the berg, it would take them into open water in a few hours. The orders were given, and

readily obeyed. In went the ship under the berg in a calm. To attach the vessel was no easy task ; there was the risk of life or limb—the risk of everything : but Penny did his work admirably, and, by-and-bye getting free of the ice, the old *Traveller* bowled along, under press of canvas, nine miles an hour.

But attempts to clear the floating fields of ice are not always so successful as this. Penny tells of one of the not uncommon sudden calamities which befall the whaler from this cause.

“ We were running with studding-sails low and aloft, and were hard across Baffin’s Bay. Three or four ships had passed between two floes. I was at the mast-head, and called out to let the master know that the lead was close in, and that we had better haul-to round the north end of the floe-piece. I did not think the *Eglinton* would be in time. Captain Todd was snow-blind at the time, and one of the harpooners was on the mast-head. Captain Simpson came up. I hurried to the deck, knowing that all the studding-sails should be hauled down and the yards braced up. I was watching the *Eglinton*’s progress. I saw her take a turn to windward, and called out, ‘The *Eglinton*’s caught! She is gone, sir!’ And just as I had spoken was the work of destruction done. Those below had not time to put their clothes on. The mischief done, the floes slacked off again ; the fine, stately ship’s masts and yards were lying on the ice. We stopped to give what assistance we could to the unfortunate people.”

DESERT OF CENTRAL ASIA.



DESERT OF CENTRAL ASIA.

DURING the first three days' march the impressive, endless silence of the desert—a silence as of the grave—cast a most powerful spell over my soul.

Often did I stare vacantly for hours, my eyes fixed on the distance before me, and as my companions believed me to be sunk in religious meditations, I was very seldom disturbed. I only half observed how, during the march, certain members of our caravan nodded in sleep on the backs of their camels, and by their ludicrous movements and sudden starts, afforded our company exquisite amusement.

Any one overcome with sleep would lay hold of the high pommel of the saddle with both hands, but this did not prevent him from either, with a forward lurch, knocking his chin with such force that all his teeth chattered, or, by a backward one, threatening to fall with a somersault to the ground. Indeed this last often

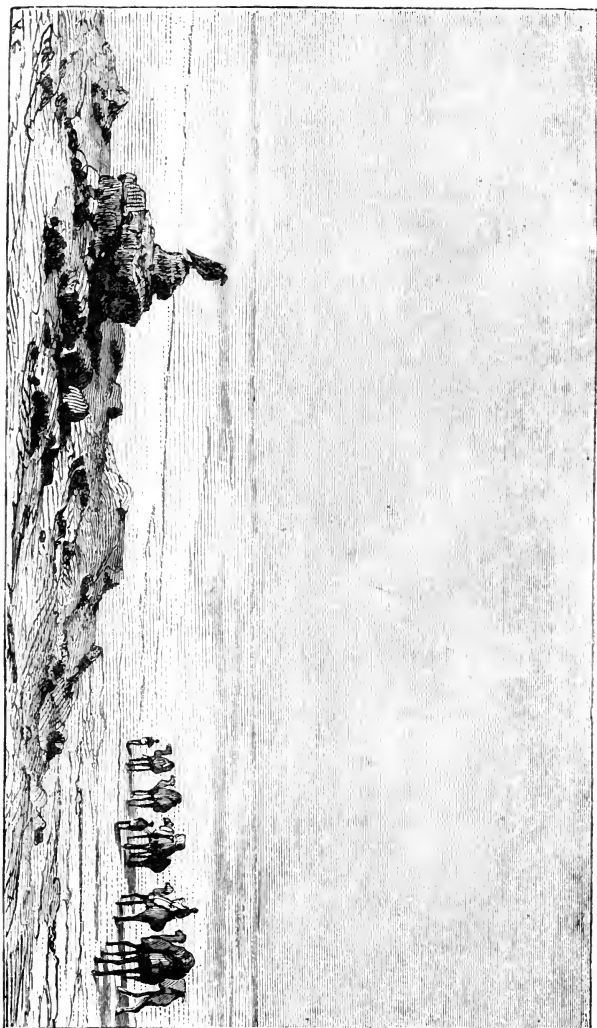
happened, arousing the hearty laughter of the whole party. The fallen became the hero of the day, and had to support the most galling fire of jokes on his awkwardness.

The most inexhaustible fountain of cheerfulness was a young Turkoman, named Niyazbirdi, who possessed no less liveliness of spirits than agility of body, and by every word and movement contrived to draw laughter from the most venerable of the Mollahs.

Although he was owner of several laden camels, he was, nevertheless, for most part, accustomed to go on foot, and running now right, now left, he alarmed by cries or gestures any group of wild asses that showed themselves along our route. Once, indeed, he succeeded in getting hold of a young wild ass, which, through fatigue, had loitered behind the rest.

The young shy creature was led along by a rope, and was the occasion of really droll scenes, when its lucky captor gave a prize of three spoonfuls of sheep's-tail fat to any one who dared to mount it. Three spoonfuls of sheep's-tail fat is a tempting prize for Hadjis in the desert, so that many were seduced by the prospect of gaining it. Nevertheless they could make nothing of this uncivilised brother of Balaam's charger, for the unfortunate Hadjis had no sooner seated themselves on its back than they were stretched sprawling in the sand.

Only after a march of several hours is general weariness to be remarked. All eyes are then turned towards



IN THE DESERT.

the *Kervan bashi*, whose gaze at such a time wanders in every direction to spy out a suitable halting-place, that is to say, one which will afford most plentiful fodder for the camels. No sooner has he found such, than he himself hastens towards it, while the younger members of the caravan disperse themselves to right and left to collect dried roots, or scrub, or other fuel.

Dismounting, unpacking, and settling down is the work of a few moments. The hope of much desired rest restores the exhausted strength. With speed the ropes are slackened, with speed the heaviest bales of merchandise are piled up in little heaps, in whose shade the wearied traveller is accustomed to stretch himself. Scarcely have the hungry camels betaken themselves to their pasture-ground, when a solemn stillness fills the caravan. This stillness is, I may say, a sort of intoxication, for every one revels in the enjoyment of rest and refreshment.

The picture of a newly-encamped caravan in the summer months, and on the steppes of Central Asia, is a truly interesting one. While the camels, in the distance but still in sight, graze greedily, or crush the juicy thistles, the travellers, even the poorest among them, sit with their tea-cups in their hands, and eagerly sip the costly beverage. It is nothing more than a greenish warm water, innocent of sugar, and often decidedly turbid; still human art has discovered no food, has invented no nectar, which is so grateful, so refreshing in the desert as this unpretending drink. I have still a

vivid recollection of its wonder-working effects. As I sipped the first drops, a soft fire filled my veins, a fire which enlivened without intoxicating. The later draughts affected both heart and head; the eye became peculiarly bright, and began to gleam. In such moments I felt an indescribable rapture and sense of comfort. My companions sank in sleep; I could keep myself awake and dream with open eyes.

After the tea has restored their strength, the caravan becomes gradually busier and noisier. They eat in groups or circles, which are here called *koosh*, which represent the several houses of the wandering town. Everywhere there is something to be done, and everywhere it is the younger men who are doing it, while their elders are smoking.

Here they are baking bread. A Hadji in rags is actively kneading the black dough with dirty hands. He has been so engaged for half an hour, and still his hands are not clean, for *one* mass of dough cannot absorb the accumulations of several days. There they are cooking. In order to know what is being cooked, it is not necessary to look round. The smell of mutton-fat, but especially the aroma, somewhat too piquant, of camel or horse cutlets, tells its own tale. Nor have the dishes when cooked anything inviting to the eye. But in the desert a man does not disturb himself about such trifles. An enormous appetite covers a multitude of faults, and hunger is notoriously the best of sauces.

Nor are amusements wanting in the caravan-camp

when the halt is somewhat prolonged. The most popular recreation is shooting at a mark, in which the prize is always a certain quantity of powder and shot. This sort of diversion was very seldom possible in our caravan, as on account of our small numbers we were in continual danger, and had therefore to make ourselves heard as little as possible.

My comrades were accustomed to pass their leisure time in reading the Koran, in performance of other religious exercise, in sleeping, or in attending to their toilette. I say "toilette," but it is to be hoped that no one will here understand the word to imply a boudoir, delicate perfumes, or artistical aids. The Turkomans are accustomed to pluck out the hair of the beard with small pincers. As to the toilette of the Hadjis, and, indeed, my own, it is so simple and so prosaic as to be scarcely worth alluding to. The necessary requisites were sand, fire, and ants. The manner of application I leave as a riddle for the reader to solve.

Certainly, of all the nations of Asia, the Tartar seems to fit in most appropriately with the bizarre picture of desert life. Full of superstition, and a blind fatalist, he can easily support the constant dread of danger. Dirt, poverty, and privations he is accustomed to, even at home. No wonder then that he sits content in clothes which have not been changed for months, and with a crust of dirt on his face. This inner peace of mind could never become a matter of indifference to me.

At evening prayers, in which the whole company took part, this peace of mind struck me most forcibly, and I thanked God for the benefits they enjoyed. On such occasions the whole caravan formed itself into a single line, at whose head stood an imâm, who turned towards the setting sun and led the prayers. The solemnity of the moment was increased by the stillness which prevailed far and wide, and if the rays of the sinking sun lit up the faces of my companions, so wild yet withal so well satisfied, they seemed to be in the possession of all earthly good, and had nothing left them to wish. Often I could not help thinking what would these people feel if they found themselves leaning against the comfortable cushions of a first-class railway carriage, or amid the luxuries of a well-appointed hotel. How distant, how far distant are the blessings of civilisation from these countries !

So much for the life of the caravan by day. By night the desert is more romantic, but at the same time more dangerous. As the power of sight is now limited, the circle of safety is contracted to the most immediate neighbourhood ; and both during the march and in the encampment every one tries to keep as close as possible to his fellows.

By day the caravan consisted of but one long chain : by night this is broken up into six or eight smaller ones, which, marching close together, form a compact square, of which the outmost lines are occupied by the stoutest and boldest. By moonlight the shadow of the camels as

they stalk along produces a curious and impressive effect. During the dark starless night everything is full of horror, and to go one step distant from the side of the caravan is equivalent to leaving the home circle to plunge into a desolate solitude.

In the halt by day each one occupies whichever place may please him best. At night, on the contrary, a compact camp is formed under the direction of the *Kervan bashi*. The bales of goods are heaped up in the middle; around them lie the men; while without, as a wall of defence, the camels are laid, tightly packed together, in a circle. I say laid, for these wonderful animals squat down at the word of command, remain the whole night motionless in their place, and, like children, do not get up the next morning until they are told to do so. They are placed with their heads pointing outward and their tails inward, for they perceive the presence of an enemy from far, and give the alarm by a dull rattle in the throat, so that even in their hours of repose they do duty as sentinels.

Those who sleep within the *rayon* find themselves in immediate contact with the camels, and, as is well known, they have not the pleasantest smell. It often happens that the saline fodder and water which these animals feed upon produce palpable consequences for such as sleep in their immediate neighbourhood. I myself often woke up with such frescoes. But no one takes any notice of such things, for who could be angry with these animals who, although ugly in appearance, are

so patient, so temperate, so good-tempered, and so useful ?

It is no wonder that the wanderers over the desert praise the camel as surpassing all other beasts of the field, and even love it with an almost adoring affection. Nourished on a few thorns and thistles, which other quadrupeds reject, it traverses the wastes for weeks, nay, often for months together. In these dreary, desolate regions, the existence of a man depends upon that of the camel. It is besides so patient and so obedient, that a child can with one *tshuck* make a whole herd of these tall strong beasts kneel down, and with a *ber-r-r* get up again.

How much could I not read in their large dark-blue eyes. When the march is too long, or the sand too deep, they are accustomed to express their discomfort and weariness. This is especially when they are being laden, if too heavy bales are piled upon their backs. Bending under the burden, they turn their heads round towards their master ; in their eyes gleam tears, and their groans, so deep, so piteous, seem to say, “ Man, have compassion upon us ! ”

As the word of command to encamp is enlivening and acceptable, so grievous, so disturbing, is the signal for getting ready to start.

The *Kervan bashi* is the first to rouse himself. At his call or sign all prepare for the journey. Even the poor camels in the pastures understand it, and often hasten without being driven to the caravan ; nay, what is more

extraordinary, they place themselves close to the bales of merchandise with which they were before laden, or the persons who were mounted on them.

In a quarter of an hour everybody has found his place in the line of march. At the halting-place there remains nothing but a few bones, gnawed clean, and the charred traces of the improvised hearths. These marks of human life in the desert often disappear as quickly as they were produced ; sometimes, however, they are preserved through climatic accidents for a long time ; and succeeding travellers are cheered by falling in with these abandoned fireplaces. The black charred spot seems to their eyes like a splendid caravanserai, and the thought that here human beings have been, that here life once was active, makes even the vast solitude of the desert more like home.

It is remarkable that the imposing aspects and most frequent natural phenomena of the desert do not fail to impress even the nomads who habitually witness them.

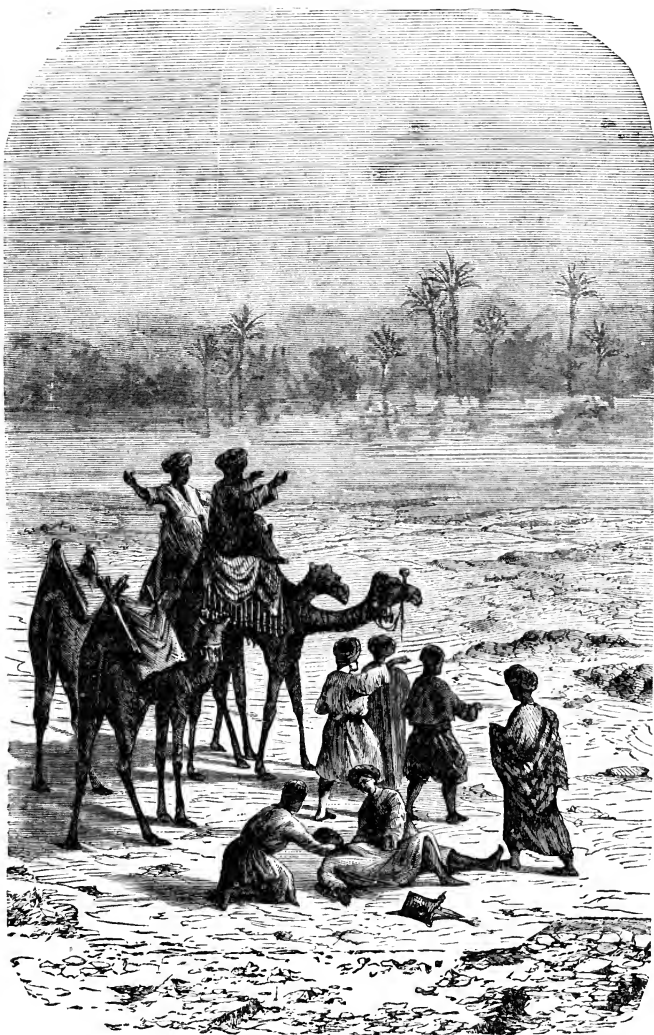
As we were crossing the high plateau of Kaflan Kir, which forms part of Ustijort, running towards the north-east, the horizon was often adorned with the most beautiful Fata Morgana. This phenomenon is undoubtedly to be seen to the greatest perfection in the hot, but dry, atmosphere of the deserts of Central Asia, and affords the most splendid optical illusions which one can imagine. I was always enchanted with these pictures of cities, towers, and castles, dancing in the air ; of vast caravans,

horsemen engaged in combat, and individual gigantic forms which continually disappeared from one place to reappear in another.

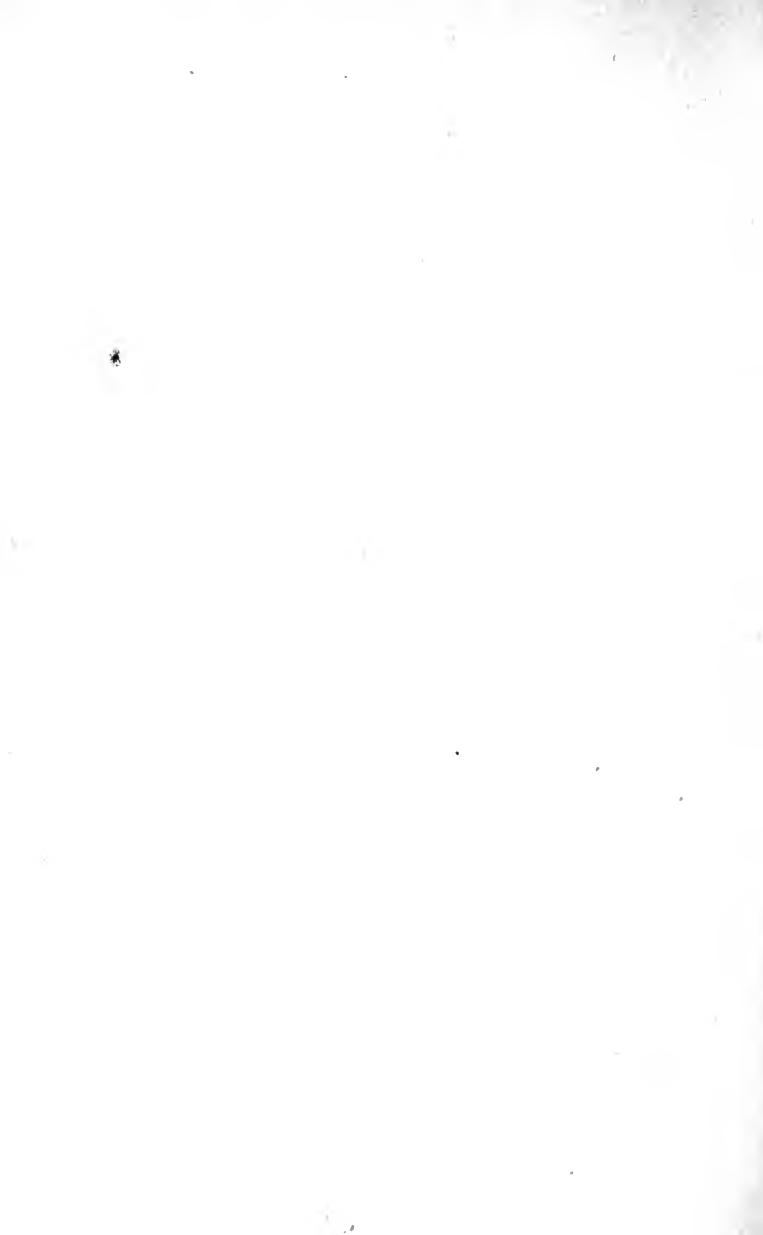
As for my nomad companions, they regarded the neighbourhoods where these phenomena are observed with no little awe. According to their opinion these are the ghosts of men and cities which formerly existed there, and now at certain times roll about in the air. Nay, our *Kervan bashi* asserted that he also saw the same figures in the same places, and that we ourselves, if we should be lost in the desert, would, after a term of years, begin to hop about and dance in the air over the spot where we had perished.

These legends, which are continually to be heard among the nomads, and relate to a supposed lost civilisation in the desert, are not far removed from the new European theory which maintains that such tracts of country have sunk into their present desolation, not so much through the operation of natural laws as through changes in their social state.

As examples, are cited the great Sahara of Africa and the desert of Central Arabia, where cultivable land is not so much wanting as industrious hands. As regards these last countries the assertion is probably not without some truth, but it certainly cannot be extended to the deserts of Central Asia. On certain spots, as Mero, Mangishlak, Ghergen, and Otrar, there was in the last century more cultivation than at present; but taken as a whole, these Asiatic steppes were always, as far back as the memory



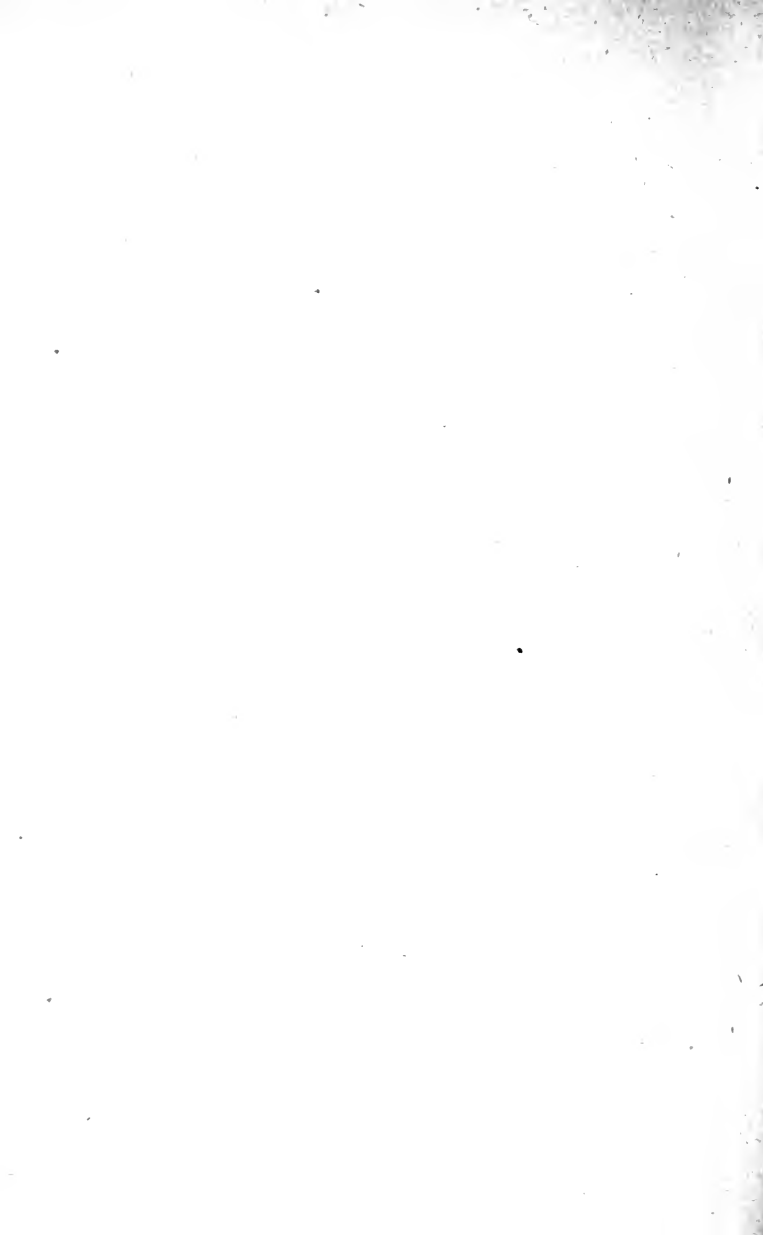
THE MIRAGE.



of man goes, howling wildernesses. The vast tracts which stretch for many days' journeys without one drop of drinkable water, the expanses many hundred miles in extent of deep loose sand, the extreme violence of the climate, and such like obstacles, defy even modern art and science to cope with them.



CONSTANTINOPLE AND SCUTARI.





CONSTANTINOPLE AND SCUTARI.

CHAPTER I.

THE moment we near Constantinople, the magnificence of its situation and the marvellous beauty of the whole scene makes an indelible impression. There is the long Seraglio Point (not too high to be a promontory, nor too low to be a *spit*), the end of the undulating ridge of "the seven hills," gently sloping to the sea, so as to reveal all its buildings; and then the wonderful breaking up of the city itself by the water which separates what is after all but one city—Constantinople, Pera, and even Scutari on the Asiatic shore.

No one building, as we sail along and new portions of the city open up to view, arrests the attention. There is nothing imposing in any of the details, although the general effect is so wonderful. This is produced, as far as I could determine, in the first place, by the many minarets which rise like white palms from the ridge, and

which seem to lift it up as if to hold converse with the sky.

The superbly gilded crescent of St. Sophia is about 150 feet in diameter ! No wonder it should be seen 100 miles off when glittering under the sun's rays.

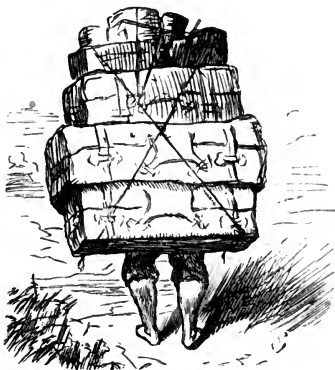
The buildings without the minarets would look flat, and by no means imposing. Indeed whatever may be said of the minaret as an element in the beauty of architecture, yet those pinnacles clustering the ridge of the Seraglio Point, as they gleamed in the sunshine, produced upon me a sense of fairy lightness and grace which no towers or steeples could do. Such an effect have they on the city landscape that, were they removed, it would be like cutting away the masts from a ship of the line.

Another peculiarity of the scene was the variety and mingling of colour everywhere. Houses white, brown, and yellow ; white minarets with tall cypresses, like black attendants ; trees and shrubs of every hue of green blossoming with the flowers of spring ; a picturesque confusion of gardens, palaces, mosques, and humble dwellings ;—all, framed by the cloudless sky above and the emerald green sea below, and gilded by the sunshine gleaming from the waves, and from the burnished ornaments on domes and minarets, made up an unrivalled picture of exquisite beauty.

Like all travellers who have landed on this shore, at the ugly-looking Custom-house, with its jabber and bustle, we were first struck by the *Hammels*, or common porters

—shock-headed, broad-shouldered, strong-limbed—who might have originated the idea of the Centaur, with the man's head and the horse's back and legs. The burthens which they pile upon their backs, and manage to carry up the steeps of Galata, are almost incredible. There are no such human beasts of burthen anywhere else upon earth.

Constantinople from without is more picturesque than



A HAMMEL.

from within. The streets are narrow, and wretchedly paved with small round stones. They are without foot-paths, are full of dust or mud, according to the state of the weather, and some of them, as from Galata to Pera, are so steep as to require to be cut into steps.

Such houses as one sees possess no feature of interest. As for those concealed within gardens and behind walls, I know nothing of them. Wooden houses everywhere

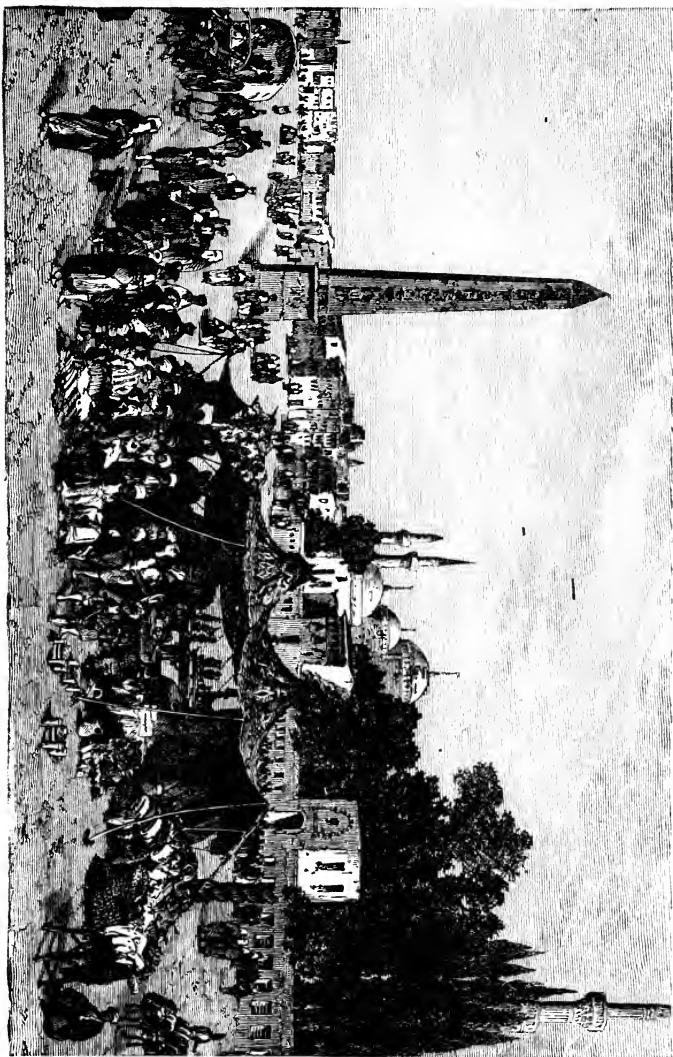
abound ; and in many parts of Stamboul there are great vacant places, rough and wild, as in an American city which has been working its way through a wilderness.

Here the wilderness is infested by dogs, and has been occasioned by fires, sloth, and a decreasing population. Everywhere there are signs of squalor and confusion, and the absence of taste, neatness, and comfort, with the presence, moreover, of many things to call forth a protest from eye and ear, nose and foot, and from the whole man—soul, spirit, and body.

Stamboul is more orderly than most Oriental cities, but in every respect, and in the best quarters, it is very inferior to any European ones. The bazaars, in point of interest, are not to be compared with those of either Cairo or Damascus, but being sheltered by roofing and glass from the rain and heat, they are comfortable as arcades, and contain tolerably good shops.

The chief article inquired for by travellers, especially ladies, is the attar of roses. It is hardly possible to get it genuine ; and whether the transparent or the opaque be the better is a matter of dispute. I believe in the latter. But under the guidance of some one who is initiated in the mystery, and with patience and a determination not to be taken in by mere appearances, it is possible to get a vial of such scent as will diffuse a delicious odour around it for years. The cost, as far as I remember, is about a napoleon.

The people one meets with in the streets are always a chief source of interest to the traveller in the East, and



THE MARKET-PLACE.

here they are, as might be expected, a mixture of East and West, with the costumes of both so modified by intercourse as to produce what, in contrast with those of Damascus for instance, must be called commonplace.

Yet there is nothing like them elsewhere in Europe. Ever and anon, there appear individuals or groups that attract one's attention as peculiar, and out-of-the-way looking;—merchants or travellers from different parts of Asia, with Tartar, Circassian, Wallachian, or Arab features and dresses.

Old-fashioned yellow coaches are also met with, hung on large antiquated leather springs. They have veiled ladies within, and the horses or mules are led cautiously along the rough streets by some confidential servant, Turk or Nubian.

A large number, too, of magnificent horses are to be seen, with fat Greek or Turkish riders, who look world-commanding and dignified, either from possessing a large purse, large power, or large person;—while everywhere the stream of life is dotted with thin American faces with imperials, and, if clergy, silk waistcoats, and the universal surtout and wide-awake.

The hotels are very comfortable, unextravagant, and quite European from the landlord to the boots.

The bridge, which connects the north side with the south, is a wooden one, supported by pontoons, and opening to let vessels pass. To give an idea of the number of passengers who cross it, I may mention that,

although the toll is less than a farthing for each, the annual revenue amounts to about £20,000. The bridge is the wharf also for the ferry steamers which constantly ply to every part of the Bosphorus within fifteen miles. There is another bridge further up the Horn.



CONSTANTINOPLE AND SCUTARI.

CHAPTER II.

OF all the remains of antiquity in Stamboul, the most interesting is the Hippodrome. In the days of Constantine this was a grand circus, in which took place those chariot races which were among the most favourite amusements of the Byzantine population, and hence its Turkish name, *Atmeidan*, or horse-course. The space thus once occupied is now without any enclosure, and is about 900 feet long and 450 broad. The statues which once filled it are gone ; but there remains at one end an old Egyptian obelisk, and not far from it is one of the most interesting memorials of the old heathen world—the Bronze Serpent.

Every traveller visits the grand old Christian Cathedral of St. Sophia. Alas ! it has been for some centuries a mosque, although the noblest mosque in which Mohammedans worship. The only exchange which we have

made with the Moslem, that may almost be called "fair" in so far as architecture is concerned, is in the case of what was once the Mosque of Cordova, but is now its Cathedral Church.

St. Sophia was built thirteen centuries ago at an enormous cost, by Justinian. For four centuries it has been in possession of the Turks.

There is nothing imposing in its massive exterior, which gives the impression simply of vast size. But its interior, in spite of the decay of its minute details, and the absence of all "furniture" (in accordance with the simplicity of Moslem worship), is one of the grandest and most stately in the world. All the essential portions of the original architecture still remain: there is the light and airy dome, as great in diameter as that of St. Paul's, rising 182 feet above the pavement, and reposing apparently on its forty windows which light up the centre of the church; the splendid pillars of porphyry and marble, some of which once belonged in all probability to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the roof of mosaic, greatly defaced it is true, but yet as a whole retaining much of its ancient splendour; with the noble space afforded for worshippers on the plain-like floor below, and the vast galleries above, formerly occupied by women only. It is said that 30,000 people can be accommodated within its walls.

I must, however, say something about the "Cistern of Constantine," or the thousand and one pillars, which we visited.

The entrance to it is by a series of wooden stairs,



CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA.

which, at an easy incline, descend from a bit of rough wilderness of huts, dogs, and squalor. We found a number of pillars—it is said 424—half buried in the earth, with a high roof overhead. The light was from some torches. The ground was rough and undulating, like the old workings in a stone-quarry or gravel-pit. It was once a huge cistern, and must have been very magnificent.

It is now employed as a sort of ropework, though silk, instead of oakum, is the twisted substance. It is a horrid hole, and should be left to the rats. A more fitting scene for a murder, or for the meeting-place of the banditti of a sensation novel, could not be conceived than this Yerebatan Serai, or “subterranean palace.”

I must also say something about the whirling Dervishes.

We had missed seeing either the whirling or dancing portion of this sect during the previous portion of our journey, though we had made every endeavour to be present at their peculiar worship.

I was glad that in Constantinople we were more fortunate, as the Dervishes belong exclusively to the East, and are one of its most remarkable though most fantastic institutions.

After some difficulty we discovered the place of their meeting, about a mile from the hotel, and somewhere in the heart of the many streets behind Haskioi. The mosque, or rather hall, in which they met, had on its floor a circular space railed off, with a little standing room beyond, and small galleries above, for spectators.

The Sultan pays, I believe, a weekly visit to this brotherhood, in order to please the ultra orthodox, who have a peculiar veneration for the Dervishes as a genuine type of Islam in its holiest days.

In the centre of the circle stood the leader, or priest, and in a recess sat the players with their few instruments emitting those strange, monotonous, sharp complication of sounds which constitute Turkish music. There were, I think, about twenty or so of Dervishes present. Their feet were bare; their heads covered with grey felt hats, like inverted flower-pots; and their clothing was a light-grey flannel petticoat, with a "body" that reached to the throat.

The exercise consisted in all the Dervishes, with arms extended horizontally and the tips of the fingers bent downwards, whirling rapidly with a regular motion, steady as that of a spinning-top (their garments extended like crinoline around them), and advancing at the same time round the enclosed platform in a circle, no one ever knocking against the other. Each man's countenance was intensely grave, and his eyes were fixed on the ground. At intervals they paused, while the priest repeated a prayer in which one sometimes caught the name of Moham-ed and Allah. I must confess that, to me, there was nothing ludicrous in their exhibition. The apparent earnestness of the men, and the visible connection between their "bodily exercises" and religion, removed it from the sphere of the ridiculous into one full of interest, pity, and sober questionings as to its causes

and origin. All religion, even in its false forms—whatever indeed is supposed to connect us in any way with God and the unseen world—cannot but stir the emotions and stimulate both the fancy and imagination.



WHIRLING DERVISHES.

But, wishing to judge charitably of these whirling tops, with their pale faces and empty heads, I repeat that I felt no contempt for them, nor any disposition to smile at them.

We visited the English churchyard at Scutari, and in crossing the narrow strait formed our first acquaintance with the caique.

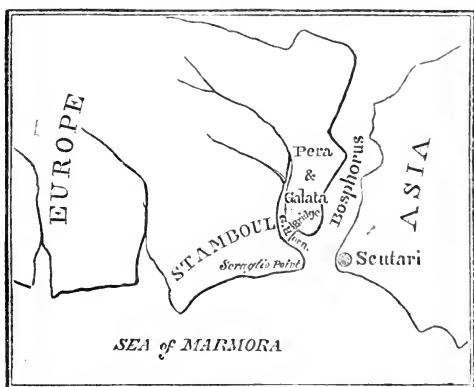
It is not unlike the Venetian gondola, and is doubtless either its parent or child in the genealogy of this kind of smooth-water boat. It is long and shallow, with a great tendency, so at least it seemed to *me*, to upset. Great caution is required when entering, and steadiness when seated or reclining on the cushions in its stern. It is paddled along like the gondola by from two to a dozen rowers, according to size, and is on the whole wonderfully expeditious and comfortable in these inland seas, though the breeze and tide even here tell greatly upon its motion and progress.

We landed some distance to the north of the place of burial, and in walking to it passed the famous graveyard of the Mohammedans : and also the great hospital which during the Crimean war was the scene of so much dreadful suffering by our brave officers and men, and the scene also, let me add, of so much noble self-devotion on the part of holy men and women who ministered to soul and body, and did good which will live when time shall be no more.

There is, I presume to think, no more beautiful burial-place on earth than that of Scutari, where the beloved dead of many an English home lie interred.

The ground is enclosed by a high wall. A lodge, with an English keeper, stands at the entrance-gate. The sacred spot itself is beautifully kept. In its centre towers

the noble and simple granite monument erected by our Queen—whose sympathies are with all that touches the hearts of her people. It is surrounded by many graves, and many memorial tombstones, bearing inscriptions which vividly recall old familiar names, and the days of combat already dimmed by distance, except in the me-



PLAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

mory of those sufferers, to whom this little spot is the whole world.

It was touching and strange to walk through this large place of tombs, and to remember that every one here had died from wounds received in battle, or from disease engendered by the campaign. And though the large graves—the tumuli—contained too many common soldiers to have their names and deeds recorded, yet one like

myself, who, as a parish minister, had been called to comfort the widow and the orphan, the mother or the father, of the soldier—to read his last letters, or the simple story from some comrade telling how he had fallen or died—could realise more than most men the sad family histories which were connected with the large green sod covering hundreds of the unknown and unnamed, as well as with the more elaborate monuments over better known and more illustrious dead. There was to me over this “Gottes acker,” the ever holy light of self-sacrifice—of death for interests not personal, but affecting humanity, and hallowed by the assurance that many a saint of God lay here interred, whose dust was precious.

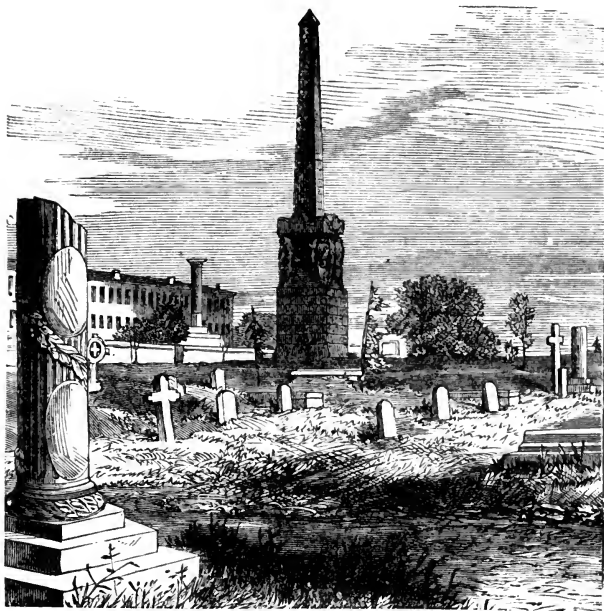
The view from this spot is almost unequalled—the minarets of Constantinople in the background to the right; the far-spreading sea of the Propontis, with the Princes Islands before, and the magnificent mountains of Asia Minor to the left, in the distant background, all forming a magnificent panorama.

Very different is the Mohammedan graveyard, which we again passed on our return. How far it extends I cannot tell. It covers acres upon acres, and seems endless.

Every spot of earth in it is occupied by a tomb or tall-growing cypress. Hardly a ray of sunlight can pierce the vast forest, or a sunbeam fall upon its graves. All is dismal as death. I would be afraid to attempt to penetrate its dark and interminable shades. A feeling of fear made me retrace my steps the moment I forced my way

round the crowded stems of trees and tombs, out of sight of the daylight. One shuddered to think of being lost in this endless cemetery of midnight gloom and corruption.

It is like the visible sign of Hades ; an earthly capital



THE CEMETERY, SCUTARI.

of king Death. Millions lie here ; and if more space can be found on hill or in valley, millions more will likely join them, to lie until the resurrection morning dawns in glory.

The contrast presented between this and the sleeping-place of our English dead is very striking.

The one so confused, the other so orderly : the one so black and loathsome, the other so green and fresh, so open to the blue sky, and full of sunshine : the one without an inscription or word to light up the valley of death or to comfort the mourner, the other inscribed everywhere with words of faith, hope, and love, inspired by Him who is " the resurrection and the life," " who was dead, is alive, and liveth for evermore."

BRAZIL.





BRAZIL.

CHAPTER I.

AT A SUGAR ESTATE.

IMAGINE we are driving along the road under a burning sun in a light phaeton, with a square hole in the back of the hood to let the air through.

We drive through part of the town, past pleasant villas, with strange trees and flowers in the small gardens.

Here is a pretty specimen: the low wooden house of one story, bright green jalousies, and a strip of grass in front of the deep porch, where in the evening the inmates will be seen sitting in rocking-chairs and drinking their coffee. Hanging over the wall is a plant with huge, white, trumpet-shaped flowers in beautiful contrast with the scarlet leaves of a large bush, of both which we only see tiny plants in England, carefully kept in hot-houses, or put on dinner-tables on great occasions. Scattered about

the garden are bushes of Cape jessamine, and a dozen other flowering trees and shrubs; but what will catch your eye at once are the straight, smooth stems of two young cabbage-palms, on each side of the gate, covered for about fifteen feet with a hanging garden of orchids, yellow, white, pink, and purple, which have only been tied to the trunk of the tree with a bit of string, and grow and flower year after year without any more trouble being taken with them.

And now a word about these "cabbage" palms. The stem is quite smooth, of a tender purple grey colour till about five feet below the crown of dark green leaves, and there begins the succulent green shoot, from which the leaves spring, and which, when the tree is cut down, makes the famous "palm-cabbage," justly considered one of the greatest delicacies to be had in this part of the tropics; the shoot is cut in rounds about two inches thick, and boiled; and when it comes to table, it looks somewhat like an immense round of white celery, only much more delicate. But I always feel I am doing something wrong in eating it, because the whole of one of these noble trees, sometimes 180 feet high, is sacrificed for the four or five feet of cabbage.

But we must hurry on, along a flat road into the country, past the wharf and its shipping, and the "stores," as the shops are here called, with their high open doorways, in each of which sits an old negress with a tray of nasty sweetmeats, driving the flies from them with a square grass fan.

The road is crowded with passengers, for it is market-day ; a small market goes on every day, because provisions such as meat, fish, eggs and fruit, will not keep more than twenty-four hours : but twice a week is the great market, and then it is most amusing to see crowds of negroes,



AVENUE OF CABBAGE-PALMS.

coolies, and Chinese, sitting on the ground with little heaps of strange fruits and vegetables in front of them, or standing by their fish-stalls, chattering in French, English, Spanish, Hindostani, and Chinese, like a nest of macaws.

But at this time of day all these worthies are trooping back to their homes in the country round, and the road looks for a mile or two like a moving fair.

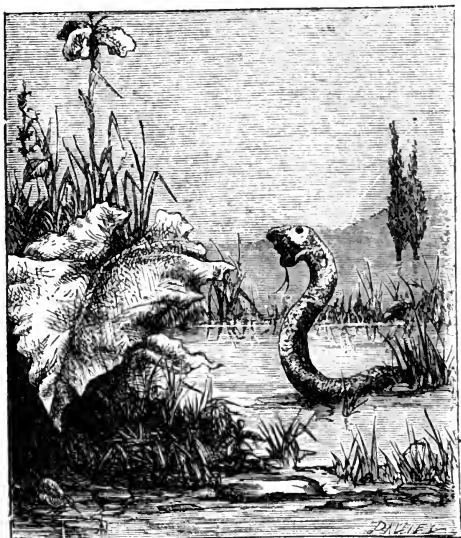
Here comes a Spaniard on his mule, "racking" or "pacing," as the curious trot is called. It is an ugly



ON THE ROAD.

movement to look at, but extremely comfortable to the rider, as he sits perfectly still, and the mule trots with both feet on the same side at once, like an elephant, and goes as fast as an ordinary pony can canter. The rider in this case has on a wide hat, over his shoulders a

ponchilla (or square piece of cloth with a hole in the centre through which his head goes), and a bright purple poncho, or kind of over-cloak, fastened to the front of his saddle. Next we pass women and mules returning with burdens from the market.



IN THE SWAMP.

Here come the sugar carts bringing in hogsheads of brown sugar to be shipped at the port, each with from five to seven fine mules drawing them. They are harnessed here on a curious plan, four leaders abreast, and three wheelers, with immensely long traces between them, which

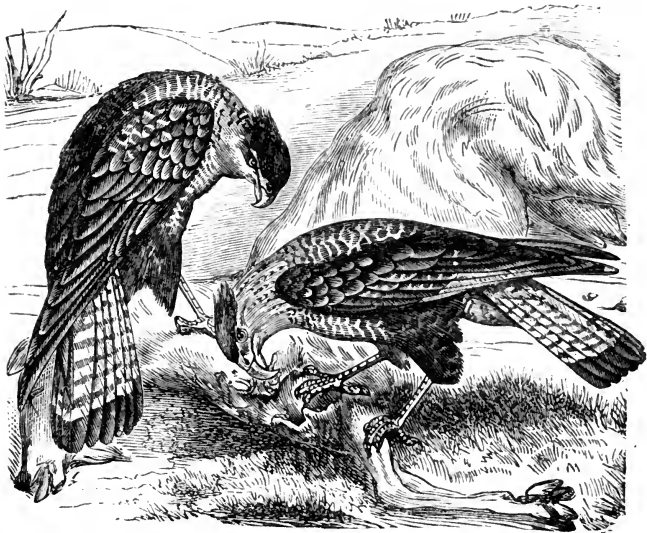
seems to our English eyes a great waste of power; but upon inquiry we found it was necessary, as in the bad roads here you sometimes come to a perfect quagmire, and it would be impossible to drag the cart through if the whole of the team were sticking in the mud at once, so the leaders get through as best they can, and being the greater number, drag wheelers and cart through bodily.

I had no idea before I came to these parts what fine animals mules could be. These West Indian mules are as large as horses, and are very valuable, costing from £30 to £50 a-piece; but they are very uncertain and dangerous in their tempers, being liable to sudden fits of passion. I remember once being really frightened riding along this very road at six in the morning, for we met a great drove of about forty mules being driven by four or five men down to some estate, and just as they got near us they "stampeded," and set off full gallop, biting, kicking, and squealing as only mules can do, and we were very glad to shove our horses into the ditch, where we stayed in safety as this whirlwind rushed by.

The road runs along the flat ground at the foot of the hills, with open grass pastures on one side, in which the mules manage to find enough to live upon, though in England I think it would be considered quite "starve-donkey-land."

See, in the corner of one of these pastures is an ugly sight. A horse or mule has died, and upon what is left of its body are a pair of vultures, fighting and feasting:

but these horrid creatures have their use, for they are the scavengers of the towns. They are never hurt, and are in consequence afraid of no one ; and as you ride through the streets in the early morning, they just hop from under your horse's feet and fly lazily up to the gable



VULTURES.

of a house, where they will sit crouched together for hours like things carved out of wood.

In the intense heat of these regions decay is so rapid, that the towns would be perfectly uninhabitable were there none of these ugly birds ; and in Brazil their value

is felt so strongly that a fine of £10 is imposed on anybody who kills one of them.

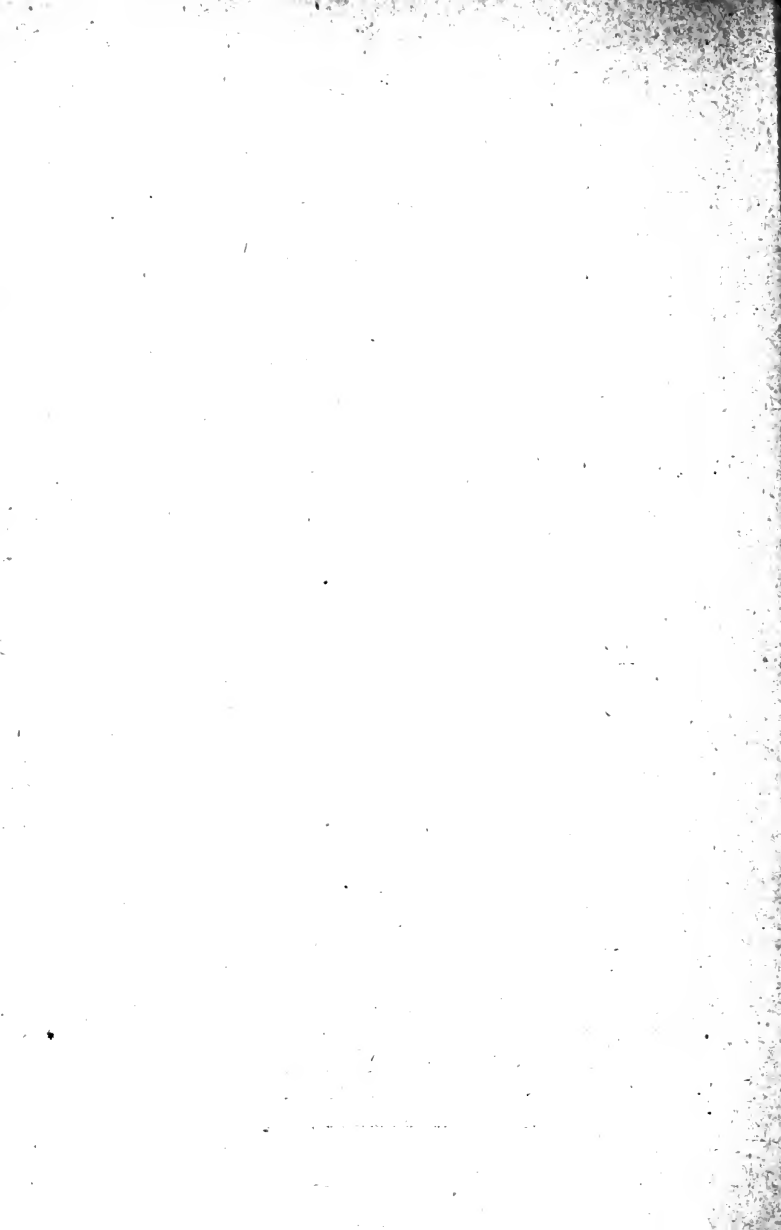
As we get farther away from town the country changes. The trees on either side disappear; the houses become more concentrated into villages, instead of being scattered here and there along the roadside; and coming to the top of a little rise surmounted by a group of gigantic cabbage palms from 100 to 150 feet high, we see before us a bright green sea of sugar-canes stretching away for miles and miles to where it is bounded by the blue line of the forest, "Mato Virgen," as they call it in Brazil, with nothing to break its monotony but the tall chimneys of the works, and an occasional palm even taller than the chimneys.

Now we are near our destination and turn down a side road to the ——— estate. Sugar-canes on either side of the road, feathering down to the ground, with a slight bank round each cane-piece, in which live countless numbers of lizards, brown ones with green and blue tails, green ones with brown tails, of all sizes, from four inches to two feet long. There they sit, basking in the heat of the sun, and when you come a little too near, up go their tails, and away they scuttle to their holes.

The canes are beautiful at any time of day, but never so beautiful to my mind as in the early morning, when each long leaf is sparkling with dew-drops, and the slightest breeze sets them all rustling and shaking with such strange sounds, that you think at least a tiger or a bear is rushing through upon you.



SUGAR-CANES.



Beautiful, too, are the long lines of bamboos planted along every watercourse through the estate, for the sake of the excellent fuel they yield for the engine fires. You cannot believe when you look at a group of them that they are a *grass*, and also that they will grow fifty or sixty feet high in one year, but so it is—strange as it may seem; and not only are they one of the most beautiful of God's creations, but one of the most useful too. They are used for houses, railings, fire-wood, pipes for water, and among a dozen other things, where we in England use earthen pots for our flowers in the garden, here single joints of bamboo are used; for you must understand that they are not like the bamboo sticks we see in England. Those are only the young branches; but the main stem, from which the little branches and leaves spring, is sometimes fifteen or eighteen inches round.

But here at last we are at the works, and as we drive into the yard, the manager stands waiting for us in front of his pleasant house, surrounded with mango and rose apple trees, and orchids in full bloom in hanging baskets all along the eaves.

The open space in front of the crushing house is a gay scene. Mule carts coming in in long strings from the fields; heaps of cane lying on the ground, each piece about four feet long, all the bright green leaves stripped off, and a crowd of coolies passing and repassing with bundles of it on their shoulders, as big as a fagot; picturesquely grouped round the doorway, men, women, and

little children lounging, laughing, talking, and sucking the sweet cane.

In "crop time" the children, especially the negroes, get as fat as little pigs, from the quantity of sugar they eat; for they are never without a bit of cane, tearing the



NEGRO AT REST.

hard outside off with their teeth; which accounts for the fact that you hardly ever see a negro man or woman who has not lost two upper front teeth.

Of course, we must eat some cane, though we must

have it nicely peeled with a knife ; and I think you would pronounce the juice from the white fibre inside the cane to be one of the nicest things you had tasted.

Now let us follow the cane from the yard, where it has come from the field, and is cut into lengths for its next process.

Into the crushing house the bundles of cane are now brought and placed between rollers. The crushed cane, or megass as it is called, comes out on the farther side of the rollers, and is lifted out into trucks on a tramway outside by means of a machine just like our English straw lift. It is taken away and stored carefully in a large shed till next crop time, when it is used to feed the engines, as it burns much better than coal.

The juice, which pours from the crushed cane, runs into a pipe, through which it is forced up by steam into large troughs on a raised platform, where it remains till a scum rises. When the scum has risen, the juice is purified. When purified it is let out through taps into boilers, four in succession, and the contents of the four are called "a strike." It is ladled from one of these boilers into the other with large ladles at the end of a pole, and in the last gets a beautiful sherry-brown colour.

The way they find out when the sugar is sufficiently boiled, is by dipping the ladle in, and turning it quickly with the mouth downwards ; and if the froth adheres to the bowl while you count three, it is ready for the next stage, which is to be dashed up into narrow wooden troughs, through which it runs into the "coolers."

The people seem pleased and amused at English people caring to see the process of sugar-making. I shall never forget their grins of delight on one occasion, when a gentleman who was with us, and who was himself the possessor of a fine sugar estate, took a ladle from the hands of one of the negroes, and began working away with a will. "Ah!" said one man, "Massa good, he work petit-petit; Massa better if he work much, much."

The coolers are large iron pans about eighteen inches deep, and ten or twelve feet square, and the hot juice crawls slowly over them, and in a couple of hours becomes hard brown sugar, when another "strike" is let in, and so on till the "cooler" is full. The sugar is then taken out and put into hogsheads in the "curing house," the wooden floor of which is full of little gutters. Each hogshead has a quantity of small round holes pierced in its side round the bottom, and through them the molasses, known, too, as treacle, drains out into the wooden gutters, leaving the brown sugar ready for shipping, to go through the further process of refining in England.

All this process takes a good deal longer to see than to say, and now that we have been all through the works and tasted sugar in all its stages, the afternoon is wearing on and we must be going homewards, rather hot with the heat of the furnaces and the boiling sugar, added to the natural temperature of 85° in the shade; but a glass of iced water soon sets us all right, and the air will be quite cool before we reach the town.

Bidding farewell to the kind manager, we drive off

again up, the "trace," or straight road, through the cane pieces, and as we turn out into the main road look at that curious tree. What can it be? A willow you will say, from its leaves. No, look at the upper branches forty feet up, they are covered with broad leaves like a poplar. It is two trees. The broad-leaved one is the real one, a Bois Immortelle, and the other one is a willow-leaved fig.

He began as a seed, which a bird carried up into some fork of the Bois Immortelle. There he sprouted, and grew, and let down roots which dangled in the air; then he threw his roots round the tree, and clasped it tight; and his arms and legs grew larger and thicker, till at last they covered the trunk all over and began to grow into each other, killing all the lower branches with their cruel embrace; and now the poor tree inside will get weaker and weaker every year, and throw out fewer and fewer leaves, till it ends in being completely killed by the ungrateful fig, who will turn into a large tree himself, and quite forget that he ever began as a poor weak climber.

The villages look bright and busy in the afternoon sun: every one leaves off work here about four, and spends the rest of the day lounging and gossiping.

Some of the negroes' houses are very picturesque with their palm-leaf thatch. The mid-ribs of the leaves placed neatly together inside form a pretty ribbed ceiling, while the matted mass of leaves outside is a capital place for hide-and-seek for a couple of green parrots, who run about the roof quite loose and tame.

As we near the town we find the tide is out, and

consequently the smell from the great mangrove swamps we must pass is most unpleasant, and suggestive of fever and ague. The only way in which these swamps can be destroyed is by planting young cocoa-nut palms in them; and in a few years the roots of the cocoa-nuts suck up the poisonous mud, and turn it into dry ground; but this of course can only be done round the edge of the swamp, which in the place I speak of is thirty miles long.

The air is deliciously cool at five o'clock; a fresh breeze blowing off the mountains, and making the bamboos at the gate rattle and creak as we drive up to the door. I will try to tell you next chapter about the strangest part of the twenty-four hours—the Tropic Night.



BRAZIL.

CHAPTER II.

A BRAZILIAN NIGHT.

ABOUT half-past four in the afternoon the air begins to get cool, and then you see every one coming out of their houses, and going for their evening ride or drive round the racecourse; unless they have been out all through the heat of the day.

The sun loses his power as he nears the horizon, and sinks down like a flaming ball, quicker and quicker, till he drops so suddenly into the sea you almost expect to see a splash. The gorgeous gold and crimson clouds he leaves behind him are brought into strong relief by a row of cocoa-nut palms, between us and the west; and then in a very few moments all trace is gone, and, before you can get home, the glory of stars and moon appear. Never shall I forget my amazement the first time I saw

the shadow of myself and my horse thrown distinctly by Venus, or when with the naked eye I saw one of Jupiter's satellites ; and everything in the moonlight is as clear and sharply defined as if it were daylight.

But leave the sky, and look at the earth. What is that tiny spark which flashes and disappears, and flashes again in the grass at your feet ? And there is another, and another—hundreds upon hundreds—the air, the grass, the bushes, are alive with them ; even the moonbeams pale before their tender green and golden light. You try to catch one, which passes nearer than the others ; and, when you open your hand, half expect to see a tiny fairy standing upon it, with a lamp in her hand, ready to light her queen. But what *do* you find ? No fairy, certainly ; only an ugly little brownish beetle, who flashes his miniature policeman's lantern in your face, and then flies quietly away to join his friends in their evening's amusement. You look round in astonishment to know the meaning of this, and are greeted most likely by a peal of laughter, at the poor European who does not even know a fire-fly when she sees one ! “ Only a fire-fly ! ” I think you will say with me, “ Only one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful creations which our heavenly Father has given to these tropic climes.” As you watch, more and more come out, rising higher and higher as the evening goes on, first among the leaves of palms, then lighting the heads of the larger trees with an illumination more delicate and beautiful than any planned by man, reaching their greatest numbers and beauty between eight and nine o'clock,

and then gradually decreasing, till by eleven o'clock there is hardly one left.

The first night I spent on shore, I was too much excited by the novelty of everything to sleep much ; and



A FIRE-FLY LAMP.

I was, moreover, perpetually disturbed by a light, which seemed to come through a crack in the door of my room, and which went out the moment I moved. At last I began

to get really uneasy, expecting to hear some one moving about the house, and was quite relieved to hear the steady tramp of the sentry past my window; but still the light kept appearing for a moment, and then going out again, when I suddenly remembered that a fire-fly had been imprisoned in my insect-net, and left on the table near the door the evening before, and heartily I laughed at finding out the innocent cause of my alarm.

Now that the sun has set, the air is heavy with the most delicious fragrance from all those white flowers which seem to shrink from giving forth their sweetness to his blazing heat and light, and to keep it for the moonbeams, as the Cape Jessamine, the Frangipane, the white Ixora, and various lilies in the gardens; and in the bush (*i.e.* the forest), from many wild plants and trees of which you not only do not know the names, but often cannot find out from which plant the scent comes. For instance, in one spot within a hundred yards of the house, every evening for many weeks we smelt the most peculiar and almost overpowering sweetness, quite different to anything else in the garden, and though two good botanists who had lived there for some years helped us in our search, we were never able to discover to what tree or shrub it belonged.

Now, too, go where you will, the air is full of the strangest noises—the buzz of the mosquito, the shrill whistle of a cicada, whose note is so loud that when it suddenly begins close to you it sounds almost like a dog-whistle. Strange notes, too, of night-flying birds, one of

which haunts the sea-shore, and as you wander along, a watchman's rattle is sprung over your head up in the air, which upon inquiry turns out to be produced by a small innocent-looking bird.

Now, too, the bats come out, all sizes and kinds, and among them the famous vampire bat, about which you hear so many stories of its sucking the blood of human beings and animals. And the stories are quite true, I assure you, for though I have not seen a human being bitten by a bat, I know many cases of it having happened, and I have often seen the horses bitten. The stables, you must understand, are stalls, with wooden back, roof, and sides, but open in front to the air; along the roof lamps are hung, as the bat will not approach a light, and if they burn till daylight the horses are safe, but the negro servants are very lazy and careless, and generally don't put enough oil in the lamps, and they go out about four in the morning, and before six the horse is bitten. One morning as I got on my horse, I saw a stream of blood running down his shoulder, which is the usual place they choose to bite, and on looking closely I found that it came from a very tiny, but deep triangular hole, which did not heal for two or three days, as a little bit of flesh was cut clean out. A single bite, if it is not a very bad one, does not generally do a horse much harm, but I have seen horses so faint and ill from loss of blood that they could do no work for a week.

About seven o'clock we go in for our evening bath, which is deliciously refreshing after the heat of the day, if

one does not happen to find a centipede in it ; but they have an uncomfortable habit of creeping up the pipes into the bath, where you find them half-drowned, but



MEN ATTACKED BY VAMPIRE BATS.

quite capable of biting as badly as an English viper bites. I used to fish them out with a teaspoon, and throw them out to the chickens, who eat them with perfect impunity. The insects are certainly unpleasant towards evening,

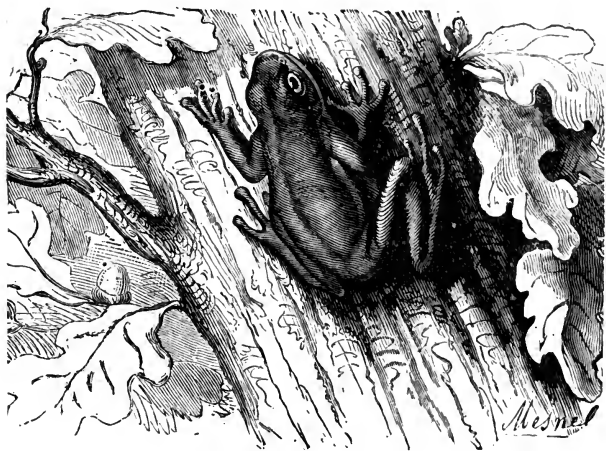
especially the cockroaches ; great chestnut-coloured fellows twice or three times as big as English ones, who eat every bit of leather they can get hold of, nibbling little white tracks over your travelling-bag, boots, books, &c., or sitting solemnly round a pomatum-pot twiddling their long horns, and hoping to get inside, if they wait long enough. But they are worst of all on board ship. One small steamer I was in once was full of them ; they got into our berth, they filled the saloon, and, worst of all, they ran over the very food ; and I defy any one to eat a bit of cockroach bread, for it surpasses all description ; so for three miserable days we were half-starved for fear of tasting cockroach again.

But to return to our evening ; after bath comes dinner, windows and doors all wide open ; the black servants looking most picturesque in their white clothes, all the candles in large glass shades, to prevent their being put out by the wind or by insects, which fly in swarms towards the light. There are mole crickets, just like the English ones ; endless varieties of moths, large and small ; a large green praying mantis settles on my gown, and is promptly caught, in spite of his struggles, and put into the poison-bottle ; then comes a huge beetle, who shares the same fate ; a locust flies in, but is too wary to let himself be caught ; and the table is alive with little hard-back beetles, who are so strong they will carry a large wine-glass about if you put it over them.

After dinner if you will walk up the garden towards the forest, you may see more than one strange thing. As

you go, something runs across your path, which you mistake for a great rat; but it is only a toad, eight or nine inches long, and nearly as broad, who scuttles along to a little well in the bed of pine-apples, and jumps in with a splash, which frightens into silence all his brothers and cousins who are holding their nightly concert there. But in a minute they recover their voices, and begin again, some snorting, some whistling, some squealing, and some barking almost like dogs; and if you creep near, you may see their ugly heads just above water in the clear moonlight, while their cousins, the tree-toads, are snoring and grunting in the trees over your head, and you wonder how such small creatures can make so much noise. There are many different kinds of toads in the tropics. Some in the island of Martinique are excellent eating; but the one which interested me most was one of those same tree-toads, a pretty little greenish-brown fellow about an inch and a-half long, with bright, sparkling eyes, and suckers on his toes, so that he could climb anywhere. We rescued him from the cat (who, I am sorry to say, was very fond of catching and tormenting toads and the poor little brown lizards which ran about the house), and put him under a finger-glass, where he lived very happily for a day, crawling about the glass, and up a little sprig we put in for him, and I was in hopes of being able to keep him as a pet; but one of the servants let him escape, which, perhaps, he preferred to spending the rest of his days with me. Now leave the toads and look at the bats, which are flying round the

stable lights or fluttering round the fruit-trees, nibbling at the fruit; for there are a whole family of bats here, as big as black-birds, who eat nothing but fruit, and plague the gardener as much as black-birds do at home. But still more I should like you to see the strange way in which many of the tropical flowers change colour at



A TREE-TOAD.

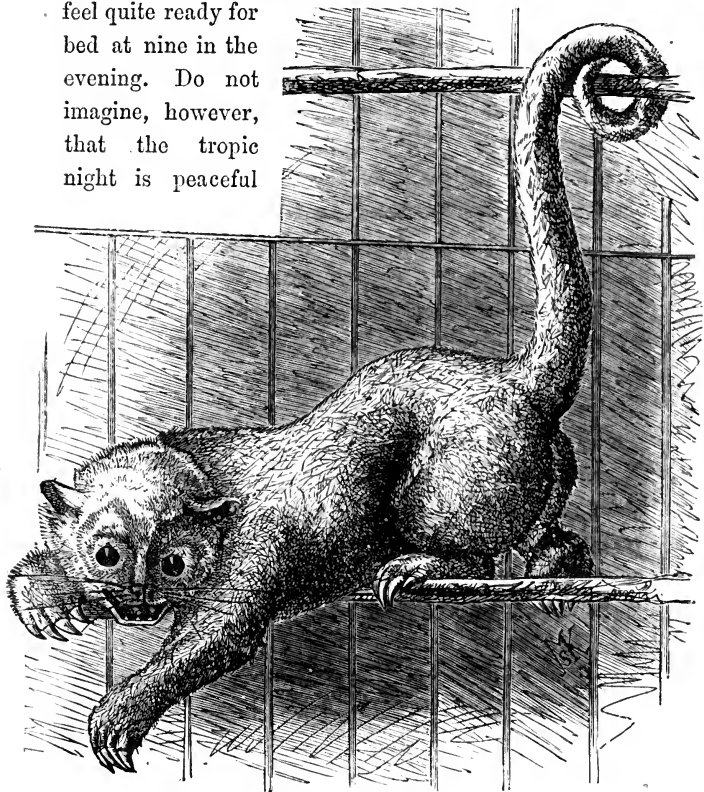
night. I dare say some of you may not believe me; but ask any botanist, and he will tell you that what I say is quite true. For instance, the morning I landed, a double hibiscus, like a snowball as large as a man's fist, was given to me, and I was told to watch it. I put it in a glass of water in my room in the shade, and went out,

forgetting all about it. In a few hours I came home, and went to look at my flower; but it was gone, and in its place was one of the same shape and size, but a dark rose-pink colour. I was fairly puzzled, and ran to ask what had become of my white one, and was then told that it was the very same flower I had seen in the morning, but that it always changed to red before evening, and was therefore called the Changeable Rose. This is the case with many other flowers; but one, which is in almost every garden, begins the day like a red jessamine, and turns white at night.

Coming back to the house, we take a look at the different pets in their cages. The deer is asleep, and so are the monkeys; but one little beast is showing himself off in an astonishing way. It is the Kinkajou, a lovely little furry thing, something like a racoon, about eighteen inches high, with a long prehensile tail, by means of which he swings himself from side to side of his large cage, turning head over heels, and crawling along the roof, and then springing to the ground and up again in a way that would fill Blondin or Léotard with envy. In the morning, when I went to feed him, he would be rolled up in a tight ball in one corner, and upon being poked up would slowly uncurl, hissing like a snake, and creep down to scoop out the inside of an egg with his long tongue, or cram bananas into his mouth with both hands, sitting demurely on his hind legs like a Scotch terrier.

By the time we get home it is quite late—almost nine

o'clock—for early to bed and early to rise is the general maxim here, and if you are up at six in the morning you feel quite ready for bed at nine in the evening. Do not imagine, however, that the tropic night is peaceful

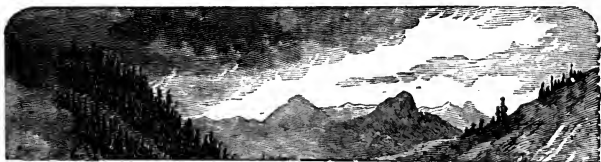


THE KINKAJOU.

and quiet like a summer night in England; quite the contrary, for one's slumbers are disturbed by the incessant

noise of insects, the barking of dogs, and that most irritating and wearisome of noises, the beating of tom-toms, or small drums, by the negroes and Coolies. They are not allowed by law to go on after ten o'clock; but often, when they think the police are gone to bed, they will begin again at one in the morning, and say, if they are caught, "Oh, it am a new day; it am de mornin'." Sometimes, too, one is woke by a frightful commotion among the hens and turkeys, of which there are always a large supply about the house, and one knows that a Manicou, as they call opossums here, has crept down from the forest behind the house, and carried off some luckless fowl for his midnight repast. Or, again, as sometimes happened, a pack of half-wild dogs comes up from the town and takes possession of the verandah outside one's room, and falling out among themselves in the middle of the night, begin barking and fighting till the sentry charges them with his bayonet down the passage and past one's door, and turns them all out. Or a shower comes down off the mountain with a roar of rain on the roof, louder than the heaviest thunder shower in England, and is gone again in five minutes, after waking you up with a start. But on the whole I found that if one got up before the sun and passed an active, wholesome day, neither insects, bats, opossums, dogs, nor negroes had much effect after ten o'clock, and so I hope will you, if you are ever fortunate enough to pass a night in the tropics.

SWITZERLAND.



SWITZERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

AFTER passing a day or two in Chamouny, my cousin and myself resolved to try the ascent of Mont Blanc.

The first thing to be done was to arrange with the guides. Balmat, as a matter of course, was to lead the expedition, but he went with us simply as a companion ; and it is impossible for me to mention his name without bearing testimony to the courage, the intelligence, and the worth of one of the most admirable and accomplished guides, and one of the truest gentlemen, in the strictest sense of the word, it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

Besides him, we were each to have two guides, who in turn were to supply themselves with a porter a piece to carry up the necessary provisions. To do the thing

as comfortably as we could, we further resolved to engage each a separate porter to carry up a mattress and blankets to the hut on the Grands Mulets.

Our party consisted of nineteen. By the hour of the table-d'hôte we had these arrangements completed, and the honour of being a good deal stared at and questioned as we swallowed our soup, and tried to look as though we were used to it.

As the evening passed on, the excitement increased. It was known of course to the whole village that we were to start next day, and groups stood at every corner discussing the chances and gazing up to the mountain with varying prognostications.

Our acquaintances came round us to offer us their good wishes. One kind old man, an English clergyman, gave us his blessing as he bade us good night, with an earnest expression of his anxiety for our success. The young looked at us with envy, the old, I fear, with a strong opinion that we might go farther than the comfortable fireside of our hotel, and fare none the better for it.

At six next morning we were afoot: no very early hour for Switzerland; but we were not to start till eight.

At last the provisions were packed, the beds made fast to the wooden supports on which they were to be carried, knapsack-fashion, and the guides adjourned to breakfast, and thereafter proceeded in a body, with their wives and families, to the church, to ask the blessing of Heaven on



CHAMOUNY AND MONT BLANC.

the undertaking in which they were about to embark. I trust, though we did not accompany them, we had already realised how little human strength or courage might avail in what lay before us, and had each for himself besought the aid of Him into one of the most glorious and solemn courts of whose earthly temple we were about to seek an entrance with no irreverent steps.

A few gentlemen who had applied to join us had already set off a good half hour in advance, with six guides and as many porters, so that our whole cavalcade numbered no less than thirty-four persons.

The porters taking a short cut, Balmat and one or two of the guides led the way through the pastures towards the pine wood, which covers the ridge immediately to the north of the Glacier des Bossons.

In about twenty minutes we struck the wood, and began to ascend by a track which at last became so steep, that nothing short of riding up a flight of stairs, with every third step wanting, can give a fair idea of my situation. At ten minutes to ten we had got out of the wood, and reached the last human habitation we were to encounter, a small chalet kept by a sister of one of the guides, and round which we already found the porters clustered on the grass.

The mule track taking a considerable round at this point, I rode on, accompanied by two of the guides, across a rough open plain, covered with moss-grown boulders and Alpine rhododendrons, and stretching

steeply upwards to the glaciers, that stream from the base of the mighty Aiguilles directly overhead.

In the distance, I could see the party in advance, like mites creeping along the ground; and after a zig-zag ascent of some three-quarters of an hour, in the course of which I had three times to dismount, from the steepness of the track, I reached, at a quarter to eleven, Le Pierre Pointue, a large block of stone, where the mule track ceased, and dismounting, turned sharp to the right towards a deep ravine, which separated the ridge by which we had ascended from that down which the Glacier des Bossons descends.

From this spot the path was a mere shelf in the precipitous side of the gully, some 200 feet above its bottom, but, with ordinary care, not dangerous; and we soon reached the top of the ravine, crossed its mouth, and began a heavy trudge over the granite blocks which formed the lateral moraine of the great glacier. Here some of our porters began to show symptoms of distress, and one of them especially had to be assisted. At half past eleven we overtook the other party busy at breakfast on a large boulder stone, called Le Pierre de l'Echelle, or rock of the ladder, under whose lee are deposited the ladders used in the passage of the glacier.

We were all in the highest spirits; the keen and bracing mountain air had told on our hearts no less than on our appetites, and as we discussed our hearty meal, we gazed across the frozen sea before us to the peaks of the Grand Mulets, which were to be our resting-place for the

night, with a wonderfully increased confidence in our success, when the little we had done to earn it is taken into account. But in these mountain climbings no unimportant auxiliary is the sense of vigour and elasticity which, under a height of 10,000 feet, the air of the Alps brings with it.

At twenty minutes past twelve we were again afoot, and in ten minutes struck the glacier, after a hurried march across a piece of ground dangerous from its exposure to the avalanches of snow and ice which are continually falling from the glacier of the Aiguille du Midi directly overhead.

The glacier at this point is rent and torn by a thousand crevasses, which far exceeded in number and magnitude anything I had ever seen, and at times appeared hardly to justify the expectation of our finding a track amongst them. We passed one after the other, with cautious steps, over ridges of ice, looking down on either side into chasms of which the bottom could seldom be seen, and whose walls, sometimes of the most exquisite blue, were frequently hung with a perfect drapery of icicles.

At times these were crossed on narrow bridges of snow, or boulders of ice whose steeply sloping sides afforded a precarious footing; at times long circuits had to be made to round them, or reach a spot at which they could be lept across.

Now we were marching along a long stretch of level ice, from which we could see the hills around, and the huts of Chamouny almost below our feet; again we were

hedged in in a deep basin, round which on all sides the glacier rose in icy pinnacles, and into or out of which the steps had to be cut in slow succession with the hatchet.

After an hour and a half of such work as this, we came upon two crevasses, where ladders had to be used to



SNOW PLAIN.

allow us to pass. In both of these the farther side was considerably higher than that on which we stood, and steps were cut in the upper bank of ice, from the spot to which the ladder reached. In climbing the last of these, I paused for a moment to look into the gulf beneath and was glad to find that though I cannot look without dis-

comfort out of a three-story window at home I was free from any sensation of giddiness.

Hedged in by this region of crevasses, was a part of the ice-field almost as wonderful, the region of Seraes, or cliffs of ice, which in this part of our route not unfre-



ICE CLIFFS.

quently reached a height of from fifty to sixty feet, and towered over our heads in every variety of fantastic shape.

Sometimes they took the form of huge sugar-loaves ; sometimes of the waving plumes of feathers suddenly turned into ice ; at times there were curious openings

pierced through them, through which we could look up to the blue sky above, or down into the valley below; often they fairly overhung our route, which, as we knew that the whole mass was in motion, materially quickened our steps till we had escaped from their dangerous vicinity; while everything around, ice, cliff, and plain alike, glittered in the sun with a brightness and intensity



UP THE SNOW SLOPE

of glare which the obscured spectacles and veils we wore hardly rendered tolerable.

At last the peaks of the Grands Mulets, of which, from the depth of the ice-valley through which we have been passing, we have for some time lost sight, again rise upon the view like islets in a frozen ocean.

A succession of snow-slopes, many of them very steeply inclined, are passed in turn, each of us treading carefully in the footsteps of the leader, or a false step or

a slip might send the stumbler down in a *glissade* over the brink of some yawning chasm. A few more crevasses are leaped or rounded, and gradually, as the great valley that stretches up to the Dome du Goûté rises in sight, we edge away to the left, and strike the rocks at a quarter to three in the afternoon, after a march upon the ice of upwards of three hours.

By this time we have got pretty well broken in to scrambling, and we climb these rocks with little trouble, holding on by the frayed and shattered masses of stone which lie piled one over the other down their sides, and swinging ourselves round the ledges in regular file, till we reach the top, in front of the little hut, erected a few years ago by the guides of Chamouny.

The first inclination is to give utterance to a shout of exultation; the next, to throw ourselves down upon the rock in silent admiration of the scene around us. And truly, we seem as though we had reached another planet, so strange and fantastic does everything appear.



SWITZERLAND.

CHAPTER II.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC (*continued*).

PERCHED upon a pinnacle of rock, we look down upon the glacier that encircles us on every side, and follow its upward course, to the right and to the left, hurled as it is in a frozen cataract from the margin of the Grand Plateau.

Turning to the west, the rocks of the Mulets themselves rise sharp and jagged into the sky, while beyond them the eye wanders to the valley of Chamouny, 6,000 feet below, and far across, over ridge after ridge of mountain tops, until the Lake of Geneva, sixty miles away, glitters in the sun, and the distant Jura on its farther shore, stretch like a haze along the horizon.

While we lie dreamily and delightedly gazing on this scene, three of the guides are dispatched to examine the

state of the glacier for some distance along the line of our next day's march, and we watch them wearily toiling along, sinking at each step half knee-deep in the snow, till the calls of hunger drive us into the hut at last, and we assemble round the little stove on which the guides have heaped the withered branches they have gathered in the march. We make room in the end for the guides, who hitherto have been busied outside, greasing our boots, drying our stockings and trousers in the sun, catching the water as it trickles from the melting snow on the roof or ledges of the rock, and in a thousand ways ministering to our necessities and comforts, with an attention and consideration which sometimes almost puts us to the blush; and as they assemble in turn around the little plank that does good service for a table, we gather about the stove talking of all we have seen and all we hope to see.

At last the porters, whose engagement terminates here, leave us, to return to Chamouny, and we turn outside again to watch their departure.

The guides who had been sent on to explore the track for the morning, return with the news that the snow is almost knee-deep, but that the crevasses appear to be such as may be passed without much difficulty, and so, lighting our pipes and cigars, we settle ourselves down in our several nooks to await the sunset.

I wish I could describe the wonderful vision that presented itself as the sun gradually sank below the horizon. For some time previous the clouds had been gathering in

thick masses in the valley below, and now they began like the smoke of a mighty cauldron to boil up in a thousand eddies.

Peak after peak yielded before them, and yet, every now and then, from little openings in their mass, some fair pasturage or wooded hillside would be seen, framed in with snowy wreaths, and bright with the sun's last rays.

Gradually the glacier itself became concealed, and as the sun descended behind the Jura, one vast ocean of cloud stretched round us, on which we seemed ourselves to float as on a rocky islet, and from which the mountain tops of the highest hills alone stood out into the sky. And then, as if some magician were spreading his wand over the scene, came a golden hue upon cloud and mountain top and sky alike, until it almost seemed as if we gazed upon some ocean in the land of dreams, where frost and ice and snow came never, but where the coral reefs stretched out into the sea, league after league, and the countless islets far away glowed beneath a sky that knew no cloud.

At last the light which gave its glory to the scene was gone, but lingered still upon the summit of the mighty hill itself. For a moment the mountain blazed over the masses of snow that now lay cold and grey around it, and seemed like a beacon fire to encourage us on; then it too changed to gloom, and the night came down around us studded with stars.

And yet again the scene was changed, for the moon

was near the full, and before we turned in for the night had risen behind the very summit of the hill. The scene was one of fairyland, but we were drunk with wonders, and the keenness of the air, with the thought that we



THE HUT.

were to rise next morning at one, drove us in at last, to forget the glories of the scene without in the difficult problem how we were to stow away twenty sleepers in a hut 14 feet by 7.

It was a problem indeed, but we managed it at last, those who had beds placing them side by side, and those who had not, completing the rows on straw or coats, or whatever turned up.

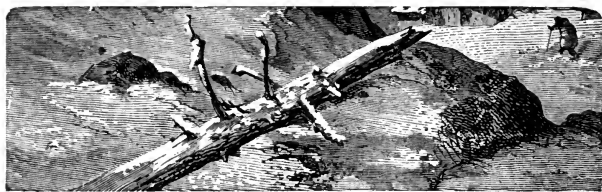
The candles were at last extinguished, all save one, and we tried to sleep. But it was a miserable failure. The fatigue of the past day, the excitement of the prospect before us on the morrow, and above all, the wretched discomfort of the present—packed like herrings in a barrel, and with all our clothes on—most effectually, in my case at least, prevented for long my closing an eye. It was a weary night, but it passed away somehow, and about one o'clock Balmat was afoot and preparing breakfast.

Then came the important business of dressing for the march before us.

Our faces were carefully greased with glycerine or tallow, and some of the party put on white cotton masks, with holes cut for the eyes, nose, and mouth, and giving the wearers the most hideous and spectral appearance it is possible to conceive. As the cold would be intense until the sun was up, we heaped on every article of clothing on which we could lay our hands. For myself, my feet were wrapped by my guides in paper next to the skin; I wore two flannel shirts, one thick pair of flannel trousers, two pair of common trousers over these, and a thick top-coat of the landlord's over my own shooting-coat. These, with a cravat tied over my wide-awake, a pair of thick cloth gaiters, reaching almost to the knee,

and a thick pair of worsted mittens, made up as strange a costume as might be, and were no slight weight to carry.

But they were not a whit too much, as we soon found.



SWITZERLAND.

CHAPTER III.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC (*continued.*)

AFTER making a miserable attempt to swallow down some tea and bread, chocolate and raisins were handed round to each by Balmat, to be kept for moistening the throat upon the march, and three large paper lanterns, about three times as big as a man's head, lighted.

The ropes were next produced, and we were tied together in parties of three, one guide being before and one behind each traveller. The alpenstocks were then seized, and so about three o'clock, in single file, we marched out into the night.

The object of this early start was to make the most of the favourable weather while it lasted, and also to enable us to get over the greater part of our upward journey before the snow had been affected by the rays of the sun,

so that the danger from avalanches should be less, and the walking be rendered the more easy.

The descent of the rocks to the glacier was greatly more difficult than the ascent had been the previous afternoon.

The moon by this time was down, and the night, though studded with stars, extremely dark. A guide with a lantern went first, and stationed himself on some secure ledge or projection, when the rest of the party, led by a second, with another light, scrambled down after him, the ropes in each case held tight by the guides behind.

We found the snow only sufficiently frozen to present that sort of half-resistance to the feet, which strained the muscles painfully at every step, as we sunk into it always nearly and often up to the knee. But as we sedulously kept each in the other's footsteps, the labour for the leading man was infinitely greater than for the rest; yet Balmat, for about an hour, insisted on retaining this post, and was only persuaded to surrender it at last, by something like a threatening of physical force on the part of the rest of the guides.

For some time the route lay to the south, towards the base of the Aiguille du Gouté, and then began to ascend a succession of extremely steep snow-slopes towards the first of the three great steps which the mountain takes between the Grands Mulets and the Grand Plateau.

As we wound up these slopes in long zigzags, the effect was very striking.

The dim light was sufficient only to show a steep bed

of snow sloping downwards like the roof of a cathedral, the lower end entirely lost in darkness, up which could be traced a shadowy line moving hither and thither in the



"PEERING HITHER AND THITHER."

gloom, with the lanterns dotting the white expanse, and bringing out the dark forms beside them. Add to all this a sky of intensest black, from which the stars appeared absolutely to hang, so bright and near they seemed, and

against the sky on either side, the dim outlines of the giant Aiguilles, and some notion may be formed of the scene through which we toiled until the morning broke.

The monotony of the pace was broken only by arriving at the edge of some crevasse, along which the guides carefully passed, peering hither and thither with the lights in search of a passage (for we soon got beyond the traces of the day before), or by reaching some bank of ice so steep that steps had to be cut in it by the axe, and the rope used to pull up each in turn.

We had passed through several clusters of such crevasses, the true extent of which we only saw on our return, but gazing into which by the dim light of the lanterns, the imagination had full scope to picture whatever of the terrible it chose, and had got over the first plateau, a level stretch of snow which forms the top of the first *montet* or step, when I suddenly found my footing give way below me, and one leg disappear into a crevasse, over the snowy covering of which we had unawares been marching. I was hardly down, when I was pulled up again to my feet, but the incident was sufficient to show the necessity of a rope in all such situations. A similar slip happened to me a second time a little farther on, and in the course of the day to two or three of my companions as well.

Another steep ascent of about 400 feet, up slopes of snow, with here and there a crevasse interspersed, and we reached, after a long and weary pull, the little plateau or summit of the second step.

We had been marching now for several hours, and the

heavy tramp through the deep snow was beginning to tell.

For long not one had spoken; we paced on monotonously in the dark, the mind getting dulled and heavy with the unvarying motion, and the limbs doing their work almost involuntarily, when suddenly, far away in front, we saw a soft light speck appear against the heavens; slowly it increased in size, until a lofty dome of snow, tinted to the most exquisite rose-colour, stood out on the dark azure of the sky, and we halted with one accord to hail the first rays of the rising sun upon Mont Blanc.



"THE TOPMOST STEP."

The next great step of the hill is some 400 or 500 feet in height, and, as before, composed of a succession of steep snow-slopes, interspersed with crevasses. I need not detail how we zigzagged up the former, or found our way, with many turnings, through the

mazes of the latter, or how we changed our leaders more frequently than at the first. Slowly and mechanically we paced on. The lanterns had now for some time been put out, but we had little time and little wind to look around.

At last, after a steeper climb than usual, we reached the topmost step, and stood upon the edge of the Grand Plateau, having before us the dome of the mountain swelling up at the farther end of a vast expanse of ice, which sloped downwards from where we stood to the foot of the last ascent.

Here in the snow we found a solid wooden cross erected, with several thermometers attached, and threw ourselves down beside it with right good-will, the guides heaping up the snow over our feet and legs as a sort of coverlet, while Balmat proceeded to open the knapsacks—which, with the exception of one for each party, were to be left here—and hand round, to those who were inclined to eat, a second breakfast.

But few of us had much appetite. For myself, though I was fortunate in escaping in a great measure the feeling of intense cold from which some of my companions suffered, I was already beginning to have curious qualms as to whether I should be able to hold out. The continuous pull against the collar had told sadly on my strength, and I had symptoms of nausea, that augured badly for my fortune higher up. I suffered, too, from thirst, with an intensity that was positively distracting, and had been forced once or twice to resort to the snow for relief—a thing to which, rightly or wrongly, the guides are strongly opposed. I now laid myself flat on my back, and after trying in vain to swallow a morsel of chicken, succeeded, after the greatest difficulty, in persuading Croz to let me have something like a thimbleful of brandy.

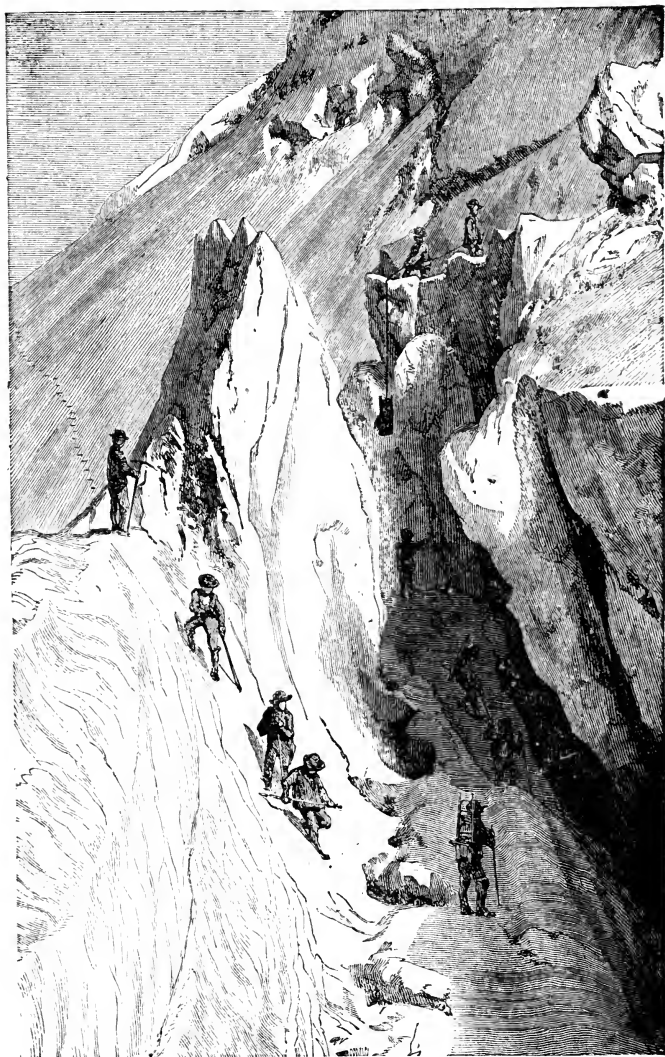
I may mention, that the guides are strongly averse to any spirits being tasted in the ascent. They assert, and I believe with perfect truth, that the temporary energy thus imparted is dearly purchased by the after effects of increased lassitude.

At last the word was given to start, and we began to file down the slope towards the centre of the Plateau.

Since the melancholy accident which in 1820 befell Dr. Hamel's party, when three guides were lost by an avalanche, the route pursued from this point by the first explorers of Mont Blanc has, except in very rare instances, been abandoned. A more circuitous, perhaps more difficult, but certainly much safer route crosses the Plateau in a diagonal direction to the left, ascends a steep bank of ice at the foot of the Rochers Rouges, called Les Escaliers, or the ladders, and, passing across the Corridor, a depression on the crest of the ridge, rejoins the old route at the base of the last ascent, by a corresponding turn to the right up the steep, and at some points almost precipitous, ice-cliff called the Mur de la Coté.

In ascending Les Escaliers on the other side of the great crevasse which is invariably found below the Rochers Rouges, we encountered the chief difficulty of the route.

From the foot of the bare rock which forms the lowest of these Rochers Rouges, the snow sloped down at a peculiarly steep angle, terminating in a wide crevasse. The slope on the other side abutted against an all but perpendicular wall of ice, which projected towards the crevasse, and which it was necessary to round.



ON THE ROAD.

I happened to be a little behind at this point, and when I came up to the end of the slope, along which we had to walk very warily, and where, on returning, one of our party made two very awkward slips, I found the whole line drawn up, and the guides in front busy cutting a series of steps along the face of the icy wall. It was a process that took a considerable time, and when it was completed we one by one advanced to scale the cliff.

Planting our feet in the ledges cut by the hatchet, and holding on as best we could by some projecting corner or icicle that came readiest to hand, some dozen paces took us to its extremity, overhanging the glacier at a great depth below; when turning sharp round, some three or four more holes had been cut for the hands and feet, up which we climbed, hand over hand, the foremost guide holding tight the rope in front.

We got past in safety, and after a long and tedious ascent, emerged at last upon the "Corridor," a long avenue of snow, stretching right across to the other side of the mountain.

This part of the ascent is dreaded by travellers as the place above all others where the mountain sickness is most apt to be felt, and I had looked forward to it with proportionate anxiety. I had now, I grieve to say, got very considerably in rear, as I had found it necessary, from a feeling of oppression on the chest, more than from that of fatigue (though I had my own share of the latter as well), to call a halt every ten minutes; but I had comforted myself with the thought that we were rapidly

nearing our journey's end, and that another hour or so would bring us to the summit. But when at last I emerged upon this Corridor, and saw the vast field of snow that was before me, before I could reach the Mur-de la Coté, which, as I had read, was to call forth every energy to surmount it, I felt hopeless.

Somehow or other I pulled across it, sinking nearly to the knee at every step, and halting often ; but on reaching my companions, who were resting at the farther end, and learning that, from the wind which was now rising fast, we must press on with increased speed if we hoped to gain the summit, and that we had still two hours and a half of heavy work before us, I fairly to myself abandoned all hope ; and stating that I must, at whatever cost, have time to rest, begged them to move on, and leave me and my guides to follow in a few minutes.

So, letting them believe that I would be after them forthwith, I threw myself down upon the snow, and saw them depart with feelings that were far from agreeable.

Croz and another guide, who had been sent on in advance, had already nearly reached the top of the Mur, the last great difficulty in the ascent, and the terror of all aspirants, from the tales that are told of its frightful steepness, and the blasts that howl across its icy surface ; and I could see the rest, file after file, creeping like flies up the steps.

How long I lay there I hardly know ; but at last, as the feeling of nausea and sickness seemed for a moment to grow less, I began to think that I might yet ascend the

Mur. My guides, poor fellows, were only too eager to advance, and so we set to work, and slowly began to mount.

Without a model of the hill it is impossible to give an accurate idea of the Mur de la Coté. The steep slope of ice, of which it consists, terminates at one point in the snows of the Corridor, but towards its eastern extremity ends in a precipice of many thousand feet, which falls right down into the Italian valleys.

The state of the ice at this part of the route is constantly varying; but the snow, which had hitherto proved from its depth so great a drag upon our progress, was here our friend, and enabled us to zigzag up the more northerly side, which, though extremely steep, was still directly above the Corridor, and saved us from being suspended over the frightful gulf to the left.

As I slowly toiled up the steps, and got out of the confined atmosphere of the ice valley, I felt the sense of nausea somewhat diminish, and the exertion of climbing and of avoiding the lumps of ice which came whirring down upon us from the party above, kept the mind in healthier occupation than dwelling on one's own weaknesses. I was thus, with my two guides, creeping up the cliff, my companions having now for some time passed out of sight, when looking up, I saw one of the other guides peering down upon us from the top of the ascent, and another soon after join him.

It may convey some idea of the steepness of the climb to state that it was with difficulty I could, without over-

balancing myself, bend backwards sufficiently far to see these men above us.

When I got up to my friends, I found that M., getting very anxious as to my progress, had sent back the guides, and that Balmat was declaring that on no terms whatever must one of our party be allowed to fail. I was expostulating and begging to be allowed to follow at my leisure, and not to hamper the rest, when Croz solved the question in a somewhat summary manner, by seizing hold of the rope tied round the guide behind me, running round with it to the front, and beginning, without a word, to pull me after him across the plain, while my guides stretched their alpenstocks along each side, so as to form a sort of barrier, on which I could, if I chose, lean for rest, or to save myself from falling.

I proceeded in the midst of the rest, who were now halting every five or ten minutes, and the dark colour of whose hands and faces showed that the thinness of the air was doing its work on them also. My own hands, I observed, in one of our halts about this time, were more of the colour of a negro's than anything else, and I was told that my face was no better.

We gradually pulled along the comparative level, which, like the Corridor, seemed interminable, and which gave us a confounding idea of the immense scale of the mountain, till we reached the foot of the Calotte or final dome. And here we were told that we had still a good hour's work before us, in climbing what, from Chamouni, seemed but a few yards in height. To it we

set our faces, as best we might, with a sort of dogged resolution.

Now a new circumstance conspired to increase the arduousness of the toil.

I felt coming over me a sense of drowsiness so intense, that I was sometimes almost obliged, as the saying is, to hold my eyelids open, and am by no means sure that, for a considerable part of this last climb, I was not, if not actually asleep, still in a doze which had all the confusion and discomfort of a nightmare. A splitting headache, too, came on, and I began to feel indifferent as to everything around me, and would, I verily believe, had I been left to myself, have even then abandoned the attempt.

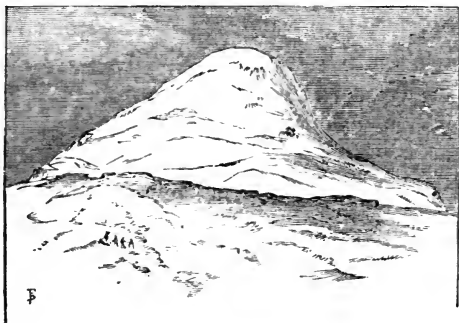
I heard that we were now again in sight of Chamouni, but did not care to look round ; my eyes never wandered from the snow below my feet, except now and then to glance upwards at the apparently interminable ascent.

Not a word was said either by traveller or guide ; monotonously and dreamily the march went on, till the mind seemed almost to fancy that all creation was one great hill, and that a perpetual climb was to be our future fate for ever. When one halted, the whole band halted too, and when the foremost man again renewed the march, we followed on with a despairing sigh, but too much beat for any words of useless remonstrance.

At last, after, as it seemed, hours of steady toil from the foot of the Calotte, and just when nature seemed unable to hold out a minute longer, a cry was heard in front ; I saw three figures stumble forward a few paces ; a

moment after saw the guides throw down their ropes and staffs, and taking one step farther, found there was no snow above me any longer, and that I was on the summit of Mont Blanc.

My first inclination, I am not ashamed to say, was to turn aside till I could sufficiently control the flood of feeling that almost overpowered me. I had reached at last the reward of all this toil, the object of my ambition



THE SUMMIT.

from a boy. For the moment, fatigue and headache and nausea were all forgotten, and my heart was filled with gratitude to Him who had shielded us through so many difficulties, and enabled us to look down from this wondrous watch-tower on the glories of his hands. Eagerly and greedily my eye drank in the marvellous panorama, which, with a radius of upwards of ninety miles on each side, except where the mountain-chains intervened to cut short the view, lay stretched around us. The whole

of Switzerland and of Savoy seemed to lie at our feet. The mighty peaks that tower above the valley of Chamouny, were dwarfed and crowded together far below, while the whole range of the Alps to Monte Rosa, and of the Bernese Oberland to the north, were stretched out as in a plan before us. We could trace the scenes of former wanderings, and study, as in a map, the lie of the valleys, and of the passes that united them ; or, almost better still, look down upon the great mount itself, and learn to know something of its giant magnitude.

BARBARY.



BARBARY.

CHAPTER I.

TANGIERS.

FROM Gibraltar, a fair wind, in a few hours, carries one from the civilisation and comforts of "the Rock," into the barbarism and dirt of a true Moorish city.

The transition is perhaps in no part of the world so rapid or so marked. A forenoon may suffice to enable you to visit the two extremes of civilisation: the highest, as seen in the rocky English camp on the northern side of the Straits; and the lowest in the cities and desolate fastnesses of the wild and lawless sons of the desert on the southern.

On a splendid morning at day-break, just as the sun began to display that glorious effulgence of light and beauty which he only unfolds to the sojourners in a southern clime, I started from Gibraltar in a large war

steamer, along with one or two companions, on an expedition to the Barbary coast.

Crossing the Straits obliquely amidst a multitude of boats of every description—from the picturesque lateen to the unpoetical dodger, we entered the Bay of Tangiers, and anchored abreast of the landing-place. The square-built, flat-roofed houses, whitewashed to the highest polish, gives one an idea of great cleanliness—an impression soon to be effaced, for

“Hut and palace show like filthily,
Their dingy denizens are reared in dirt.”

This deceptive appearance, however, with the gay and many-coloured consular flags flying at all points, conveys to one a pleasing impression on looking at the town from the water. We lost no time in disembarking.

Town, I suppose, it must be called, though it presented but few features by which even an analogy to what we are in the habit of terming a town could be established.

Streets there were, no doubt; but such streets! Three persons abreast, in most cases, rendered them impassable to a fourth. The houses were so low, that a walking-stick might be made to touch their summits. These dwellings have flat cement roofs, and doors in most cases not over four feet and a half high, out of which, on every side, to your astonishment, the most immense men manage to extricate themselves.

The main street of this aristocratic city differed little from the smaller thoroughfares, except in being slightly broader, and, if possible, worse paved, and having larger

mounds of filth on its surface. In the centre, however, stands an oblong space, called the market-place, where the most heterogeneous collection of human beings it is possible to picture are always to be found.

Here also are the principal shops, which differ as essentially from these repositories in more civilised parts of the world as can be conceived.

Imagine a small *hole* about six feet square, having its floor raised about four feet from the ground, communicating with the street by a door, the under half of which is kept close, while the upper serves as window and as means of exit. Hang round this morocco leather slippers of the brightest hues, pouches of party-colours, shot-belts, cushions, and pieces of Moorish needlework in the most striking colours and greatest variety of patterns—all mixed in the most scientific confusion; place in the centre of this a man of large size, and the darkest olive complexion, seated, as we say, “tailor-ways,” and robed in a turban and *hayke*, with silk or leather slippers of brightest yellow, and rejoicing in a profusion of beard, which gave him a most sedate and venerable aspect; and, finally, coil a large pipe by his side, from which he ever and anon draws a long cloud, to be expelled in wreaths through the aperture which he faces—and you have the picture of a Tangiers shop and its contents. But who can convey even an idea of the solemn gravity of the owner, or the no less sedate countenance of his opposite neighbour? I question whether, from their apathetic appearance, the stimulus of a pin-point entering their

flesh would produce in them a greater amount of excitement than would be necessary to request its removal! The contracted dimensions of their establishments enable them, with the aid of a short stick, to reach its utmost limits; and they smoke away till you examine something, and ask the price. They answer with an air which too plainly intimates their total indifference to your patronage.

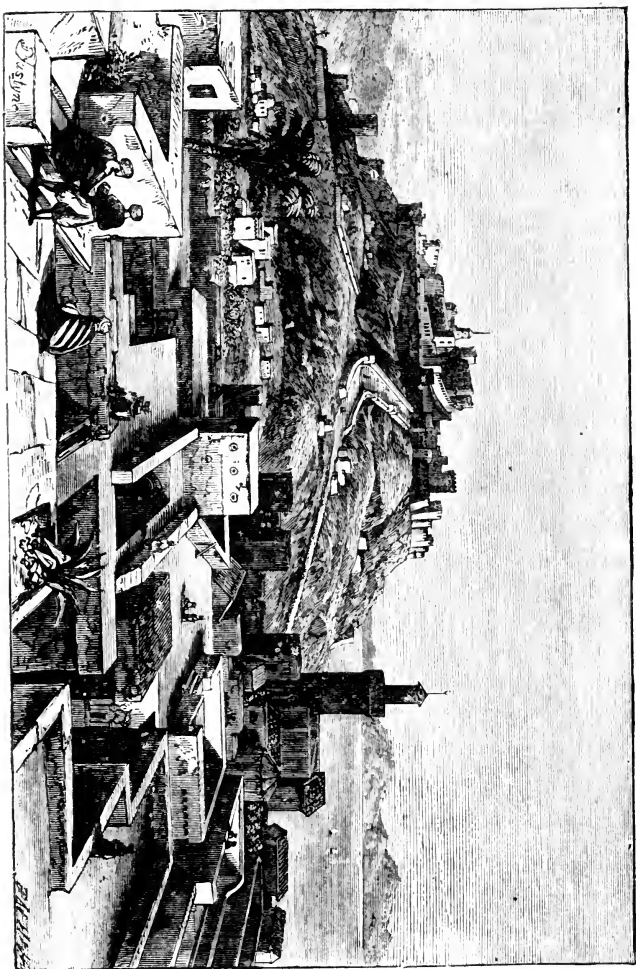
As to bringing them down in their prices, that is too ridiculous to attempt, as they will slowly shake their heads, replace the articles, and smoke on.

In the market-place, a perfect world presents itself for study and amusement. First of all comes the diversity of men and costumes. Men (for few women are there seen) of every clime and complexion wade about in the mud on their several avocations.

“The Turk, the Greek, the Spaniard, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array.”

Jews, in their skull-caps, and long, brown close-made gowns down to their heels, shuffling along with the most sheepish, sneaking gait conceivable, saying little, but always having the best of a bargain.

Moors of every shade of complexion, from the coal-black of the interior to the warm, delicate brown of the coast, in every colour of costume. Haykes of the finest white, yellow, brown, blue, green, and striped, with a sprinkling of many other tints, according to the various social positions held by the owner, or the number of journeys he had made to Mecca. Yellow slippers and



TANGIERS.

white turbans, having a red or green centre, complete the Moors' costume.

Greeks in their no less picturesque wide red trousers, loose jackets, and red caps.

Riff boatmen, with their wild free look, and their long plaited hair-tails like Chinamen.

Arabs from the interior in white kilt and deep cape, having their waists surrounded by a broad red scarf, and holding their long rifles ever ready in their hand.

Spaniards with their round hat, silver filagree buttons, and tight, smart look; English and French, ever the same as at home, and acting amidst the wild mass as landmarks of civilisation, or ballast amidst the tossings of the passion-led rabble, made up the rest of the crowd.

All were ostensibly assembled for the transaction of the usually peaceful business of buying and selling, yet nearly all were heavily armed.

Most had a pistol and knife in their sash, and a long rifle slung on their backs, bespeaking the lawless state of the country, and the want of well-administered laws. When the market was over, every man mounted his barb, and careered away with that majestic appearance which seems so natural to the Arab, while he left his wife to trudge along with her child on her back, and the bundle of purchases in her hand.

In no land is the "lord of the creation" so exalted in his own estimation as in Barbary.

In the evening I had an invitation to be present at two Jewish marriages, which it required little pressing to

make me accept. Our whole party was invited ; so in a body we visited the houses of both brides. We were led through one of the low doors I before spoke of into a square centre court, where an immense assemblage of Beni-Israel were congregated. As soon as it was known we were English, way was made for us to where the bride was sitting, which was in a small room leading off one side of the court. Here we found her surrounded by a crowd of handmaids, any one of whom might have sat for a Rachel.

The young married females were seated more immediately round the brides. In Barbary, it is the custom to shave the heads of the females as soon as they enter wedlock, and substitute a wig for their beautiful hair, which, it may be readily believed, is no improvement ; but they conceal this defect by a skilfully contrived head-dress, studded with enormous brilliants.

The bride sits with her eyes fast closed and covered with a veil, thus to be admired for several days ; and as she is not allowed to look about her on any pretence whatever, or to smile, or even appear cognizant of anything that is passing around, she was the only one of the party not to be envied.

Previous to our arrival, a large wine-jar, out of which the bride and bridegroom had drunk, was broken to pieces in the centre of the court, in accordance with some old rite.



BARBARY.

CHAPTER II.

TANGIERS (*continued*).

AS we came away, one of the most absurd scenes occurred I ever remember to have witnessed.

Sounds of strife had for some time been heard to proceed from one of the corners of the patio, where a Moorish servant of the Consul's and a Jew were engaged in a very animated discussion. No sooner had we emerged from the house than from words they came to blows, and before long a regular "set-to" commenced between the Jews and Moors, among whom little love is at any time lost.

The war soon became general. The mode of warfare consisted in two principal manœuvres.

The Moors endeavoured to seize the Jews by their long beards, which, when effected, appeared to place

them completely *hors de combat*, as they then gave up all attempts at fighting, and roared at the highest pitch of their voice, calling on all the prophets for aid. Their Moorish assailants, with evident pleasure, hauled them about, singing bass to the high notes of the poor Jews.

The tactics of the Jews, on the other hand, appeared to be to expose the Moors' well-oiled heads by uncoiling their turbans, which, if one might guess from the enraged exclamations when such a feat was accomplished, implied a most serious insult.

As soon as a Moor was seen having an unfortunate Jew "goated," another of the tribe was sure to come up behind, and getting hold of the loose end of the Moslem's turban, begin to unreel it with the utmost assiduity. This proceeding seemed, in most cases, completely to paralyse the Mohammedan, as he stood stock still with spread-out hands, quivering limbs, and flashing eyeballs, roaring in one prolonged yell till the final *exposé*, when he turned with his head all shining in the moonlight to charge his triumphant antagonist. The whole scene was one of the most ludicrous it was possible to form an idea of.

Great as the rumour of war was, little injury, however, was done on either side.

There are two large mosques in Tangiers ; but there is nothing remarkable in the external appearance of either. High square towers were attached to each, adorned with many-coloured tiles, all reflecting the sun's rays in their various hues, and crowned with gaily painted minarets.

No profane foot is permitted, as in Egypt, to enter

these sanctuaries; and even the gaze of the curious, if directed too markedly to the entrance, is resented by the half-naked groups who always loiter about the doors. The Moors remove their shoes when passing them, as they imagine the precincts to be holy ground. The door was open as I repassed; but nothing was revealed to my stealthy glance but an empty court, which seemed to be an entrance-court to the main building.

After breakfast we set out to visit the castle of Tangiers, which stands on a rugged eminence on the north side of the bay, and to reach which we had to traverse the whole length of the town. The ascent was somewhat steep; but when attained, the superb view well repaid our labour, as it extended not only over the town, but far into the country, and also up the Straits, which rippled in the golden light as far as the eye could reach. We saw, too, clearly defined, the vineyard-crowned knolls on the Spanish shore winding away till abruptly ended by the bold stern rock of Gibraltar—the Herculean pillar itself, like a mighty beacon, glittering in the sunlight, and standing out amidst the shining waves.

Seated on stone benches by the entrance to the castle was one of the military musical bands of the Emperor, playing some martial strains. No words can convey an impression of these wretched fellows and their regiment which bivouacked close by. They possessed no uniform. Each man, lank and lean from starvation, was clothed as he pleased, and armed himself as his necessities or his fancy led him. Some had the long gun, some swords,

and others pistols ; but hardly in two instances were they alike in anything but filth and misery. Little better than rags covered the limbs of the majority, while a few exhibited all the splendour which colours and bullion could impart. In hardly any case was there a man upon whom a civilised soldier would draw his sword.

And are these the representatives, one involuntarily asks, of that valiant and conquering horde, whose prowess and magnificence at one time was the terror of Europe ; of bands whose indomitable courage and martial daring repulsed and held at bay the united chivalry of Christendom ; and who, unaided, carried the crescent in proud triumph over the prostrate followers of the blood-red cross ? Verily in no historical parallel can we find so great a fall !

When I gazed on their features, supremely handsome in their contour, but lit up with a savage fire, and at their tattered raiments, sunken eye, and squalid beards matted on their broad breasts, and then thought of those knights whose gleaming spears, gay pennons, and gorgeous panoply were the admiration of the world, and who for years alone withstood the shock of united Europe, rolling back, scathed and broken, each mighty wave of heroes who went to conquer or die on their eastern shore ; and who, too, amidst the mountains of the Peninsula, alone retained the germs of civilisation and knowledge in spite of the darkness and ignorance of a degenerate age ; and when I also reflected, that among



"OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD."

this people much of our science was born and reared, and with them refinements and elegancies, such as still eclipse the grandeur of our noon-day, were to be found—I could scarcely believe that these men before me were the descendants of that race whose history dwelt in my recollection.

The Arab heroes of the Middle Ages have indeed passed away, and left hardly a trace behind. The place that once knew them bears now only faint footprints of their existence, and, as a broken and withered branch, their descendants have been drifted on a barren and desolate shore !

But to return. The music played by these performers was of a sad and wailing kind—a lament, it seemed, for their past and brighter days. I could trace but little of an air in their several melodies ; but all had the same mournful cadence. Six old men, with white locks and sober mien, played a sort of long clarionet, and four others occasionally, at long intervals, beat a few strokes on drums. The character of the music, the aged and sad look of the performers, and the teeming memories of the olden time, made me deeply melancholy.

On entering the main gate, I found myself in a large square court, with others leading off it, all of which, in filth and abomination, resembled nothing but a huge ill-kept farm-yard. Mud, ankle-deep, paved every pass, and ruins of stonework blocked up much of the space. In galleries of a kind, the wretched guards were huddled together, all bearing, in their lacklustre eyes and listless

mien, the stamp of want and wretchedness. Soldiering is here evidently not a game of pleasure.

We went through the different apartments, where there was little to attract attention, if I except some few specimens of that elegant Arabesque work, and delicate lace-like carvings, with which the Moors were wont to adorn their palaces. Dainty suites of rooms for the members of the Emperor's seraglio, halls of audience, and a garden of trees loaded with golden oranges, whose tempting ripeness gratified the parched mouth as no oranges can do in our icy clime, filled up the area of the royal stronghold.

A few old pieces of artillery, on outworks, form the defence that, worked by a handful of determined savages, withstood so long the assault of the French fleet in 1844—a defence that proved the breasts of the poor Moors not to be entirely bereft of their ancient spirit of freedom and manhood.

My guide—a Moor, gave me a very succinct account of their mode of wooing. The suitor never sees the lady before marriage, but conducts the whole affair with her parents.

“See papa and mamma, and if agree, then go see miss; if he no like her, send her back and pay great deal,” was his description of the proceedings.

“How much is he compelled to pay in the event of his sending her back?” I inquired.

“Oh! great deal; one, two, three hundred dollar,” he replied; at least enough to prevent many changing their minds.

The matrimonial felicity in such cases must be enviable !

The jail in connection with the castle is a specimen of those horrors, the bare existence of which, in our age of civilisation, one almost looks upon as impossible.

Having paid sixpence, as a gratuity to the captain of the royal guard, (!) I was allowed to approach a small square grating, over which a wooden door was suspended, which, on being removed, permitted a stench so horrid and powerful to escape, that we fell back almost overpowered. In a moment, a dozen pale, haggard faces, on which disease and death had written their presence in ghastly characters, presented themselves at the opening, imploring alms, as they depend entirely upon charity for their subsistence.

There, in *one* large court, having a piazza running round it, were confined hundreds of prisoners, of both sexes, in one common compartment, which, I was told, was seldom or never cleaned, and in which murder and death held such sway, that frequently in a morning several dead bodies were dragged forth by the guards.

Chained to the walls around were some of the most daring criminals.

The maddened shouts and piercing cries of despair and misery, with the hoarse murmurs of the imprisoned multitude, which struck the ear and sickened the heart, conveyed to one's mind no resemblance to anything in existence, but to that region "where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

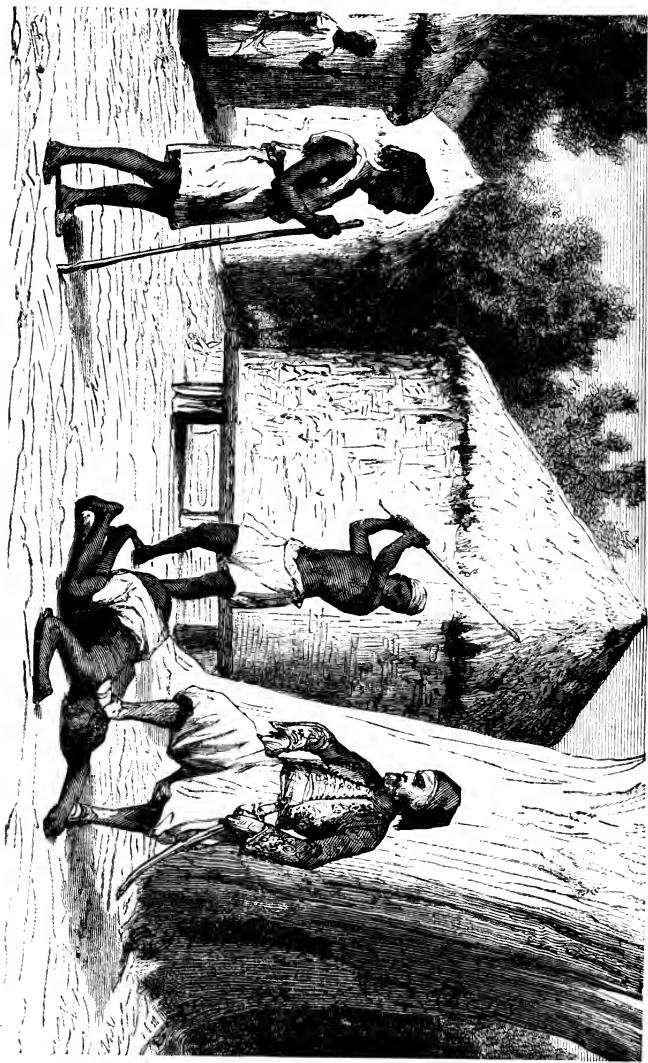
Robbery and murder are the great crimes. During my short stay I saw seven brought in from the country at various times for these offences.

As to punishments, decapitation is seldom had recourse to, although it would be mercy if it were more frequently substituted for imprisonment in this dungeon of horrors. The bastinado, which is one of the most refined tortures known to us, is the chastisement reserved for the most guilty. It is inflicted on the soles of the feet with a double piece of rope, and several executioners belabour the wretched culprit at once—the force with which the blows are applied soon tiring them out. Shortly before my visit, one man, of whose guilt there could be no question, received first one thousand stripes twice repeated, and finally seven hundred, at which point they had to desist, he was so nearly dead; yet so stoical was he, that he neither could be got to confess, nor utter one groan.

As we left the castle and descended the height, we passed an idiot by the roadside, to whom all the people did reverence. Those “unfortunates” are here, as in many other countries, looked on as being peculiarly under the guardianship of God. It is a merciful superstition.

In the town, the wells alone exhibit any trace of architectural taste. Here, as in all warm, arid countries, these cooling reservoirs are peculiarly appreciated, and around them you are always sure to meet the most picturesque groups.

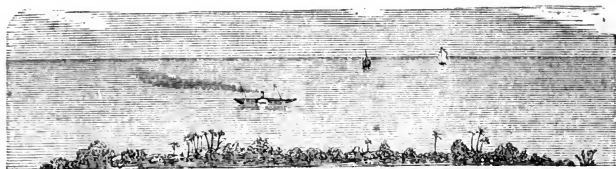
A curious superstitious credulity, which holds almost



THE BASTINADO.



universally over the world, in Tangiers meets your eye everywhere,—viz., a hand painted on the door-posts of the houses, as a protection against the *ain ara*, or evil eye. In Italy the hand is doubled up, and only the fore-finger and thumb extended; but here the whole fingers are stretched. It is curious that this protective emblem should be so widely recognised as it is. I have failed, as yet, to obtain a satisfactory explanation of it.



BARBARY.

CHAPTER III.

TANGIERS (*continued*).

IN the market-place, we came on a curious scene.

In a corner, a little apart from the fierce rabble, was seated on the ground a large group of men, women, and children, listening to a story-teller from the desert. A more striking picture than he and his audience presented cannot be conceived. He was grey-bearded, with an eye of fire, clothed in a full white turban, and having his striped robe disposed in graceful folds around him. He held in his hand a small timbrel, on which he struck, at intervals, short and abrupt notes, when he wished to give additional emphasis to his story.

Walking hurriedly up and down, he enunciated his tale, with peculiar clearness of diction, in the guttural accents of his Arab race. Sometimes standing on tip-toe, with

up-turned face and burning eye, pointing, with uplifted finger, to the blue sky overhead, and elevating his voice to its utmost stretch, he vehemently poured forth some part which told of brave men and warlike daring; and anon crouching on the ground, and suppressing his accents to a whisper, which, though of the lowest, was distinctly audible above the tumultuous shouts of the market-place, he related, in tones of no less fervency, some passage of cunning or deadly revenge.

Never did I see such speaking eloquence as that displayed in this man's gestures or burning accents, or more intelligent expression than that traceable in the countenances of his hearers.

The men forgot their stoicism, and shed a tear; the women, unmindful of the strangers' presence, let the folds of their cloaks fall from their pale but lovely faces; and all, by their shouts and tears, showed their sympathy with the tale. Each with parted lips and "dark eyes flashing fire," gazed intently on the speaker, their wild spirits chained and softened, while the old man held them captive with his glittering eye and living eloquence. There they sat, unmindful of the surrounding tumult which swept around them, wholly wrapped up in the account of other scenes, which for a time rendered them oblivious of their present misery in the dream-like recollections of their people's paradise.

When he finished, his hearers drew a long breath, as if relieved from some trance under which they had been held, and fearfully glancing round, gathered up the folds

of their long robes, and passed amidst the crowd with a sigh.

We were glad, with the others, to contribute our mite to the Moorish purse of the story-teller, as we left the spot with feelings which sympathized with the scene. Some of the residents informed us that these tales were identical with those romantic stories which must have delighted all readers of the *Arabian Nights*; and that listening to their recital forms one of the most favourite sources of amusement to the Arabs.

The same evening we wandered out in the moonlight, when the streets were deserted, and not a sound abroad.

As we passed along, we were every now and then startled by a shrouded figure emerging from the deep shade, or turning quickly round a near corner, and stalking past us with long strides, never deigning to turn an eye upon us. Their spectral appearance and suspicious movements would have annoyed us, had not the red cap showed them to be soldiers, whose duty it was to patrol the streets.

On our return through the town, these guards were coiled up in their sentry-boxes, which were large hogs-heads laid on their sides, with stones inserted under their lee-side, to prevent them from rolling down the streets. In such dog-kennels, on a little straw, lay the soldiers, with the barrels of their long rifles projecting in the moonlight. As our footsteps met their ear, a swarthy face was protruded, and a challenge passed between its owner and our Moorish guide.

Next forenoon we obtained an escort (without which you dare not go into the country, in so lawless a state are its inhabitants), and made an excursion to the neighbourhood.

The country is extensively but wretchedly cultivated, though, I believe, it is capable of producing great abundance.

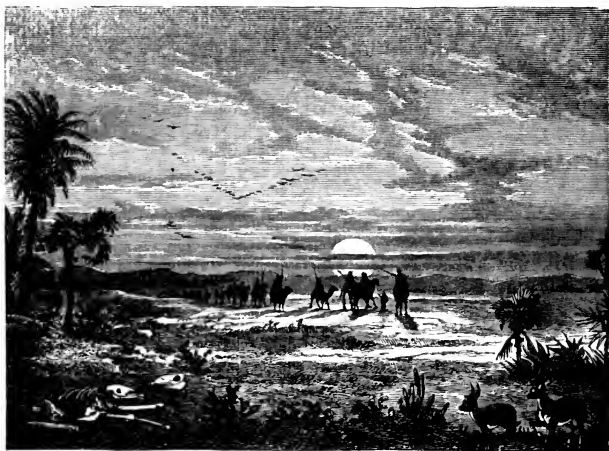
The people are very wild, and, like their reputed forefather, their hand is against every man's. The French, from their recent attempts on the country, are their great personifications of evil; and I am told no Frenchman could, on any pretence, go beyond the gates. The English are great favourites, and the Arabs, in their own rough way, if they recognise them, often show them kindness.

The scenery, towards the interior, is very mountainous—peak soars above peak, and dark green valleys stretch away under their deep shadows. Long strings of camels with their burdens, and mounted or led by their turbaned conductors; and wild horsemen, mounted on their fleet and nimble barbs, were every now and then seen winding round a knoll, or displayed in lengthened lines in the valleys, adding much to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Some of the country villages we passed were solitary and lone. When we were seen approaching, few of the inhabitants failed to retire within the doors of their flat-roofed huts.

The same afternoon I left Tangiers, with a fresh and favouring breeze, in a Spanish lugger, about one o'clock.

My fellow-passengers were not of the most choice description—they were chiefly Jews and Moors—and the cargo consisted of fruit and innumerable coops of fowls. The cabin was at my disposal ; but it was so dirty and small, that I was glad to return on deck, and lie down on the hard boards below the shelter of a barrel. To my



A CARAVAN.

dismay, just as we got into Gibraltar harbour, the evening gun at half-past five fired, and we were prevented landing for the night.

The prospect was not very pleasant, as it was bitterly cold, and my companions none of the most cleanly. However, there was no help for it; throwing niceness to the wind, I lay down behind a big Moor, and soon fell

into that waking sleep, in which every ripple of the tide on the sides of our craft sounded like thunder.

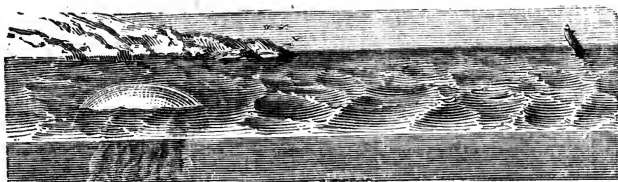
As the sun rose, all the cocks—and there were dozens—in our coops began to crow most lustily, and those whose freedom enabled them, clapped their wings with joy.

It is a curious—but probably an electric influence—which thus compels cocks to crow when they feel the sun. These birds all crew, and yet some of them were so uncomfortably situated that it defied me to understand what pleasure they could have had in the act. Placed in every imaginable posture and ungraceful attitude, cramped and crushed to the utmost limits of endurance, and many in the centre totally excluded from a ray of light, these gallant trumpeters sounded their peal of joy.

Never, I think, was melody produced under more disadvantageous circumstances. Their chanticleeric endeavours, moreover, were not received with due encouragement by the crews of the ships around. Innumerable red cowls from the bulwarks anathematized our concert in every language under the sun.

At eight o'clock the pratique boat inspected us, and I was glad to seek, in a hot bath, a solace for my bitten skin; but when, after some hours' rest, I rose quite refreshed, I looked back with undivided pleasure to my trip in Barbary.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

CHAPTER I.

MOUNT ETNA.

AFTER some pleasant days spent in wandering among the antiquities of Syracuse and Catania, we prepared for our long-desired expedition to the summit of Etna.

Never can I forget the first view of Etna. The evening we arrived at Terra Nuova, we saw cleaving the northern sky, a white pinnacle, a cone of gleaming snow, and learned that, though more than sixty miles from us, this was Etna.

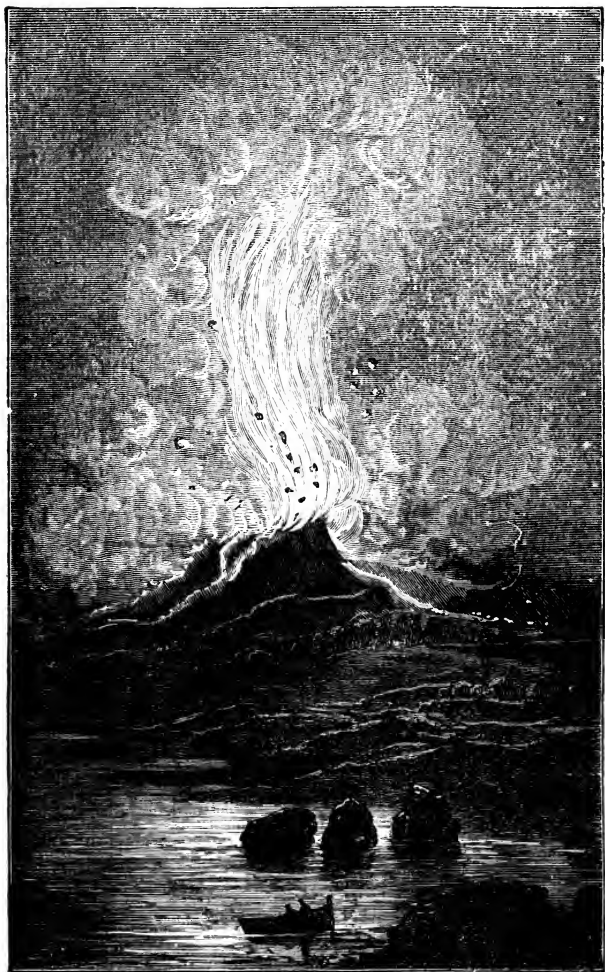
Etna is like no other mountain in Europe. All our other high mountains are in a measure lost among their surrounding rivals, and much of their real height is diminished by the high elevation of the spots from which they are viewed. The valley of Chamounix (from which rises Mont Blanc) is itself many hundred feet above the

sea. But Etna, all alone, sweeps up in one proud line from the blue sea and almost tropical warmth of the bay of Catania, to where her cold white snows are lost in the blue sky. At her feet are the vine, and fig, and aloe, but her brows are bound with a coronet of ice.

As we were very early in the season, and as at that time falls of snow and thick mists often render the ascent impracticable, we went the first day to Nicolosi, a little village about half-way up, in order to take the first favourable opportunity which might present itself.

That night, and all the next day, "a bad wind" blew, and we had to content ourselves resting at the Little Locanda, and in strolling among the extinct craters, of which there are upwards of seventy, rising on the sides of the larger mountain, looking like so many enormous ant-hills. On the evening of the second day, after calling on the *Custode* of the volcano, who gave us his imprimatur, we determined to leave at midnight.

In order to start fresh, we "turned in" for some rest at eight, and had no sooner fallen into a balmy slumber, than we were disturbed by the sounds of music. To our astonishment our bedroom door was thrown open, and in marched the village band, consisting of a few string and wind instruments, and marshalled by Vincenzo, the mule-teer, who, in return for a great mess of macaroni we had given him that day, thought we might possibly feel rewarded by seeing himself and one or two large young mountaineers dance a *Tarantella*. After expressing our profound admiration and gratitude, we persuaded Vincenzo



MOUNT ETNA.

to withdraw his musicians and himself, and had soon the satisfaction of hearing the grunts of the trombone becoming fainter and fainter in the distance.

It took us some time to sleep after this episode ; but, no sooner had sweet unconsciousness once more stolen over us, than a shake from Giovanni, accompanied by the intimation, " The mountain is ready, gentlemen," fairly dispelled our dreams.

I confess at that moment I wished the mountain had been asleep too ; but there was no help for it, so tumbling up, and swallowing some hot tea and abominable butter toast, which afterwards wreaked vengeance on me, we pulled on tremendous woollen leggings, rolled ourselves in our capotes and plaids, and mounted the mules.

There was a clear, starry sky, a moon half-full, Etna rose chilly white in front, and a keen biting wind blew in our faces. We rode up through the silent street of the sleeping village and emerged on an old lava bed, which on every side presented a scene of utter desolation and *eerie* solitude. The masses of blackened stone and scorix were tossed and tumbled in every possible shape and position, looking weird and spectral in the moonlight. Beyond were the mounds of old craters, some rising to 400 and 500 feet, but appearing only as so many pimples on the rugged face of the old mountain.

Mount Etna is divided into three parts. We now enter the second of these—or the Forest—where the broken, rocky ground is thinly covered with old trees, more than half-stripped of their branches, and between

whose peeled and gnarled trunks glimmered the clear stars. The view backwards was remarkable. Far below stretched the moonlit sea, and the whole coast was visible, stretching to Syracuse, more than fifty miles off. At the extreme edge of the Forest stands a little hut, in the neutral ground between vegetation and primeval desolation—between the blackened rocks and the white snow.

As we approached the hut about three in the morning, dawn began to appear on the banks of cloud which rimmed the sea-line. At first a pale light dimmed the moon, and then a belt of faint orange gleamed on the surface of the clouds, gradually deepening to scarlet. We had intended to leave our mules here, and were astonished on nearing it to hear the bark of a dog, followed by the figure of a gaunt old man, who, as we rode up, presented himself at the door, from which issued also forth a blinding cloud of smoke. It seemed that he and a band of boys were engaged in collecting snow for the cafés at Catania, and had come here to spend the night.

No artist ever painted a wilder interior. Closely packed round a half-slumbering green-wood fire in the centre of the floor, were at least two dozen full-grown lads, half-wrapped in ragged capotes, their thin faces begrimed with smoke and filth, and their feet turned towards the hot embers. Some were crouching, and resting their heads on their knees; others were at full stretch; some sleeping, some peering with wistful eyes at the well-fed strangers, who were making way for themselves into

their circle. The old man heaped on more wood, till a red blaze lit up the dark rafters, and cast a livid colouring on the strange group around us. The wind moaned drearily outside, and we half-regretted the necessity of leaving the warm fire, where we had been gradually thawing, to resume our ascent once more.

In passing we may say that signs of extreme poverty were not confined to the tenants of this miserable hut; they were everywhere, though remunerative labour abounds. The cause of this is not idleness so much as gambling. One of the great curses of the country as of the rest of Italy, is the lottery and the base gambling spirit, the mother of idleness and greed, which it fosters. The late Government of Naples used this engine of rapine to the utmost. Wherever any public works were going on, a "Lotto Reale" was at once established, and by this most ingenious contrivance the larger proportion of the people's wages was drained back again to Naples. As an instance of this, at a small poverty-stricken village called Gioiosa—in the neighbourhood of which a new road was being made—our inn-keeper, who was agent for the lottery, told me he sent to Naples about £10 weekly. Let us trust that things may be improved now!

When we reached the snow we had to bid farewell to the mules, and take to our feet. A pure white slope, not very steep, but long, stretched before us up to the *Cima*. I never realised what cold was till that morning. Although wrapped like Esquimaux, and toiling up an

ascent through deep soft snow which had lately fallen, yet the wind, which cut along the hill-side, seemed to pierce through us and freeze the very blood.

Gradually, as we ascended, the mist cleared up, and the view became superb. The southern and eastern portions of Sicily lay like a relieved map below us. We could see away to the right, the broad plain dotted with villages stretching as far as Terra Nuova, whilst almost below us were the Straits of Messina and Calabria, with Rheggio overhanging the sea.

After about a couple of hours' steady walking I began to feel very unaccountable sensations. Without any symptom of fatigue, my "wind" seemed about to fail me entirely, and a giddiness and sickness, like that at sea, came over me. The thin air was proving too much for me. I struggled on for more than an hour, throwing myself every now and then on the snow, and kept up by the cheery *Coraggio* of the guide, until reaching the Casa Inglese at the foot of the cone, and about 10,000 feet above the sea, I had fairly to give in. I regretted this the less as a mist seemed to be gathering, and our chances of any view small. So, as the Casa Inglese was literally buried in snow, I contented myself with wandering over to the summit of the precipice overhanging the Valle del Bove, while my companion went on to the summit.

The Valle del Bove was the scene of the fearful eruption in 1852, which laid waste one of the fairest regions in Sicily. As seen from where I stood, the side of the mountain seemed to have been torn open, and yawned

into a dark ragged ravine. What it must have been during the eruption, let Signor Gemellaro tell.

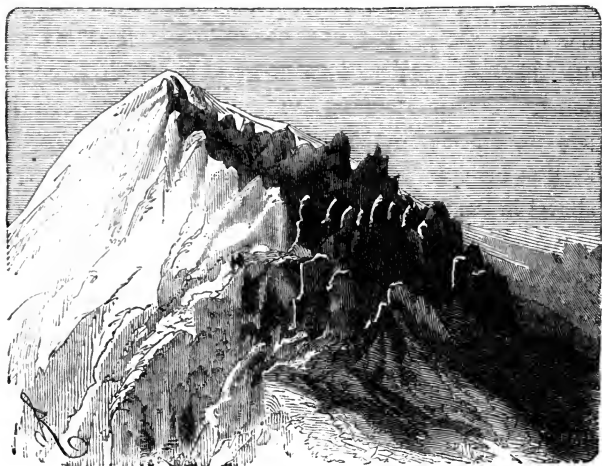
The eruption began on the 12th of August, and on the 2nd of September, when it was in full force, he determined to make an attempt to witness the terrible scene from as near a point of view as possible. Accompanied by a friend, with a guide and muleteer, he set out from the village of Zaffarana, and passed the night in the open air, amid fearful thunder and lightning and drenching rain, not far from the point to which they were going. I translate from the published extracts of his journal, his description of the scene which presented itself to his eyes, when next morning they reached a spot almost in the midst of "the eruption :"—

"A sea of fire was the first spectacle which met our eyes, filling that great valley of four miles wide and five long, and presenting an irregular surface of valleys and hills, all of fire, reflecting themselves with a red glow on every visible point around. Great fissures, from which flowed the tide of liquid lava, showed their burning depths, and from these every now and then rose livid flames for ten or fifteen minutes, while masses of scori-form rocks, forced out by the current, were shot down or split into blazing fragments.

"From one crater, whose mouth was about 100 feet in circumference, millions on millions of scorïæ were launched to an immense height, in such uninterrupted succession that it was almost impossible to keep the eye fixed on them, so blinding was their light, seeming to form

but one gigantic column of living flame. The air, too, was laden with sand, which afterwards was found to have covered in its fall all the eastern slopes of Etna.

“During the four hours we were on Monta Finocchio, our minds were so intently occupied in contemplating the grand scene before us, that we paid no attention to the



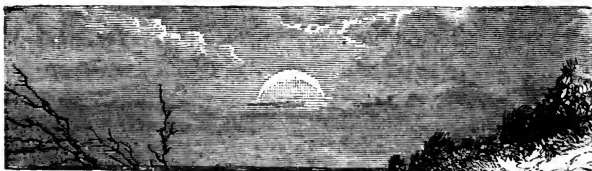
A CRATER.

continuous movement of the whole mass of the mountain itself on which we were standing, while, in fact, the motion was such that our guide and muleteer were affected as if in a vessel at sea, so as to suffer from giddiness and faintness, which was succeeded by vomiting.”

Before we descended from the high elevation at which we

stood, a level bank of dappled cloud floated itself along, below, and between us and "the under world." We found ourselves, in short, above the clouds, with a clear sunny sky overhead, and this far stretching sheet of snow-white down, entirely shutting out from us the visible world below, except where we gazed through *holes* on a little patch of blue sea, with perhaps the white sail of a ship crossing it, or on an island fragment of the populous plain. We felt as if we could almost leap through these hatchways, so near did they appear, while the places beneath seemed again to be still farther removed and diminished, as when one looks through the larger end of a telescope.

Another fortnight on the mules brought us round the rest of the coast by Messina and the northern shore, to Palermo.



IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

CHAPTER II.

CYPRUS, RHODES, &c.

THE cabin was so hot and muggy, with port-holes shut because of the heavy swell, and with every state-room a hospital, that for the first time in my life I could not rise above the influences of the stifling atmosphere and the creaking ship, in which every bit of timber and wainscoting seemed to be going off in a ceaseless round of small explosions. So I lay on the deck with my plaid—the beloved friend of many a journey—and other wrappers over me. I gazed on the magnificent stars above, among which the ship's mast-head was ever and anon describing arcs as the vessel rose and fell; heard more and more indistinctly the wash and hiss of the restless sea; felt less and less the pulse of the engines and beat of the paddles,

until I slept as sound as the cabin "companion" beside me.

The washing of the decks at early morn awoke me. My plaid was saturated with dew. But I felt refreshed from breathing the pure air; and a cup of coffee elevated me so as to be able to enjoy once more the shoreless sea with its crisp waves, and the glowing eastern sky, and the prospect of a pleasant voyage Homeward.

We arrived next day at Cyprus and landed at Larnaka. Cyprus is an island famous for its fertility. It has extensive and rich inland as well as seaboard plains, almost smooth as lakes, surrounded by high sheltering hills and mountains. Locusts are often a scourge here as elsewhere in the East, and I presume they do not make cotton an exception to their merciless attacks on vegetation.

The sail along the coast of this noble island is very beautiful and interesting, but to me it had but one kind of associations—those connected with the spread of Christianity by the Apostle Paul within its borders, and the names of those humble but immortal men who were natives of the place and disciples of Christ. We remembered how Paul, on his first visit to Cyprus, had travelled from Salamis to the east of Larnaka, in sight of those hills, along the whole island for a hundred miles, until he reached old Paphos on the sea coast, and beneath the shadow of Olympus, which towered above us, glowing in the golden hues of sunset, as we sailed along the shore.

The weather was glorious, and there was no sea-sick-

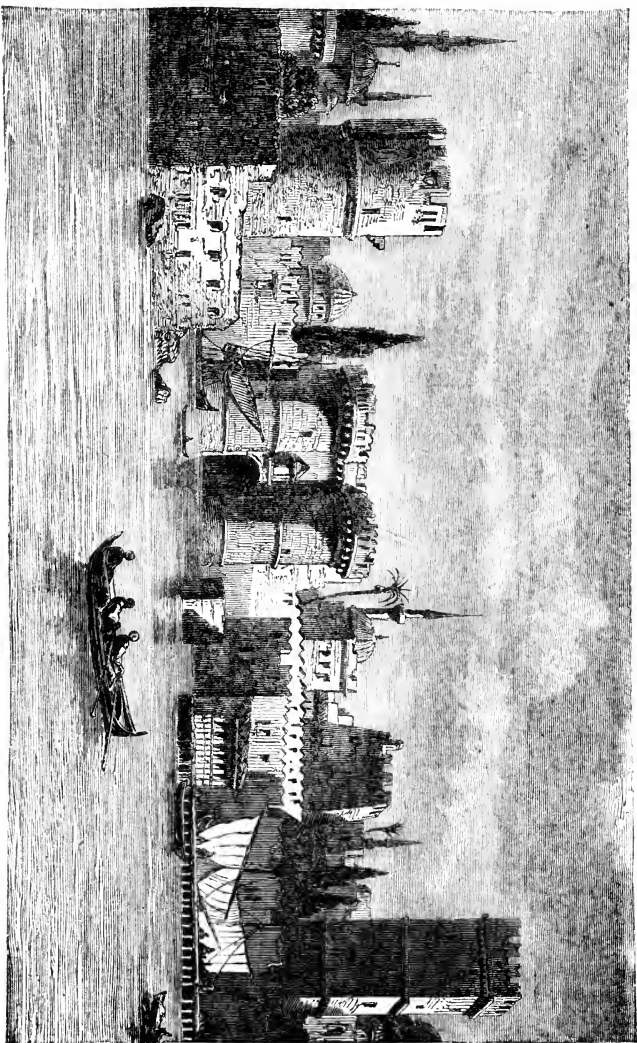
ness on board, but perfect health, and a disposition on the part of the passengers—English, American, and German—to make one another happy. At times like this there is no such rest to be found upon earth as is found upon the sea.

Our captain was a Dalmatian. He was full of humour, and made himself as agreeable as possible. One day after dinner he tried to give us just impressions of the various nationalities with whom we might probably have dealings in our journey, and epitomised his information in the following table of wickedness:—"One Armenian = two Greeks; one Greek = two Jews; and all liars." The poor Jew had, in the captain's opinion, the best of it, which is not often the case.

We dropped our anchor during the night in the harbour of Rhodes. Unquestionably one of the most interesting places which I have ever visited is this Rhodes.

This small island—let those of my readers who know all about it and its knights skip my sketch—is illustrious chiefly from the fact of its once having been the home, the fortress, and the scene of the imperishable conflicts of its "knights."

These knights originally belonged to the Hospital of St. John in Jerusalem. After being driven from Acre by the victories of the Saracens, they remained a short time in Cyprus, and then, with the Pope's cordial consent, suddenly attacked Rhodes (1310), at that time belonging to the Greek empire, and held it for two centuries almost as an independent kingdom, with half-a-dozen other



THE WATER-GATE.

islands of considerable size in its neighbourhood, and had even territory on the mainland of Asia Minor—the ancient Halicarnassus, the modern Budrun, having been under their rule.

These knights were in a certain sense an ecclesiastical body. They were a military order of the Church of Rome. The idea of such organizations was, to say the least of it, very noble, and perhaps in those days was necessary for the protection of the weak against the strong, and to insure the union which is power. It manifests enormous pride and ingratitude in us, who live in a brighter day—which Roman Catholics, as Reformers, thank God, have gained for us—and who receive innumerable benefits derived from such organizations, which did their work in their time, to hold them up as evidences of mere ignorance.

Let us not thus talk of the brave old knights of St. John! As well sneer at their armour because we have Armstrong guns.

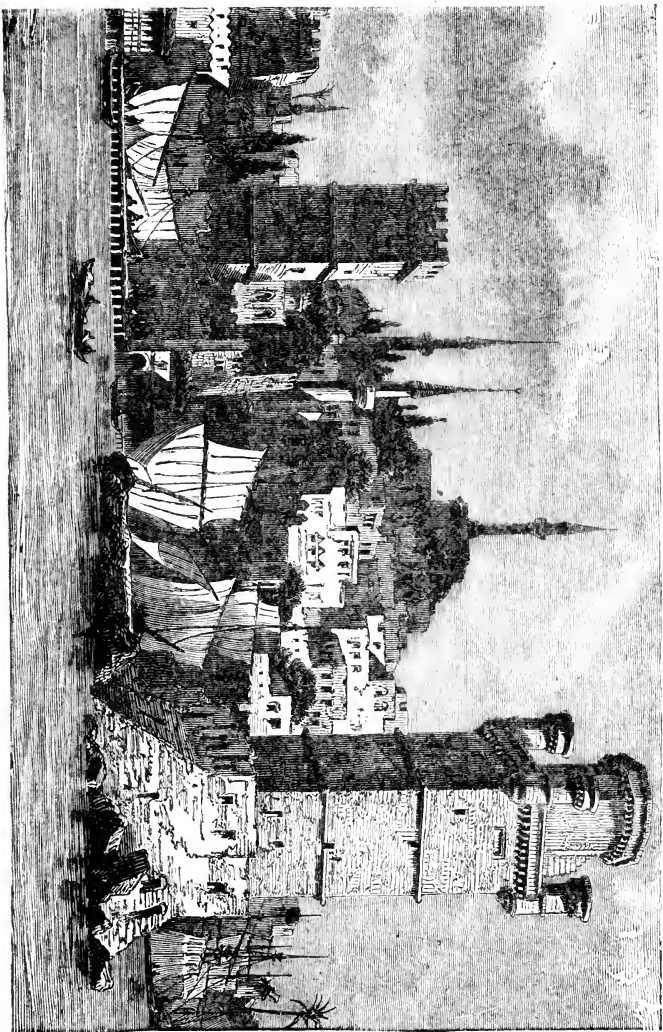
Alas! many a selfish coward who would fly from any real battle and shut his eyes in fear if he fired a pistol in it, now presumes to despise men who counted not their lives dear to them if they could only save Europe from the furious attacks and apparently irresistible power of the Moslem. Those knights of Rhodes were brave, self-sacrificing men, who consecrated such peculiar gifts as God had given to them—the strong muscles in their arms, the undaunted look of their eye, the brave lion hearts which beat equably under their cuirasses, the noble blood

which flowed in their veins, the glory derived from a heroic ancestry, the honour, the fame, the love of life—all to the church which they loved, and the Saviour whom they professed to believe in and to adore.

With warmest sympathies I landed at Rhodes, where those old heroes, like sea kings, from every part of Christendom, had built to themselves a city, not large but wonderfully compact and beautiful—with its great towers and high walls, with fosse and rampart, drawbridge and portcullis, all to resist and beat back in the Levant, as the very Thermopylæ of Christendom, the turbaned savage, who with his scimeter was rushing like a fierce tiger of lust and ambition to destroy the religion and civilisation of Europe.

In spite of the destroying hands of Time and of Turk—and, still more, of earthquakes, that respect neither bond nor free—much remains of the old defences, testifying to their original grandeur.

The noble old tower of St. Nicholas flanks the entrance of the harbour, and seems built to defy both Time and Turk. It was built by the Grand Master De Naillac in 1400. In three great square massive stories, with a turret overhanging at each angle of the parapet, and above an octagonal lantern reached by an outside stair, it rises 150 feet above the harbour. Then comes the Arab tower, with strong battlements on every side; while within the town one ever and anon encounters walls like rocks, ditches broad and deep, gateways worthy of a king's palace, and everywhere memorials of taste and culture.



RHODES, AND THE TOWER OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The whole past became alive—as if we awoke the old knights from a trance, with dim eyes, ragged garments, long beards, rusty armour, and decayed memories—when we walked up the famous “street of the knights.” It is situated in a portion of the town called the *Castello*, and is separated from the other portions by a ditch and wall. Here are the old houses where they once lived—the *auberges* of the different *langués*; the palace of the Grand Master; and the hospital, yet roofed with cypress-wood, showing few symptoms of decay, and still sheltering the rooms where the sick once lay groaning, thinking, some of them, of “Merrie England,” or, maybe, of the “dowie dens of Yarrow,” as they were being cured of wounds received in some dread encounter, or as they became wan and pale from fever.

In walking along this street we met no one. The place was silent as the grave. The very stones which pave it seem to be the same as those which had rung to many a steeled limb. I have never seen any old street so unchanged. All is very real, though very dreamlike.

As to the old story of the Rhodes Colossus, I know no more about it than others, nor have I received any new light upon it from visiting the locality. The harbour is very small, almost entirely artificial; and the blazing giant must have been *somewhere* very near its entrance, probably where the great tower of St. Nicholas now stands.

As we sailed out of the harbour, and rounded its northern shore, we saw a new sight from the east, a

dozen of windmills silently but rapidly doing their work. The island also began to reveal its rich luxuriance, and varied scenery of bold upland, green fields, with all the characteristic vegetation and foliage of a genial clime. We saw also more clearly the grand outlines of the coast of Asia Minor, which forms a constant picture of beauty to the people of Rhodes.

And then we sailed on through the Archipelago, which



ANCIENT COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

has left on my mind an indistinct panorama, in which I can hardly trace the succession in due order of any cape, promontory, island, gulf, or strait. But there floats before my inner eye, and ever will float, a dream of grandeur and beauty; of a landscape made up inland of endless hills of every size and form, changing in their contour and relative position every moment, combining the broken knolls of the Trosachs, the precipices of Skye,

with the far-off peaks and snowy summits of the Alps ; straits of all widths, from "narrows" to broad seas ; islands of every size and shape,* scattered in every direction, casting their shadows over us, or lost in blue haze ; white villages and towns ; "ruins famed in story ;" long gulfs running into the bowels of the land ; countries with old classic and Scripture associations discovered by the map, but with a strange mystery about them, to us at least who know little of their present condition except as the homes of a half-barbarous, half-nomad and robber population, having their dwellings, or dens, like wild beasts, among ruins and remains of ancient grandeur seldom visited, even by artistic Europe.

But there was over all the same glorious sky which had shone on the successive races who had lived and died in these lands ; and there was the same glorious sea, so fresh and blue, that had curled round the bows of every vessel since the days of the first ship, whether under an Egyptian or Phœnicæan captain ; and there were the same heavenly colours of gold and amethyst and lapis lazuli, and whatever a burnished rainbow of intensest colour could contribute to the splendour of sunset, such as must have greeted the eyes of the Apostle Paul when he passed to and fro from Europe or Asia to Tyre or Cæsarea.

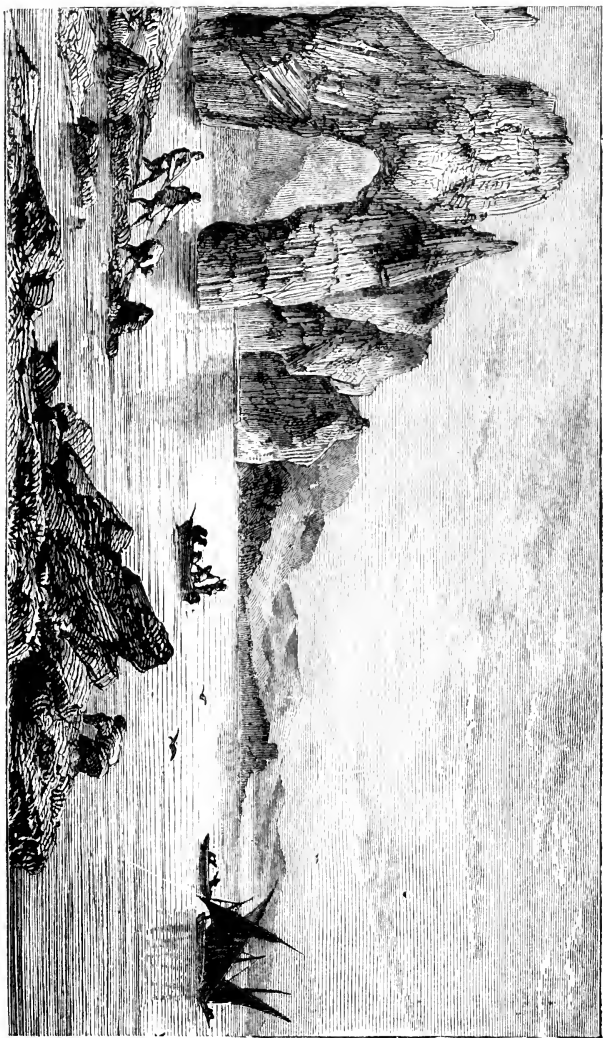
As we voyaged along from Rhodes to Smyrna, the first place we passed which suggested historical incidents was Cnidus.

There was a time, three centuries or more before Christ, when there clustered over those rough rocks of

the cape—like sea-birds on the Bass or Ailsa Craig—the inhabitants of Cnidus, to witness the Trafalgar of their day, when Conon along with his Persian fellow-commander, aided by Phœnician vessels and sailors, destroyed the fleet of Sparta. But again St. Paul comes before us ! For it was from this promontory the ship in which he sailed had to bear away to the south-west for Crete.

It was another living touch from the past to look at those far-spread ruins, at that silent and deserted harbour, and at that dark old headland, and feel assured that St. Paul had gazed on all. Weary of the long, cold, stormy voyage—a prisoner, too, and one whom few of the 260 people on board knew anything about, except as an apparently weak, sickly man—a Jew guilty of some offence of which they thanked God they were innocent, yet one who was wonderfully peaceful and kind withal to those with whom he conversed, he exercised a mysterious influence, which sprung like an unseen but felt electric force from his character, until at the end of the voyage, and at daybreak, when the ship was plunging and tearing at her anchors amidst the roar of the hurricane and the cataracts of whirling seas and spray, they saw him rise like a calm sun above the storm, and thank God with divine peace in the presence of them all for the food which, with brotherly love, he had requested all to receive for their health and comfort.

Such thoughts as these may be pardoned when mentioning Cnidus, where began the second stage of that most famous voyage of danger and strange vicissitude.



ON THE COAST.

We had to change steamers at Smyrna.

The sail up the gulf of Smyrna is one of the most beautiful in the world. But of the famous city itself I have few associations worth recording; the reason being that—alas, for my praise of the climate!—it rained very heavily the only unbroken day we had to spare for sight seeing.

I remember well how a boat intercepted us on landing, in which were two robbers calling themselves Custom-house officers, who demanded backsheesh, and I am sorry to say got it, in order not to examine our luggage, in which we had no contraband; and how we had to repeat the dose on landing; and how, when the same trick was attempted on departure, we had a long dispute, in which we carried the day by permitting the robbers to open every package, refusing, to their bitter anger, to give them a farthing.

We regretted much that it was impossible for us to visit Ephesus, to which there is a train from Smyrna! The journey can be performed to and fro very easily in a day, affording time to visit the place and its immediate environs. Nor could we even visit the spots made illustrious by Polycarp, that angel verily of the Church of Smyrna. Little time, and especially much rain, destroyed plans which we would otherwise have carried out with little inconvenience.

We left Smyrna in the evening, and very soon it got dark as black marble, and began to blow with furious gusts which angrily tore the small waves of the inland-

sea into spindrift. The captain seemed nervous and fidgety, and every command he issued was obeyed with a rushing to and fro, and loud excited talk, which one never sees on any occasion whatever on board of a British ship. The result was that, having no lights on shore to guide us, and seeing nothing beyond the ship but "storm and darkness, which are wondrous strong," we slowly paddled back and forward all night, or stopped to breathe, while I as usual went below to sleep, but not to dream, for, as I always pay attention to the former, I have no time to devote to the latter.

PERSIA.



PERSIA.

CHAPTER I.

ACROSS THE DESERT.

IT was on the 2nd of September that I passed through the gate Shah Abdul Azim, at Teheran. I was dressed in the costume of a Bagdad Sunnite Dervish. A long entari reached to my feet, and I wore a red girdle, and a maschlach, striped with black, my head being wound round with the keffie, which was as elegant as it was comfortable.

A caravanseri, a little way out of the town, was fixed upon as the rendezvous for our small party. Here those who were to be fellow-travellers made acquaintance with one another; bales of goods were freshly fastened and packed; and, after the animals had been duly fed, we set out.

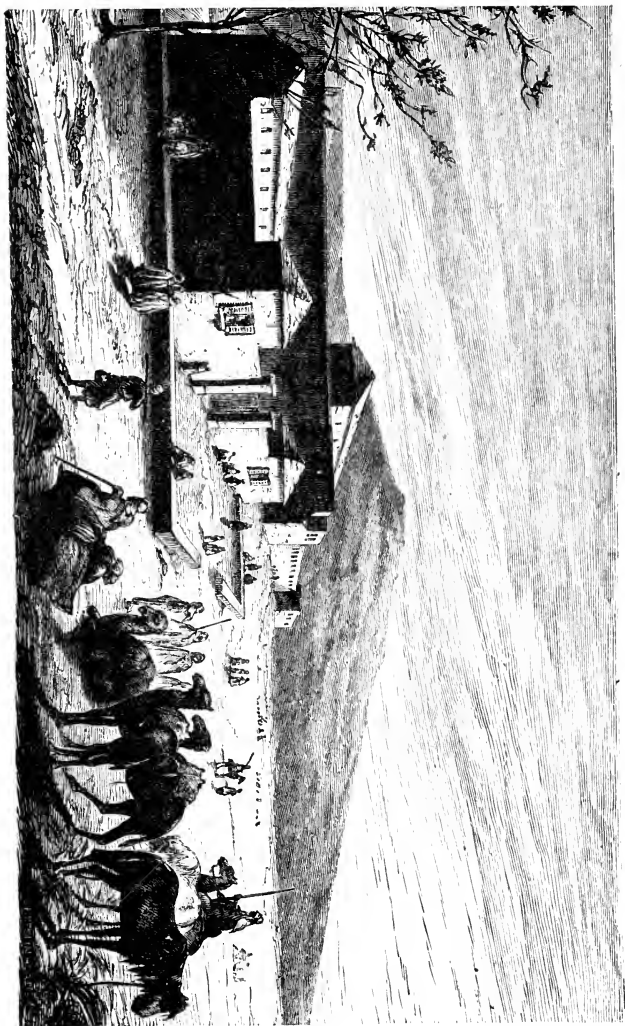
Our caravan consisted of about thirty mules, some

horsemen, a few Mollah pilgrims returning home from Mesched, a sprinkling of artisans and merchants, and myself.

Shah Abdul Azim is held in particular esteem by the inhabitants of Teheran for pilgrimages. In the daytime, and particularly in the afternoon hours, there is usually a great bustle at it. One always meets numbers of finely-dressed ladies, who, mounted like men upon splendid steeds, ride in and out with Mirzas and Khans, and numerous suites. European carriages, of which the court alone makes use here, are also occasionally met.

As I proceeded thither in the midnight hours, the quiet which reigned around especially struck me. Almost with the clearness of day, the moon illuminated the chain of mountains on the left, as well as the richly-gilded cupola under which the holy Shah Abdul Azim reposes. After having ridden about an hour, some of the members of our caravan began to break the monotony of our nocturnal procession by conversing aloud. The caravan forms an entire company; but, as is natural, each member enters into a more or less close relationship with some other earlier acquaintance, or a mutual object affords grounds for a closer familiarity.

I had selected as a companion a young Seid from Bagdad, who, as Rauzechan (religious singer) by profession, had undertaken a tour to Southern Persia. Rauzechan means strictly those who sing in dirges the death of the famous martyr Hussein, and they are therefore highly fanatical Shiites. Our friendship may thus appear



THE CARAVANSERI.

somewhat remarkable ; but the Seid, as an inhabitant of Bagdad and subject to the Porte, had no apprehension in forming a closer intimacy with an Effendi. He led me to the other members of the caravan, and as he was a merry fellow, who, in spite of his special craft as elegiac professor, sang the most frivolous songs, he immediately became a favourite with the whole company, and his introduction proved very useful to me.

The magnificence of the weather also contributed greatly to my enjoyment. I should in vain attempt to describe the beauty of a moonlight September night in Persia ; the atmosphere is so clear, the calm so refreshing, the shadows of the mountains and of isolated trees and ruins so fantastic. The caravan moves forward in a small train. The bells which hang on the animals drawing the teams give forth a melancholy, monotonous sound ; while the incomparably sublime, star-bespangled heaven so strikes the soul of an Occidental, that he entirely disregards the waste and desolate nature of the country.

The way from Shah Abdul Azim to the lower chain of mountains is over rolling stones, ditches, and empty beds of rivulets ; still I little regarded difficulties, and, trusting to the safe footing of my little donkey, followed the intimations of my Seid, who could relate a different history of each star. For each star has a separate fable, its good and its bad influence ; and I should have lost much favour with him had I not seemed to give unlimited faith to his words.

As soon as the morning star appears in the firmament,

the caravan hails in him the newly-approaching morn. The most pious of the company, at the same time, intones an Ezan, as my Seid now did. The short period of twilight is made use of for washing, and, before the points of the first sunbeam appear, the caravan halts a short time for prayer. The animals stand quietly, their heads bent to the earth; the riders, turned towards the west, kneel in a line, and in the humble, contrite attitude peculiar to the Mohammedans.

After sunrise we ride on for a short time, as the earlier or later nightly departure depends upon the distance from the station. We therefore fix our first resting-place here, while the sun's scorching rays make us feel how much a shelter for all is needed.

We turn into a spacious caravanserai, in the neighbourhood of the village of Kenaregird. As the name even of Kenaregird ("the border of the sand") implies, there stretches in an easterly direction from this village the great salt-desert, called Deshti Kuvir. This must be a terrible tract of land; still I cannot sufficiently express my astonishment at not having, in all my wanderings in Persia, met with a single native who had penetrated it.

The Persian, when he speaks of Deshti Kuvir, has always a number of horrible tales, which are interlarded with elves, demons, and other bad spirits called up by his spiriting, and with these horrors of the desert he strives to frighten his hearer. There is also a legend in Persia which tells that Shamr, the murderer of Hussein, and the arch-enemy of the Shiite Persians, was the cause

of the desolation of this region. Tormented with a guilty conscience, he sought refuge here, his mere appearance being sufficient to transform the once flourishing country into a salt and barren desert. From his sweat the unfathomed salt-pools spring, and marvellously terrible is the Kebir Kuh, where the bad Shamr dwells. Woe to the traveller who beguiled by *ignis fatuus* light, comes into the neighbourhood! Such tales my fellow-travellers recounted to me of the Persian salt-desert.

Arrived in the caravanserai, all in a short time sink down in some shady nook; in a few minutes, however, the nomad town changes its aspect to a busy colony. While the beasts bite eagerly of the dry barley straw, the Persian makes his meagre repast. The rich put themselves into the hands of their servants, to get their persons rubbed and their limbs stretched out; and hardly has one recovered breath from the hardships of last station, when breakfast is ready, and after it each betakes himself to rest. Sleep is given up at night, for in the summer months we commonly travel then, and rest in the mid-hours of the day. The beasts follow the same rule. Before sunset they are curried and rubbed down, the pilaf-pot is set up, and, about an hour before setting out, supper is eaten.

From Kenaregird our second station was through the desert. It is a long tongue of land of Deshti Kuvir, of which the southern borders reach nearly to Kum. In the midst of it is the station Hauz-i-Sultan (the reservoir of the Sultan), which consists of a large caravanserai, to

which a subterraneous aqueduct is conveyed. By this, water is procured, which, being much required, is very dear.

When we had quitted Kenaregird, and had travelled about an hour in the desert, the waste region was suddenly lightened up by moonlight, and grew more and more romantic. The stillness of night, which in the great desert seems redoubled, affects the traveller inexpressibly. The anticipation that I was yet to travel through the still greater desert of Central Asia, led the eye to delight itself all the more with the wonderful spectacle.

Here and there the columns of sand rise high towards heaven, tossed up by the wind. They dance from one spot to another, like nightly ghosts; and it is conceivable enough to me that fearful souls would look upon them as phantoms lashed by furies. My fellow-traveller seemed to be one of the latter class, for he wrapped himself up in his burnous, thrust himself into the innermost part of the caravan, and did not venture even to look out on the desert around him.

It was towards midnight, when we heard from the distance a monotonous ring of bells. This was from a large caravan which had set out an hour before us. We redoubled our steps in order to overtake it; but hardly had we advanced a hundred paces, when an insupportable smell began to oppress us. The Persians knew at once the cause of it. We moved faster, but the stench grew stronger and stronger, and when, influenced by curiosity,

I inquired about it, I got for answer that this was a caravan of the dead.

A caravan of the dead, I thought ; that is singular ; and I hurried to my neighbour to get an explanation. He called out to me, " Go on, go on," and after a powerful spurring of his little ass, already hard enough pressed, he came up to me as I was joining the aforesaid caravan, which consisted of about forty horses and mules, laden with coffins, and accompanied by three mounted Arabs. Everybody strove hard to reach it, in order to get past it as soon as possible.

I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes when I came up with one of the riders. His nose and mouth were covered, his yellow face showed yet more ghastly by the moonlight. In spite of the unendurable stench, I could not help asking him some questions. The Arab told me that he had already conveyed these dead ten days, and had to conduct them for twenty days more before he could reach Kerbela, the spot where these pious persons, who had died for the love of Imam Hussein, were permitted to be buried. This custom is general in all Persia ; and whenever means permit, they order themselves to be transported from the distant Khorassan to Kerbela, to be placed in the same earth in which the beloved Imam Hussein rests.



PERSIA.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE DESERT (*continued*).

WHEN we had left the caravan of the dead with its choking odour far behind us, I turned to take a glance at this weird procession. The beasts laden with the long coffins buried their heads deep in their necks; the riders occupied themselves with urging the horses on with hollow cry. Such a sight, in whatever neighbourhood, would be gloomy enough, but in the centre of the desert it was something indescribably mournful. The corpses often become mangled in a frightful fashion in their (supposed) spot of eternal rest; yet the Persians have thought fit to maintain this custom for six hundred years. For whoever comes to Kerbela has the sweet hope of finding himself on the day of the Resurrection in the immediate neighbourhood of the holy martyr, and from hence, under

his conduct, of passing to the ever-green plains of Paradise.

We reached Hauz-i-Sultan just at the rise of the morning star, but nothing of great importance befell us there.

Early next morning Kum appeared in the distance with its many green cupolas, the rich gilded one lightened by the rays of the rising sun. It is the holy town of the Persian ladies. Here rests Fatima, the sister of Iman Riza, who, out of tender feeling to her brother, at that time dwelling in Mesched, undertook a journey from Bagdad. The high lady could not reach the goal of her wishes, for she fell ill in Kum, died, and lies buried with a company of four hundred and forty-four, all of them saints. This town, like Kerbela, is a favourite burial-place of pious Persian women, who from all parts of the kingdom order themselves to be carried thither.

From the spot where the town first became visible, small heaps of stones are to be seen, as everywhere in the neighbourhood of places of pilgrimage. These are heaped up by pious pilgrims, accompanied by recitations of hymns. Here and there also is a bush, which is hung with variegated rags. Each deposits some token of respect; one will have recourse to the stones, another to the rags. I also descended from my ass, and bound a fringe of my red silk keffie on the twig of a bush. What a wonderful medley of stuff from all parts of the world did I witness on this spot! Indian and Kashmer tissues; the manufactures of England and America; those thick

stuffs, which Kurdish, Arabian, and Turkoman nomads produce : everything is here mixed together.

Before we arrived in the town, we had passed on one side a very large burial-ground. This must extend as far as half a mile in length, and is far larger than the one at Mesched, but is very small in comparison with the one in Kerbela. The town itself seems decayed and poor. We put up at a caravanserai in the midst of the bazaar, and I felt much pleasure when I heard that we should halt here two days. If I am not mistaken, I was the first European who had the good fortune to be allowed to visit this sanctuary of Persian ladies.

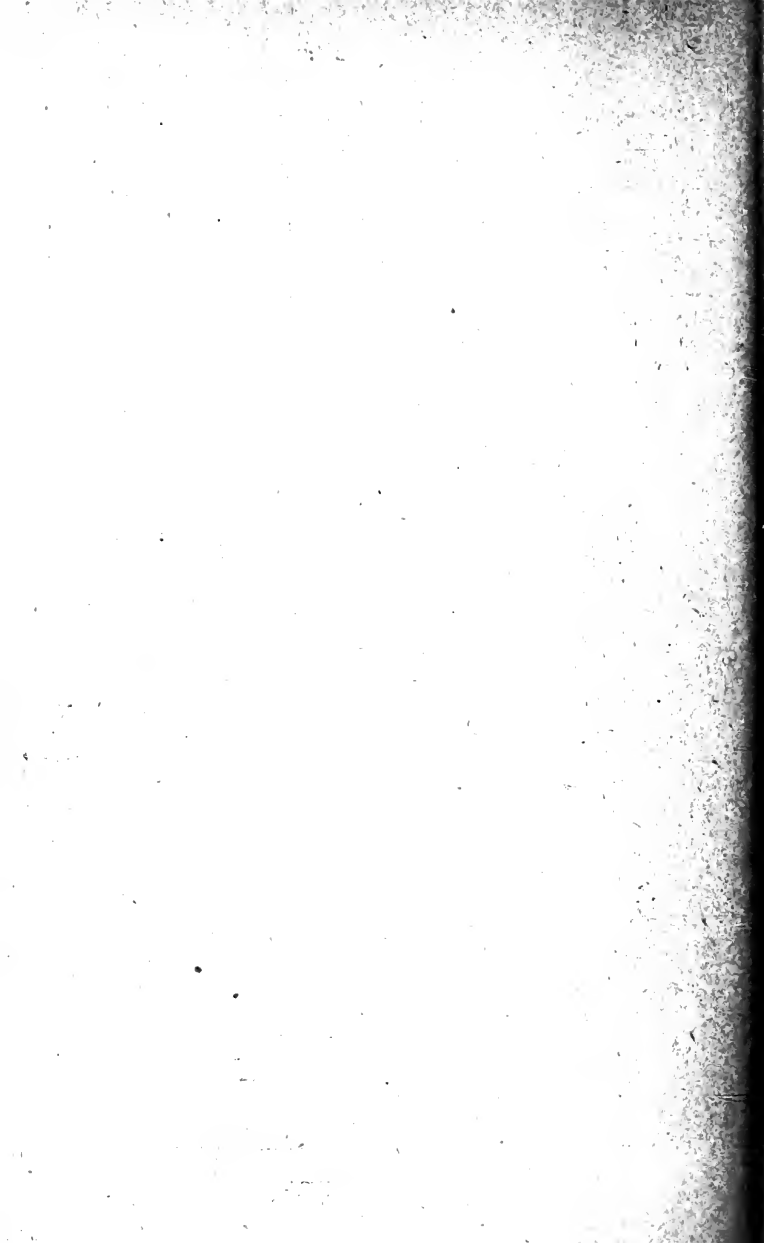
The number of ducats which were spent on the gilding of the beautiful large cupola would seem fabulous, and, if I am well informed, the gold plate which is put over the cupola is three finger-nails thick. The entrance is adorned with a portal, of which the masterly Kaschi-work—symmetrically arranged arabesques, in the freshest colours, under which the deep azure is predominant—produces a fairy-like impression on the traveller unaccustomed to the splendour of Oriental buildings.

Sixteen marble steps lead to the door, which is laid over with a massive silver plate, but commonly covered with a thick carpet. On the lowest step the shoes, weapons, or staff, are taken from the pilgrim, and then he ascends in seemly, respectful posture. On crossing the threshold, he must first kiss the cold marble and then pass in.

The interior is yet more surprising than the outside.



PERSIAN NOBLEMAN.



Here are arabesques and Kaschi-work, intermingled with mirrors and rich gilded flowers ; and although the vaulted roof of the cupola, as well as the wall all round, is overladen with hundreds of prisms and works in relief, with niches and every architectural ornament, it may be called gorgeous, but is in no respect elegant or tasteful. The coffin, which is surrounded with a massive silver rail, decked with a costly carpet, stands right in the middle. Here pious pilgrims shriek, sing, and whine ; the Seids, in impudent fashion, demand alms and gifts. Yet the devotees are not disturbed, for, in midst of the terrible noise, one can see many with foreheads pressed on the cold metal of the rail, and with fixed looks gazing on the coffin. They remain seated for hours together, without permitting themselves to be disturbed.

At my entrance that costly treasure surprised me more than the motley mixture of things which are suspended round about the walls and on the tips of the points of the rail. Precious metals, valuable jewels, are very dear to the Persian's heart. They naturally imagine that their saints have pleasure in the same ; and so the resting-places of the saints are bedecked with really remarkable objects of high value.

After this I took a trip into the town to inspect its noted spots. As everywhere else, so also here, I began with the bazaar, which was plentifully provided during the fruit season with the famous water-melons of Persia. This fruit is found nearly everywhere in Persia, and serves a large portion of the people for exclusive nourish-

ment in the autumnal months. Besides the melon, there are here good peaches and pomegranates. But the porcelain manufactures of this town are the most famous, especially a certain kind of long-necked jugs, which are made of the clay of the holy city.

The neighbourhood is described as clothed with luxuriant verdure, thanks to a good aqueduct, which conveys water hither from the adjacent hills. The water, however, when drawn in the open air, smacks somewhat of salt, but this taste it loses entirely in the well. When I asked a Persian about this circumstance, he told me that an Arabian, who had come hither with the holy Fatima, gave the State instructions how to prepare a mixture of clay, with which, if all springs and basins are smeared, the salt taste will be taken away from the water little by little.

When, after a tolerably long excursion in the town and neighbourhood, I came in the evening to the caravanserai, I found in a corner some poorly clad people, who, by their shy and timid look, indicated Persian origin. I went up to them, and thought I would enter into conversation with them, when one of my fellow-travellers called out to me, "Effendi, what are you about? You have been to-day on a pilgrimage, and now you wish to pollute yourself with this unclean Jew!"

Jew, thought I, then the Persian may cry out as long as he likes. The poor children of Israel noted my kindness to them, and many of them came out of their cells. They surrounded me in due form, and told me, all the

while looking round them timorously, that they were that day (Friday) preparing their food for to-morrow, which was Sabbath, for they were not permitted to do anything that required labour on that day. One of the elders could not forbear telling me, with tears in his eyes, of the oppression the Jews suffered at the hands of the Persians.

After two days we quitted Kum, and went a four hours' ride on a desolate route, to the village of Lenkuan. The caravan encamped in the village itself, but I moved forward to a garden in the vicinity to spend the day. In the midst of the garden is the little chapel. Each village, be it ever so little, must have its saint. They improvise one, invent a legend, and build a chapel on the bones of some famous hero.

As I was resting comfortably in the shade of the trees, the grave-digger approached. Marvellous stories did he tell of the dead saint's power. "Only yesterday," said he, "a Persian khan, who rested in this same place, and in a drunken condition, wished to betake himself afterwards to the interior, when he sank down, suddenly struck by paralysis. Ay, Effendi," he continued, "one must not sport with a saint." His look was full of gravity as he related the tale, yet he very soon made me understand that he expected a few pence, and when I handed them to him, he immediately went away.

The sun had long set when we betook ourselves to the road to reach the nearest station, Sengseng.

The whole road is through one of the most horrible wastes. Not a drop of water is to be found in the neigh-

bourhood, and there is not a trace of agriculture visible, and yet this is in the heart of Persia. Since I had forgotten to provide myself with water, I had to suffer much from thirst. Until we came to Sengseng, the stinking water from the cistern only served to mitigate it a very little. Next night, we finished our last journey through the desert; the cupolas of Kaschân, a town of the second rank in Persia, coming full into view.

The European traveller, about to enter a town in Persia, is naturally curious about it; so many epithets, such as noble, sublime, marvellous, ring in his ears, from the natives, in their description of places he has to visit. The beauties of Kaschan were described to me, in the most hyperbolical terms, for three long hours before we stepped within the gate. Expressions were used maintaining that Kaschan, through the beauty of its gardens, its meadows, and its streams, was without a rival in the world. Only one object, of the many thus commended, really surprised me, and that was the bazaar of the coppersmiths, who manufacture the famous kettles of Kaschan.

In the Bazaar Miskaran there are above 180 workshops quite near to one another. Here vigorous arms hammer away the whole day, and as the uproar is audible at a tolerable distance, one can imagine how this uproar first affects one in the midst of a vaulted bazaar. It was matter of surprise to me how the people in this horrible din could understand one another. It was impossible that the sounds could interpret the thoughts, except by aid of

movements of the mouth. The stranger could only comprehend the reply if he kept his ear close to the speaker. Although the rough material is brought hither from the distant Rahia, the fabrication is exclusively a speciality of Kaschan. The production, in solidity and beauty, is accounted incomparable.

The road from Kaschan leads right to the ruins of a village which is named Gebrabad (the abode of the fire worshippers), over a hill which looks to the left of the plain and desert. Every ten steps the scenery was new, and more or less wildly romantic, and its beauty rose to the highest point as we came under the great bend, or reservoir, which Shah Abbas hewed in the rocks in order that the snow-water of the hills might be carried down to the parched plains in the vicinity. Although it was late autumn, the large oblong basin enclosed in the narrow valley was full to overflowing, and the water, which fell from a stone wall fifty feet high, looked like a jewelled stream, as the Persians not inelegantly designated it. The dull sound of the cataract re-echoed far into the mountain in the stilly night. Those from the dry plains who could betake themselves for a draught of these waters, would not exchange them for the noblest Tokay.

The spot charmed me, and as my fellow-travellers perceived my wonderment they said, "This is not to be compared to Kuhrud, the station we shall rest at next morning. It is a real Paradise. Such extensive gardens, such rich fruits, and such an atmosphere, you shall nowhere else find in the world."

Our resting-place in Kuhrud, a little village of three hundred houses, was extremely delightful.

In comparison with what I had seen, Kuhrud, with its great gardens, wide, carefully cultivated meadows, really presented a right pleasant view. It is justly distinguished as one of the loveliest spots of Persia.

The caravan was encamped opposite the post-office, which, as everywhere in Persia, consists of a two-storied building, of which the upper story is, nevertheless, only used as a chamber for distinguished travellers.

From Kuhrud the road leads up hill and then bends down in pretty abrupt slopes to the plains on the other side. The village of Sof is the nearest station. A large part of our journey lying over the hilly neighbourhood, the early morn was not only cool, but cold and frosty. The travellers stopped here and there, and gathered heaps of bute, a kind of resinous shrub, which burns even in green condition, but when dried turns to a crackling flame.

As by chance we stood that morning before a fire of this kind, we heard behind us a loud quarrelling, and with this mingled wild shrieks. Trying to listen, reports of fire-arms, accompanied by a wild howl, alarmed the caravan. All ran to the spot whence the shots came, and we found one of our travellers lying on the earth with his arm broken.

The circumstances were these:—Some horsemen who carried the yearly tribute from Shiraz to Teheran on the part of the Governor, had remarked the Jewish merchants

who joined us in Kuhrud: they mocked them first, but afterwards followed their words with blows. A Persian, who from pity for his offended fellow-travellers wished them to receive no injury, attacked the saucy Shirazi with sharp remarks. A young hot-headed fellow hereupon got angry, and threatened; and as our people had made a few steps in advance, he wished, for an innocent joke as he said, to perforate with a ball the fur cap of a Jew.

He shot, but Allah took care of the children of Abraham, and instead of a Jew's cap the ball pierced the arm of a Persian. The sight of him lying in his blood roused our whole party, and though the miscreant galloped off as fast as his horse could carry him, he was caught, and beaten, spit on and insulted, and then brought bound without any commiseration into the midst of the caravan.

The Shirazi, half dead from his beating, and the Isfahani from his wounds, were incapable of riding or walking. They were both placed in baskets on a mule, and after half an hour were found in familiar converse with each other. They tended each other's wounds, comforted and kissed each other.

In Oriental notions no blame is imputed to either party for such an accident. Fate has willed it so, and each person contents himself.

At the point where the hill ended lies the way to Isfahan, not yet a good road according to our notions, though far better than found elsewhere. After Sof, our

last station before we reached the former capital of the Sefevi, was a village named Murtschechar. Here the country magistrate, in connection with the Governor of Shiraz, attempted to free the culprit. The caravan, however, checked him steadily, and next morning set out on their way to deliver the delinquent into the hands of justice in Isfahan.

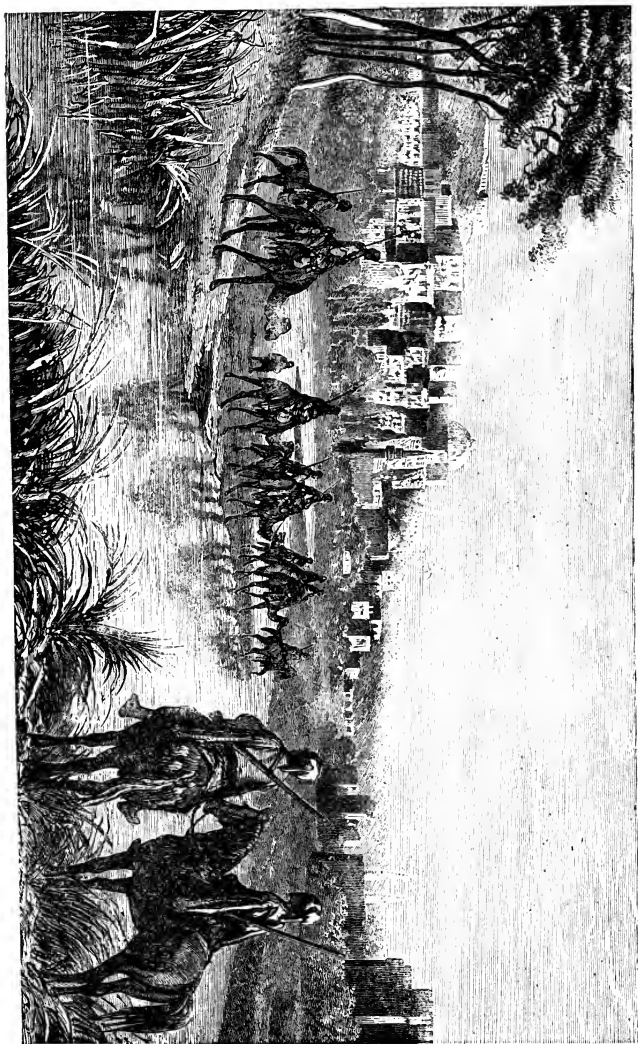
When, on the morning of the 31st September, I found myself on the road which was to bring me direct into the former splendid capital of Abbas the Great, in spite of all early reading on the decline, the poverty, and the ruined masses of Isfahan, I could not suppress my increasing curiosity.

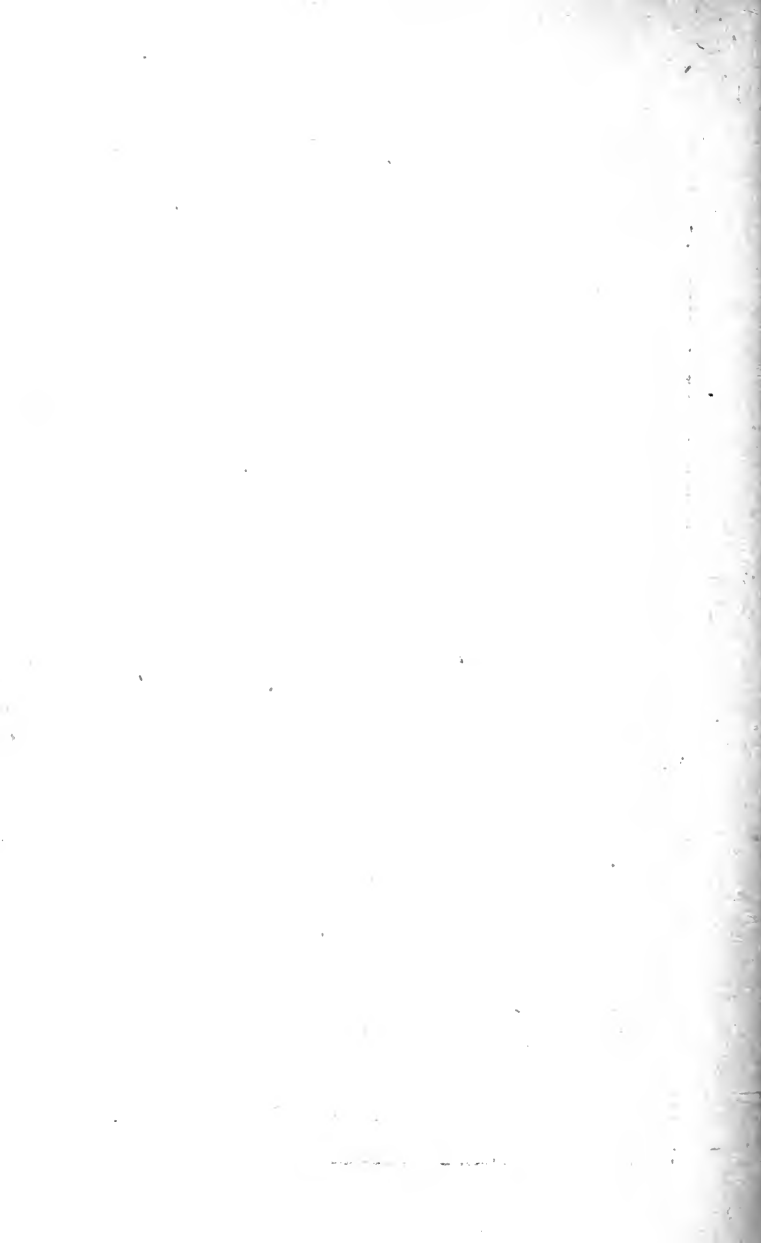
Almost three hours before you approach Isfahan you can discover traces of its ancient greatness, among which the Caravanserai Maderi Shah (the Caravanserai of the Mother of the Shah) is the most remarkable. It was incontestably in its day the most splendid building of its kind.

As the town in the early autumn morning was covered with a kind of mist, I could only see a few ruinous minarets right and left, and high round towers, which served for a sojourn for doves. It is remarkable that these same birds are found in the neighbourhood of Herat, Nischabur, and other towns, proving that it was a custom in Central Asia to build such splendid dovecots out of town for these favourite birds.

At last the mist cleared away, and I at once got sight of the city of Isfahan in its gigantic circuit. The Persian,

ORIENTAL TOWN.





but especially the Isfahani, when he speaks of the greatness of his native town, always cries out—

“If Lahore had not had birth,
Isfahan were half the earth,”

which means Isfahan is the largest town in the world after Lahore. To indicate the circumference of the town, the Persians state that a good rider could not ride round it in two days. This is probably sixteen to twenty fassargs; yet the city wall itself, in its blooming period when the French traveller Chardin saw it, was only six miles in circumference, and when we take in the detached houses with spacious gardens which stretch beyond the town, the statement of the Persian is but Oriental, or what we call exaggerated.

Still, Isfahan, as it presents itself first to the eyes of travellers, is really imposing. From the east to the west there is an endless chain of buildings and gardens, among which cupolas, towers, and other high buildings are visible. The view seems illimitable.

“Nothing,” says Malcolm, “can exceed the fertility and beauty of the country in the vicinity of Isfahan, and the first view of the city is surpassingly striking. All the eye sees enraptures one’s sense. Groves, avenues, luxuriant gardens—of these there is such an absolute overflow as hides the ruins of this once famous city. The nearer view weakens this impression, but enough remains of former grandeur to excite great admiration.”

In the East all is beautiful, but only externally, and in

the distance. So I was not in the least surprised when on entering the town I found the same crooked streets, the same poor houses, the same dirt and filth and unmended streets as in Teheran and all Persian states.

IN CANTON.



IN CANTON.

CHAPTER I.

STREET SIGHTS.

THE market-place at Canton, which consists of a street about twelve feet broad, situated just outside the European factories, is a scene of much interest to a stranger ; but it is necessary on entering it to look out for your pockets, or they will probably be picked.

Here will be observed the different trades located together both in the market-place and the streets, one street being occupied by carpenters, another by blacksmiths, &c. ; but the most disagreeable part of the market-street is that appropriated by the butcher shops, the smell from which in hot weather is very offensive. Meats of all kinds are hung up for sale, excepting veal, which is seldom seen, as the Chinese, not making use of milk, rear all their calves. In the market may be ob-

served, hung up for sale, numbers of ducks, which have been split open and dried in the sun; also rats preserved in the same manner, some being very large.

Once a Chinese passed me with a cage in his hand, which appeared to contain two small black sucking pigs; but, on closer inspection, I found them to be rats, weighing between 8 and 9 lbs. each. These had been fed up for sale, and were being hawked about. It is not an uncommon thing to see a leg of a horse hanging up for sale; this was clearly indicated to me by the hoof, when inspecting the meat which was being sliced up for some poor people.

One day, when taking my walk, I came across a dog that had just been killed and scraped ready for the pot; and a short time afterwards, meeting a friend of mine and telling him of it, he, to convince himself of the fact, lifted up the pot's lid, when the dog's clenched teeth were at once seen, proving his nature: near were some poor Chinese waiting to buy a portion when cooked.

Passing out of the market-place, and walking through the narrow streets adjoining, one may see a number of soothsayers sitting at little tables ranged by the side of the street, and around them may be observed an eager group of men having their fortunes told, and from the expression of their countenances one would think that they had implicit belief in the statements made.

Amongst the group was one man having his fortune told, who appeared to be a great ragamuffin; and the soothsayer, perhaps judging from appearances, was evi-

dently giving him very bad news whilst pointing to lines on his hands and bumps on his forehead as proofs of his statement, during which time the greatest anxiety prevailed.

The next characters met with, seated in the same manner at little tables in the streets, may be dentists or doctors.

The doctor has his table covered with pots containing different ointments; also in baskets by the table may be seen roots of plants and fresh herbs to be boiled down for use. When a Chinese gets a bad wound or fracture of bone, the part is bandaged up with a large plaster, and the patient is kept quiet. In most cases the wounds he a very quickly, on account of their simple diet. The Chinese never use the knife, nor have they any idea of surgery or of anatomy.

On one occasion a Chinese cook we had on board our ship complained of being ill, and although he was attended by the surgeon of the ship, yet he had not sufficient confidence in his treatment, and therefore requested leave of absence for a few days, to enable him to see a Chinese doctor. He accordingly went, and returned after three days; but he was considerably marked about the body with small red spots, which he stated was the effect of the pinching he had undergone to promote the circulation of the blood, which is one of their cures for headache.

The dentist, whom we come to next, is as great an impostor as the physician, although he displays a number of teeth on his table, which he states to have extracted

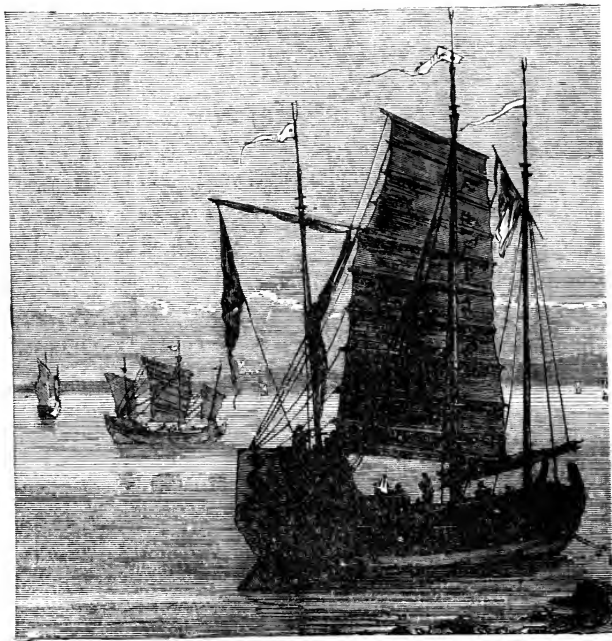
without pain, and exhibits two small bottles containing some white and grey powders with which he accomplished the wonderful operation.

I had heard a great deal of their power in this art, but was wonderfully surprised at being told by an English doctor that he had himself seen the operation performed, and had implicit belief in it; for he stated that many years back, when he was surgeon of a large Indian ship trading to Canton, and when lying at Whampoa (the anchorage for these ships), he had to perform an operation on one of the young officers of the ship for a hare lip, but in consequence of a tooth protruding just where the incision was made, the wound would not heal—he therefore recommended the officer to have the tooth out.

It so happened, whilst this conversation was taking place between the doctor and his patient, that the Chinese compradore, who attended upon the ship to provide different necessaries, and who always understands a little English, overheard the conversation, and said he would bring a Chinese dentist on board who would extract it without pain; whereupon it was agreed he should be brought, and on his arrival he proceeded first to rub the gum of the tooth with a little white powder, and then, after using another sort of that material, he placed his finger at the back of the tooth, giving it a flip, and out it came without any suffering to the patient, further than making the gum swell a little.

This story appeared to me so improbable, unless the tooth had been previously loose, that I made several

inquiries from different Chinese on the subject, and all stated that it could be effected—one of the number saying he had undergone the operation himself without pain.



A CHINESE "JUNK."

Not being able to credit these statements, as they appeared so contrary to reason, I was determined to find out, by personal experience, whether there was any truth in the matter. An opportunity was soon offered me, as

a tooth was giving me some inconvenience, so I ordered a dentist on board, and mentioned it to some of my brother-officers, who particularly asked to be allowed to see the fun, as they called it.

When the dentist made his appearance, the first thing was to conclude a bargain as to his charge. He accordingly inspected the tooth, which was a double one, and, shaking his head, he pointed up to my cheek-bone, saying the fangs ran up so high he could not extract it under nine dollars. He was immediately called an old scoundrel by the owner of the tooth, and offered one dollar; that, he said, was too small a sum, but agreed, at last, to extract it without pain for two.

Accordingly he commenced the operation by inserting some white powder under the gum, at the same time forcing the gum back. After using another powder he began to tap the tooth to see if it was loose, and then got me to sit down on the deck, and placed my head between his knees. This made me expect some foul play; but then it struck me he would not dare to impose upon an officer on board a man-of-war, where he would probably get a thrashing. I therefore complied with his wish.

He then introduced something into my mouth wrapped up in soft paper, and in another moment I felt as if the whole jaw was being wrenched off, and snap went something; this was the whole crown of the tooth which was broken off, causing excruciating pain. The scoundrel released my head, looking much ashamed of himself; fortunately for him he was an old man, or else, in all

probability, he would have been obliged to undergo the same operation at the hands of his patient, to see what effect the powder might produce on him.

On inspecting the instrument of torture, I found it was a common pair of nippers that are used for pulling out nails ; so ended my experience in Chinese tooth-drawing.

Mentioning this circumstance afterwards to a respectable Chinese, he stated that the man I employed was not a number one man, and said, if I wished to have another out, he could supply me with a person he could trust.

The next person of consequence, seated likewise in the streets waiting for customers, is the barber, who generally has plenty of employment, as the lower class of Chinese, whenever they want to appear smart, have their heads shaved, excepting a small round at the back of the head, where a tail is allowed to grow. When a Chinese dies, the relatives always shave the head and dress the tail, which they tell you is making him "die proper."

The tail was formerly imposed upon them by the Tartars, who conquered the country, and made the people wear this distinguishing mark as a sign of subjection ; but in course of years it became fashionable, and was worn by all classes, and now it is considered a disgrace for a native to be without one.

The only people who pretend to have done away with the usual custom of tails are the long-haired rebels, but the greater part of them also wear it ; otherwise, should they fall into the hands of the mandarins, they would at once be known.

The Chinese are very proud of their tails, and extend them considerably below the waist by adding, with the braids, silk to make them longer. I once asked my tailor, who was a great dandy, and evidently very proud of his tail, what he would do supposing he was deprived of that ornament. He immediately put his hand across his neck and said he would cut his throat.

I have seen men's tails cut off for punishment, and the head shaved afterwards to prevent a new one being attached, which otherwise is very skilfully done if any hair at all is left. A friend of mine having a hard run after a Chinaman, just managed to reach the tail that was flying out behind, when he thought he had him safe, but off it came, and the owner escaped.

In all Chinese streets may be seen an immense number of beggars, the greater part being children; and I learned, on good authority, that such is the infamy of their parents, that often they destroy the eyesight of their children, for the sake of obtaining a livelihood by their begging, as the laws of China provide for the support of the blind, by permitting them to enter any shop and there remain till sunset. Should the proprietor refuse to give alms, they make so much noise as to drown all conversation between the shopman and his customers, for which purpose they sometimes use gongs, and beat together pieces of bamboo, as an accompaniment to their squeaking voices. These beggars generally go in a string of three or four together.

On entering a shop to make purchases—if one is sup-

posed to be a good customer, the doors are immediately shut, to prevent the blind from entering—different prices are always asked, according as one is an old customer or not; a stranger can never do wrong by offering exactly one-half the price first demanded. In many cases I have succeeded when not wanting an article, but merely making the offer for experiment; but the best plan of dealing with them is, when they lower their price to raise yours a little, at the same time shaking the dollars in your pocket, so that the Chinaman may hear them; this will give him encouragement to go on, as they never like letting a dollar go out of their house, if by any means they can obtain it.



IN CANTON.

CHAPTER II.

STREET SIGHTS (*continued*).

IT is most amusing to a stranger to hear an old hand making a "pigeon," which means a bargain; and it generally begins by the purchaser saying, "How muchee this pieceee?"—the answer may be four dollars,—the purchaser then says, "Two dollars can do."

The Chinaman will then, with a show of indignation, say, "No can."

The purchaser then rattles the dollars in his pocket, and says, "Can;" and after several exchanges of "can" and "no can," the bargain is at length concluded by the shopkeeper saying, "You too muchee hard; mi losee plentee too muchee monee."

The silk embroidery shops will repay one for a morning's visit to them, the work being exquisitely fine, and

the colours of the floss silks remarkably brilliant. The preparation of this article, in its different stages, affords occupation to a large section of the lower orders; and from the greatness of the population, and consequent competition, labour is so cheap that the poor people earn no more than the value of about threepence a day. Upon this they can subsist, and manage to support a wife and family.

Most to be admired are the carvings on wood and ivory; not that the representations are exact, but the detail so elaborate. It is particularly in figures of men and women, temples, houses, boats, and flowers that they most excel, but animals they have no idea of representing either in carving or painting. The sandal-wood boxes afford very pretty specimens of their handicraft, and vary from a dollar to twenty each. About the time of New Year, which happens in February, when rents become due, and yearly settlements take place, various articles are hawked about the streets for half the price asked at other times.

A walk into the picture shops is very interesting. The first representations generally placed before a stranger are the various modes of punishment, some of which are very dreadful.

The subjects of painting they most excel in represent the same as in their carvings on sandal-wood; but they have no idea of perspective, as it will be observed, in most of their paintings on rice paper, there is no foreground. They are very clever at copying photographs.

Wishing to have one copied, and demanding the price, the artist, on examining it, said, "Four peiecee, man twenty dollars;" two small children and one woman were reckoned all the same as men. Having agreed to the bargain, the Chinaman produced a copy in about a fortnight, admirably done. A man, named Yungua, on the Queen's Road at Hongkong, is superior to any of the Canton people, and will copy a miniature, however delicately painted. It was from him that I purchased a book, containing about a hundred figures, which composed a marriage procession of a great mandarin. The price was only twelve dollars, and far surpassed anything I had ever seen of their painting.

Some of the shops containing Chinese lanterns afford a little interest to a passer by, as there are many different sorts, ranging from fourpence to twelve pounds. But very pretty ones may be bought for about two pounds, having painted glass sides, supported on a framework of figured brass-work, ornamented with black fringes of silk round the lower part of the lamp, and having also crimson silk tassels arranged about it very gracefully. The cheapest sort of lamps are those in the shape of a globe, and made of a transparent substance, called lumju (a preparation of rice). These are used at night by all classes of Chinese, and many on a larger scale, decorated with a little painting, are always to be seen at night placed over the doors of the shops.

The curiosity shops afford a little interest; there are, however, but few things particularly good in execution.

The quaintness of the different articles is their only recommendation. The same may be said of their china shops, where is seen an immense quantity of china, so much admired for the purity of clay, and the brightness of the colours in the various paintings, which consist principally of bad representations of human figures, and flowers of somewhat better execution. A great price is asked for old china, and very little of a superior quality is procurable in the city of Canton.

In walking through the streets one often meets with some condemned person whose offence is inscribed in bold characters on the curious instruments they are obliged to wear during the period of their punishment. One meets too, with various processions, such as a marriage, which may generally be known by being accompanied with music.

The marriage procession of a great mandarin is very interesting to observe, as he sends all his servants to attend the bride to his house, where he waits to receive her. Heading the procession are men with gongs, who call the attention of the people to clear the way; and immediately following them are bearers of flags that denote the office of the mandarin; then follow musicians beating tom-toms, and blowing upon squeaking pipes, also men carrying large boards with gilt letters on them. Being anxious to know the meaning of this, I asked a Chinese shopkeeper who understood a little Canton-English, "What for this fashion?" He replied, "That tell him faider, that tell him mo-der, grandfaider, grand-

moder." I said, "You mean his pedigree?" To which he answered, "Yes; so fashion."

In this procession are generally seen a few sedan chairs preceding the bride, in which are placed various presents of silks, &c.: these are attended by gentlemen, who have the charge of presenting them. Sometimes the bride's friends may send something for her, when a young girl, sitting astride of a pony, will be the person in charge, she being attended on each side by servants. But the most extraordinary part of the procession is that which just precedes the bride, consisting of executioners, lictors, and banners, together with female attendants. Following the above procession comes the bride, seated in a handsome gilt sedan chair, and completely shut in from the public gaze. She is carried by four bearers, and attended by a guard of soldiers.

There is another procession sometimes to be met with, of quite a different character, which consists of a number of unfortunate creatures being carried to the execution ground, which is situated outside the city walls, and about two miles from the Factories. Here is a lane, enclosed by the backs of houses, appropriated for that purpose, and having a door at each end to keep the mob out.

I happened once to be taking a sketch of this ground from the top of a carpenter's shop, situated at one end of it, when, in a street below me, a great noise suddenly proceeded from a party of Chinese, who were carrying in people for execution.



UNDERGOING PUNISHMENT.

These unfortunate prisoners had their arms tied behind their backs, and their tails twisted up in a knot on the top of the head. They were each sitting in a basket slung from a bamboo, carried by two men, who, as they brought in their victims, pitched them out, utterly regardless as to how they fell. The executioners, with their assistants, placed them in four rows, making them kneel down; many of them were so weak, that they kept tumbling on their sides, when they were lifted up and placed again into position.

On the roof of the carpenter's shop were some respectable Chinese witnessing the execution, and met on the foreground below were the junior mandarins in waiting for the arrival of their chief, who was to superintend. Around the walls were placed coffins ready to take the bodies away. At the farther end of the lane stood the executioners ready to commence; and on the left, half-way up, was a trough in which the heads are thrown after execution, and standing close to it were some men, dressed in black, with spare swords under their arms, for the use of the executioners when their own became blunt.

After the lapse of a few minutes, during which time a dead silence prevailed, in strutted a mandarin, upon which the doors of the lane were shut, and the executioners commenced the work of death, by decapitating those nearest them, and then working down the rows, so that the poor creatures in the rear saw the death of those that knelt before them.

I turned away from the scene, till a friend of mine, who was with me, said he wanted to point out something strange, and on looking round he showed me a body kneeling upright without its head; and whilst looking at this, one of the assistant executioners came and pushed the body over. He then went on to the next victim, and lifting the arms (which were secured behind the back), the head bent forward, it was then severed with one stroke of the sword, and fell a yard from the body.

The executioners changed their swords after every fourth stroke, and generally used both hands; the handles of the swords were about nine inches long, and the blade about two feet in length by two inches in breadth.

On this occasion sixty-eight criminals were executed in four minutes, by four executioners; and during the time of execution, not a murmur was heard throughout the ranks, and the only sound that broke the general stillness that prevailed, was the click of the sword as it severed the heads, and the falling of the lifeless bodies.

No doubt these poor prisoners had welcomed death, to save them from further misery in the dungeons in which they had been confined, and where they had been occasionally beaten with bamboos, and nearly starved to death.

Directly the execution was over, the mandarin and suite retired. The heads of the culprits were lifted up and thrown into the trough, where they are left as a warning to passers by.

The bodies are put into rude shells of coffins, and carried out for interment by the bearers who brought them there; but should any of the deceased's friends wish to take a body, they are allowed to do so, but not permitted to have the head.

The perquisites of the executioners are the clothes of the prisoners. They are also allowed the value of about one shilling and sixpence to provide each prisoner a coffin; but instead of procuring them at that price, they buy rude shells for about half the sum allowed, and by breaking the bones of their victims, pack two in one coffin, so that in the burial of two culprits they pocket about three-fourths of the money allowed.

Observing a wooden cross placed against the wall, and asking the use of it, the Vice-Consul at Canton, from whom I received a great deal of information connected with Chinese punishments, told me that the cross was used for lashing those who were condemned to be cut into ten thousand pieces, which is the punishment for parricide; and that once he happened to be passing, when he saw a poor woman undergoing this excessive cruelty, but he heard that the executioner had been bribed to insure death the first stroke of the knife. He then proceeded to carry out the sentence, by making about fifty cuts, the term ten thousand pieces being intended to produce fear.

The number of people generally executed at Canton yearly is between two and three thousand; sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty are executed at one time.

ON THE GABOON.

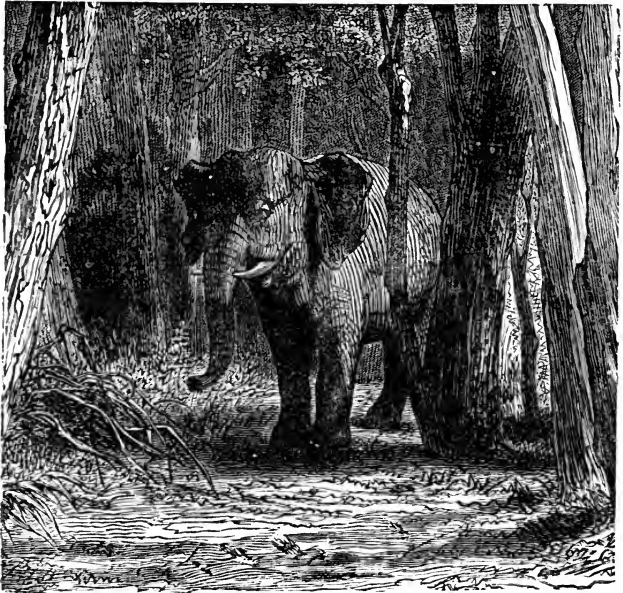


ON THE GABOON.

THE Gaboon is a river running through Equatorial Western Africa, which is one of the most interesting portions of the great African continent. This area, extending from the famed Niger, 500 miles north, to the scarcely less noted Congo, about the same distance south of the equator, was until a few years ago but little known to the civilised world.

These regions had generally been supposed to be only a land of torrid suns, burning sands, and pestilential jungles ; explorers have found them to be land possessing much fertile soil capable of growing most of the common tropical productions, including cotton, in rank profusion, with many valuable animal, mineral, and vegetable natural resources.

Elephants are numerous in the forests, and their tusks are an important article of commerce. The gorilla is found on the south side of the river, where it was first discovered and brought to notice by Dr. Wilson. Soon



ELEPHANT.

after we owned a live young one, which ran about the station; and we have frequently purchased from the natives full-grown ones, within twelve hours after their being killed in the forest, for about one pound's worth

of goods. But the full-grown gorilla in its native wilds is a formidable thing, and when standing erect is from five feet two to five feet eight inches high. His walk is a waddle, from side to side, his hind legs—which are very short—being evidently somewhat inadequate to the proper support of the huge superincumbent body. He balances himself by swinging his arms somewhat as sailors walk on shipboard; and the vast paunch, the round bullet head, joined awkwardly to the trunk with scarce a vestige of neck, and the great muscular arms and deep cavernous breast, give to this waddle an ungainly horror, which adds to his ferocity of appearance. His eye is deep-set and grey, and sparkles malignantly. His features are contorted in hideous wrinkles, and the slight, sharply-cut lips, drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit.

Du Chaillu, in “Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa,” says that the gorilla is literally the king of the forest, for the lion is never met with in the gorilla’s land. The hunting of this remarkable beast is attended with the greatest danger. His power is enormous, his courage never daunted, and his mode of destroying is the most complete and terrific. Its foes it meets face to face, using its gigantic arms as its weapons of offence. One blow with that huge paw with its nails, and the poor hunter’s entrails are torn out, his breast bone broken, or his skull crushed. It is too late to re-load, and flight is vain. There have been negroes who, in such

cases, made desperate by their frightful danger, have faced the gorilla, and struck at him with the empty gun. But



GORILLA.

they had time for only one harmless blow. The next moment the huge arm came down with fatal force, break-

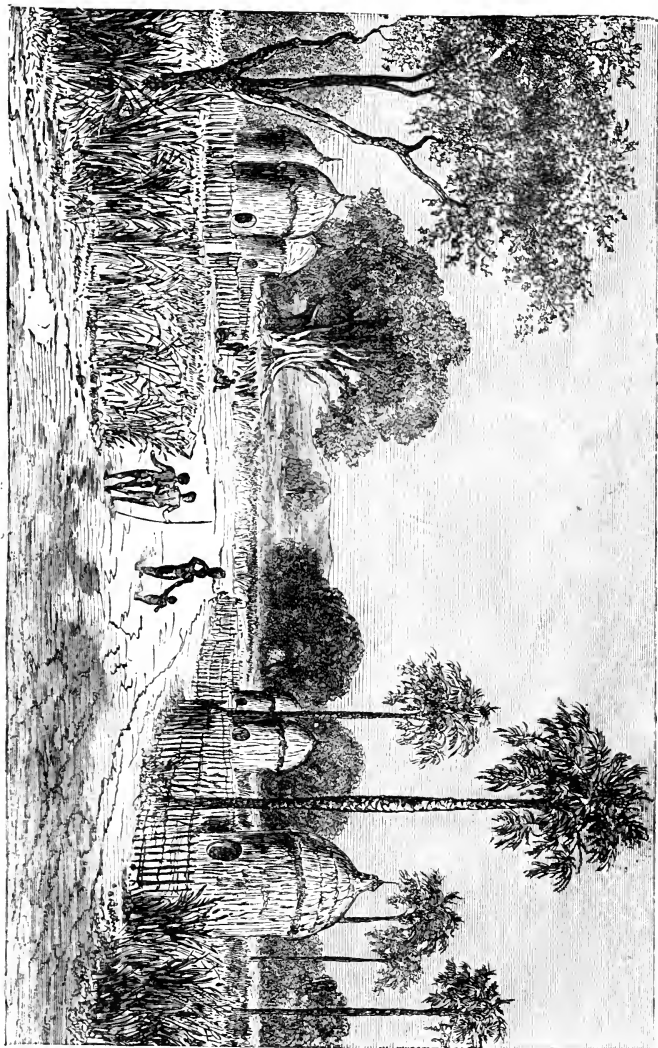
ing musket and skull with one blow. It is a maxim with the well-trained gorilla hunters to reserve their fire till the very last moment. Experience has shown them that—whether the enraged beast takes the report of the gun for an answering defiance, or for what other reason, is unknown—if the hunter fires and misses, the gorilla at once rushes upon him, and this onset no man can withstand. The gorilla is only met in the most dark and impenetrable jungle, where it is difficult to get a clear aim, unobstructed by vines and tangled bushes, for any distance greater than a few yards. For this reason, the gorilla hunter wisely stands still and awaits the approach of the infuriated beast. The gorilla advances by short stages, stopping to utter his diabolic roar, and to beat his vast breast with his paws, which produce a dull reverberation as of an immense brass drum. Sometimes, from the standing position, he seats himself and beats his chest, looking fiercely at his adversary.

The legitimate commerce has been rapidly increasing; and when Christian civilisation shall have fully developed the inexhaustible resources of the country, will become immensely valuable. The climate, too, is found to be as salubrious as at any other point on the coast, and the medium temperature about five degrees less during the year than at places farther north. There are two seasons alternately wet and dry; and the days and nights are with slight variation equal all the year round. There is much beautiful natural scenery, and perpetual summer.

Three principal tribes occupy the banks of the Gaboon and its tributaries, as well as the adjacent country. The first in order is the Mpongwe, a remnant of a once-powerful tribe who came to the seaboard less than a century before. They had made some little advancement in civilisation, and were superior to any tribe in the vicinity. The next above the Mpongwes is the Shėkanie tribe, less numerous and important than the former ; and beyond them are the Bakalies, a large tribe more recently from the highlands, and located upon the sources of the river and in the surrounding country. The Pangwes, or Fans, are to some extent intermingled with the other three, and differ from them not materially, excepting that, from their long residence in more elevated regions, they are a shade lighter in complexion, are more independent and warlike, and are to some extent cannibals. The old men and warriors eat human flesh, but women and children do not taste it.

Although deplorably ignorant and desperately depraved, we found these people not deficient in intellectual capacity, but possessed of shrewdness and lively imaginations, excessively fond of music, and perhaps as susceptible of mental and moral improvement as many other people similarly situated.

They reside in small towns and villages, inhabiting frail tenements constructed of the bamboo, with thatched roofs and clay floors, and but few of the comforts and conveniences of life. They possess flocks of sheep and goats, and domestic fowls, and their forests abound with



A NATIVE VILLAGE.

game and their rivers with fish. There is no division of land, the soil being held by the people in common, each family appropriating such places as they choose for gardens near their towns, and for plantations in the forests at a distance, where the women, assisted by slaves, cultivated on a small scale sweet potatoes, yams, corn, cassada, ground-nuts, and plantains and bananas, for their subsistence ; while the men engage in trade, for which they have a passion, or in hunting, fishing, and war.

The females are considered as inferiors, and treated as little better than slaves, usually bearing the burdens and performing the drudgery of life, while their husbands indulge in indolence and ease.

They have little worthy of the name of government, though different forms exist. The Mpongwe tribe are divided into four political communities, each presided over by a king who possesses the name, with but few of the prerogatives of royalty, and with but limited influence and power. Among the other tribes a system of head-men or chiefs prevails, each village having its head-man, whose authority is not absolute. It is confined to his own people, excepting in a few instances, where, in consequence of superior shrewdness or bravery, his authority is extended over several towns, and his opinion consulted in important matters.

There are no large communities nor populous towns, such as are found in the interior to the northward, and no bond of union cements the scattered tribes There is but

little well-regulated justice, right being sacrificed to might, and often to envy, avarice, and revenge.

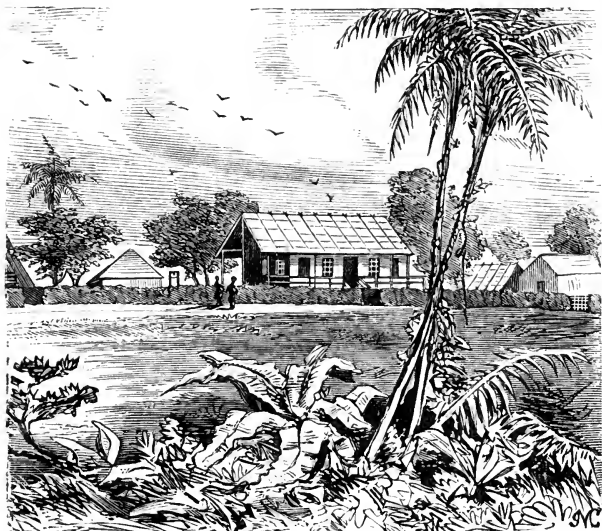
In time past their petty wars were numerous, and conducted in a barbarous manner, with guns, spears, and bows and arrows. The combatants, naturally timid, seldom fought in the open field, but generally lay in wait and secretly attacked, or, in the stillness of night, rushed upon their defenceless enemies.

Domestic slavery almost universally prevailed, and was a prominent characteristic of their social degradation, though it existed in a modified form, and probably owed its origin and perpetuity to the foreign slave-trade, that monstrous system of piracy which had desolated all those regions for nearly two hundred years. Upon one of the islands in the Gaboon were found four large cannon, which were left there by the Dutch or Portuguese traders soon after the African coast was first discovered; and from that time the horrid work of robbing Africa of her children had been prosecuted by the different nations of Christendom.

Many of the old men remembered the time when London ships received their human cargoes at Gaboon, and exhibited certificates from captains and supercargoes in whose service they had acted as factors.

At the time we came to Gaboon, there were several Portuguese and Spanish slave-factories on the south side of the river, and the desolating influences of the trade were everywhere visible. This traffic, so long continued, had been the great scourge of equatorial Africa; it had to a great extent lessened in the native mind the value of

human life, and rendered property and liberty insecure and life in constant jeopardy. It had transformed originally friendly tribes to hostile foes, whose delight it was to prey upon and make merchandise of each other. In order to obtain the white men's guns, powder, tobacco,



AN ENGLISH RESIDENCE.

and rum, a native would seize and sell his fellow, and even in some instances his own wife and offspring. The victor of to-day might to morrow become the victim, and be borne away in chains to the slave-factory, where the white trader was gathering his cargo.

In this manner large portions of Africa have been made a battle-field, a scene of carnage and bloodshed, of misery and human suffering, without a parallel in the history of the world; and tribe after tribe, as they descended from the interior to the coast, were swallowed up in this vortex of human woe.

Superstitions the most absurd and cruel seem to form a part of their mental constitution, and they cling to them with the most obstinate tenacity. In the beak or claw of a bird, a sacred shell, or an image carved from wood or ivory—something that they could see, attach to their persons, or suspend from their dwellings—they repose implicit confidence, believing them competent to preserve their lives or restore them from illness, give them fruitful seasons and plentiful harvests, success in trade, protection from enemies, and defence in war.

They also generally worship the spirits of their ancestors and departed friends, who, they suppose, are still able to bestow benefits upon them. Not long ago every better house had a room consecrated to these spirits, where were images to represent them. Here they were accustomed to resort with offerings and prayers, and most of their towns had a temple dedicated to some former head-man or king, at whose shrine the people sought protection in times of difficulty and danger.

Demonology, or the worship of evil spirits, through fear, in order to appease their anger and escape from their evil influence, is also common. In most of the towns and villages there are little bamboo-houses or temples, in which

loathsome representations of the devil are objects of worship.

Every appearance in nature and event in providence which is beyond their comprehension they assign to witchcraft. Ordinarily sickness and death are believed to be caused by this invisible influence. In case of death, even now, some one or more persons are accused and arrested, and, if they plead not guilty, they are subjected to certain cruel ordeals, entirely under the control of the inquisitor. When pronounced guilty, and this is commonly the verdict, the poor victim is executed in some barbarous manner, by drowning, beheading, or burning. For almost every natural death that occurred, not long ago at east, one innocent victim was thus put to death. A common idea is, that the disembodied spirit abides in the house where it has formerly resided, or wanders in the dense forests and caverns, cognisant of what is passing among men, and in various ways mingling with them, and influencing their conduct and destinies. Hence clothing, cooking utensils, food, and drink are often buried with the dead, and sometimes a booth is erected over the grave, under which a table is spread, and supplied with certain articles of food and drink for the spirit's use.

The Gaboon is now, and has been for years, a French colony, and recently it has become a large naval station. Christianity and civilisation are gaining ground in all this region, and cruel superstitions are disappearing.

F. W. M. Garvey
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